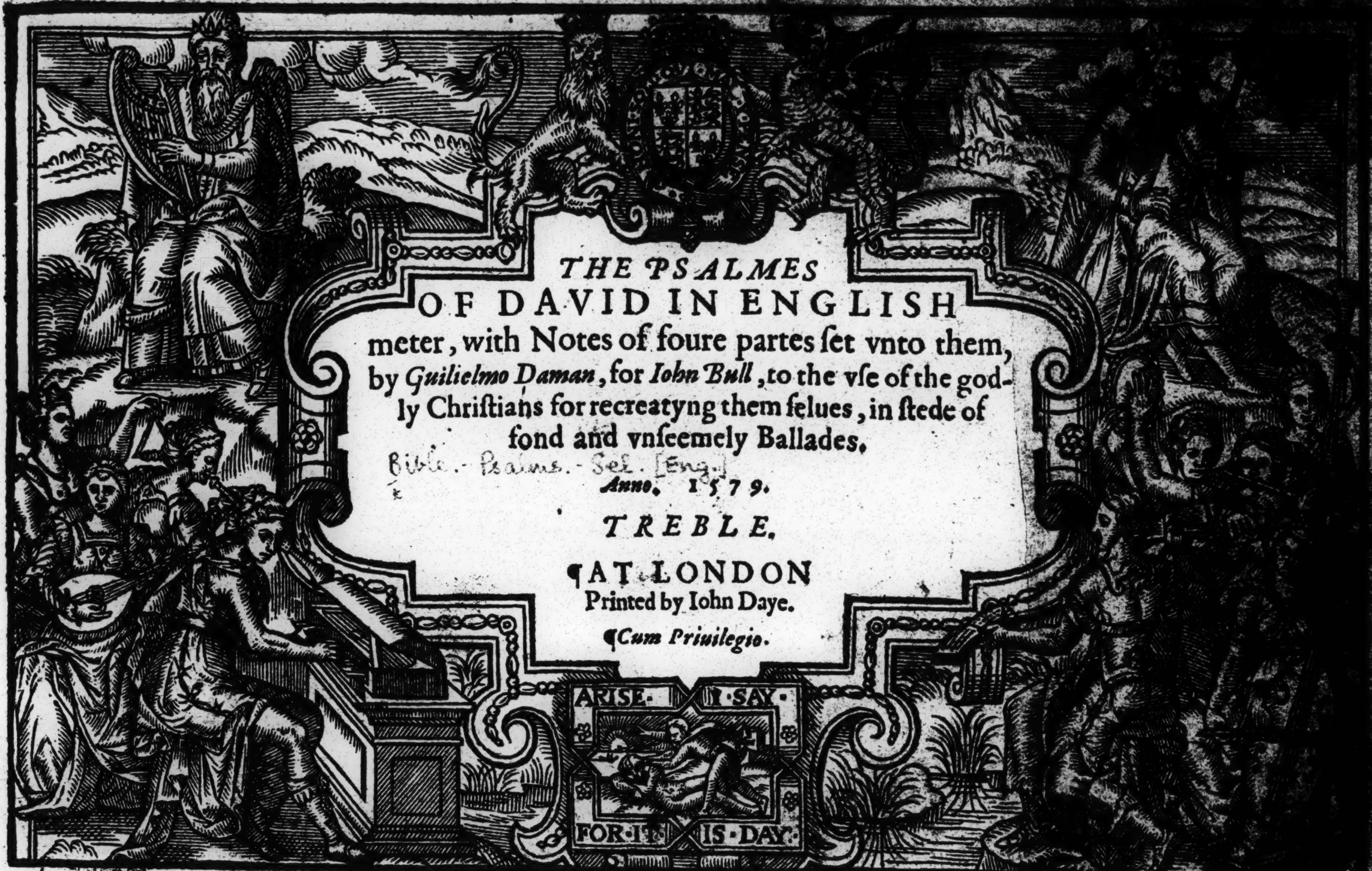


THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH

meter, with Notes of foure partes ſet vnto them,
by *Guilielmo Daman*, for *Iohn Bull*, to the vſe of the godly Chriſtians for recreatyng them ſelues, in ſtede of
fond and vnſeemely Ballades.

Bible.-Psalms.-Sel. [Eng.]

Anno. 1579.

TREBLE.

¶AT LONDON
Printed by Iohn Daye.

¶*Cum Priuilegio.*

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

Edward Hake Gent. vpon the Edition of theſe Pſalmes in meter, to the Reader.

LIke as by ſondry good lawes and conſtitutions politicall, ſome thyngs, which ſeeme to be in propertie priuate, by reaſon of poſſeſsion which men haue in the ſame, are yet in their vſe publicque, and to retaine them, is oftentymes perillous and at all tymes iniurious: For example: whereas by the lawes of this Realme, ſondry men hauing landes and poſſeſsions hereditary, if there happẽ to be diſcouered within the ſame any mynes precious, or any thyng what ſoeuer, which the Lawyers comprehend vnder the title of *Treaſure troue:* Theſe thynges ſo found, albeit they may thought priuate, and the propertie therof to appertaine to the Finder, or at the leaſt, to thoſe onely to whõ the Freehold or poſſeſsiõ of the Soyle belõgeth, yet are they in deede publicque, as apperteinyng to the vſe of a publicque perſone, to the vſe I meane of our ſouereigne by reaſon of her Prerogatiue.

Euen ſo (gentle Reader) by compariſon not altogether vnapt, it ſtandeth with the giftes and qualities of the mynde, beyng diſcouered and brought to light by the induſtry of man: Which, albeit they may ſeeme to be at the priuate deuotiõ and free diſpoſition of the partie from whom they proceeded: Yet if they be ſuch as either the Church of God or the cõmon wealth may take profite by, they forthwith ceaſe to be priuate, and are become (as I may ſay) *Deodands,* to weete, thynges to be ſacrificed to the Lord, whether they be to the good vſe of his Church or to the profitable vſe of the common wealth.

Which premiſſes duely conſidered, (in the application therof) after that by priuate meanes and for his priuate delite, the publiſher of theſe Pſalmes *Iohn Bull* Citezen and Goldſmith of London, had by peece meale gottẽ and gathered together frõ the fertile Soyle of his honeſt frẽd *Guilielmo Daman* one of her Maieſties Muſitions, ſuch fruites as not meanely ingẽdred and increaſed in him ſelfe ſpeciall cõfortes, and recreations aſwell ſpirituall as corporall:He thought his bonde in this behalfe no whit more eaſie,nor his poſſeſſiõ more priuate thẽ hath bene declared in the caſes premiſed:And therfore with a ſingle regarde of diſcharging his duety therin,(the Author of the Sõges neuer intẽdyng the publiſhing of the ſame)he haſted forthwith of him ſelf,with the onely good and godly forwardnes of the Printer(who to his well deſerued prayſe, hath ſpared neither charges nor trauaile herein) to commit the ſame to the Preſſe, leaſt he might haue ſeemed by lõg detayning and dayly vſing of them to his priuate delite,to haue fared with his brethren as wretched Myſers of this world are wont to do in the diſpoſition of their goodes, which whẽ they may no lõger keepe by reaſon that by death or by other meanes they are to be ſeparated frõ them,then doe they(and not before)diſtribute and diſpoſe thẽ to the benefite of others: Or rather as vnprofitable wantons, who when they haue had their full pleaſures of the thynges they delited in, of very lothſomnes doe then deliuer them ouer to the world,or to ſuch as to whom(before tymes)they affoorded not one iote for their comfort.

And now, touchyng matter of commendation to be thought vpon, as due to both perſons and cauſe: This I ſay:that to commend either the ſayd Publiſher or Printer,in the godly accompliſhment of this good worke, or to commende the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes,whether for the excellencie of the Harmony,or for the ſkilfull handlyng therof: Theſe thinges I muſt leaue to be done by thoſe, whoſe commendations ſhall ſtand for allowable Cenſures, which I confeſſe(eſpecially in the matter of Muſicke) may in no wiſe be attributed to any Iudgement of myne.

But yet thus farre I am to aduertiſe all thoſe that ſhall yeeld any Cẽſure hereupon: to weete, that the author and compoſer of the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes neuer ment thẽ to the vſe of any learned and cunnyng Muſition, but altogether reſpected the pleaſuryng of his priuate frend, who in deede profeſſed nought els in him ſelfe ſaue onely a fauour and ſingular good likyng of Muſicke: Agayne, touchyng the Author: He

beyng

being tyed (as is knowē to the learned) altogether to the part of the Tenors, or common tunes: what ſcope or libertie could he haue to ſet forth within the compaſſe of ſo ſmall a limite, any thing profound to the delectation of the learned?

Laſtly, to thruſt my penne into the large fieldes of prayſes and due commendations, of Muſicke in generall, whether they ſtand to be made by the Iudgement of reaſon, or by the Cenſure of the holy Ghoſt deliuered in the word: This I doubt not, I might eaſely begyn, yea and plētyfully proceede in, but how or where I ſhould make an end (authorities and places in that behalfe beyng ſo infinite) truely truely I know not. I leaue Muſicke therfore to be commended by and of her ſelfe, and the warraunt of Muſickes commendation, I leaue to God and to Nature, who ſhall mightyly, nay, gloriouſly yeeld forth the ſame to all ſuch as will aſke and enquire therof. *Read. 1. Sam. 16. 23. 2 Kyng. 3. 15. Ephe. 5. 19. 1. Cor. 14. 15.*

Neuertheleſſe in any thyng by me here written, I haue not meant to defende any the abuſes of Muſicke whatſoeuer committed in the Church of God, or rather the prophanyng of Gods diuine ſeruice by Muſicke (as in tyme of Popery) namely by ouer curious, yea, and as I may ſay ouer tragicall diſmembryng not onely of wordes but of letters and ſillables in the holy Pſalmes and Anthemes appointed to the prayſing of God: For what hath either Muſicke or any thing els betwene heauen and earth to be commended for, farther, then that it ſhall ſerue to ſet forth the glory and comfort of the eternall word? which thyng whenſoeuer it ſhall ceaſe to doe, and ſhall aduaunce it ſelfe aboue or before the ſence thereof, it is not onely not to be allowed of, but alſo with all force of law to be thruſt out of the Church. But this our Muſicke well imployed vpon theſe Pſalmes, is altogether free from ſuch abuſes, God graunt we may vſe it to our comfort and to the prayſes of his name. Amen.

Edward Hake.

FINIS.

¶ A Table of all the Pſalmes ſet forth by Guilielmo Daman, one of her Maieſties Muſitions, in foure partes conteined in this Booke.

95. Pſal. O Come let vs ſing.
¶Veni Creator Spiritus.
Come holy Ghoſt eternall God. 1
100. pſal. All people that on earth do dwell. 2
O Lord of whom I doe depend. 2
¶Te Deum Laudamus.
We prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee. 4
¶The ſong of the three children.
O all ye workes of God the Lord. 5
¶Benedictus Dominus.
The onely Lord of Iſraell. 6
¶Magnificat anima mea.
My ſoule doth magnifie the Lord. 7
¶Nunc dimittis ſeruum tuum.
O Lord becauſe my harts deſire. 8
¶Quicunque Vult.
What man ſoeuer he be that. 9
¶The Lamentation of a Sinner.
O Lord turne not away thy face. 10
¶The Lordes Prayer.
Our Father which in heauen art. 11
¶The ten Commaundementes.
Harke Iſraell and what I ſay. 12
¶The complaint of a Sinner.
Where righteouſneſſe doth ſay. 13

¶These are at the beginnyng.
1. Pſal. The man is bleſt, that hath not bent. 14

3. pſal. O Lord how are my foes increaſe. 15
14. pſal. There is no God as fooliſh men. 16
18. pſal. O God my ſtrength and fortitude. 17
21. pſal. O Lord how ioyfull is the kyng. 18
23. pſal. My ſhepheard is the liuyng Lord. 19
25. pſal. I lift myne hart to thee, my God. 20
26. pſal. Lord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt. 21
30. pſal. All laud and prayſe with hart. 22
33. pſal. Ye righteous in the Lord reioyce. 23
41. pſal. The man is bleſt that carefull is. 24
44. pſal. Our eares haue heard our Fathers tell. 25
45. pſal. My hart doth take in hand, ſome godly. 26
46. pſal. The Lord is our defence and ayde. 27
50. pſal. The God of Gods the Lord. 28
51. pſal. O Lord conſider my diſtreſſe. 29
52. pſal. Why doeſt thou tyraunt boaſt abroad. 30
59. pſal. Send ayde and ſaue me from my foes. 31
65. pſal. Regard O Lord for I complayne. 32
68. pſal. Let God ariſe and then his foes. 33
69. pſal. Saue me O God and that. 34
72. pſal. Lord geue thy Iudgementes. 35
77. pſal. I with my voyce to God doe cry. 36
78. pſal. Attend my people to my law. 37
81. pſal. Be light and glad in God reioyce. 38
88. pſal. Lord God of health the hope. 39
95. pſal. O come let vs lift vp our voyce. 40
103 pſal. My ſoule geue laud vnto the Lord. 41
104. pſal. My ſoule prayſe the Lord. 42

The Table of the Pſalmes.

111 pſal. with hart I doe accord, to prayſe. 43
112. pſal. The man is bleſt that God doth feare. 44
113. pſal. Ye children which do ſerue the Lord. 45
119. pſal. Bleſſed are they that are perfect. 46
120. pſal. In trouble and in thrall. 47
121. pſal. I lift myne eyes to Sion hill. 48
122. pſal. I did in hart reioyce, to heare. 49
124. pſal. Now Iſraell may ſay, and that truly. 50
125. pſal. Such as in God the Lord do truſt. 51
126. pſal. when that the Lord agayne. 52
130. pſal. Lord to thee I make my mone. 53
132. pſal. Remember Dauids troubles Lord. 54
134. pſal. Behold and haue regard. 55
135. pſal. O prayſe the Lord, prayſe him. 56
136. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for he is good. 57
137. pſal. when as we ſat in Babilon. 58
141. pſal. O Lord vpon thee doe I call. 59
145. pſal. Thee will I laud my God. 60
147. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for it is good. 61
148. pſal. Geue laud vnto the Lord. 62

¶Theſe ye ſhall haue at the end.

¶The ten Commaundementes.

Attend my people and geue eare. 63

¶The ſong of Simeon.

Now ſuffer me O Lord as thou. 64

¶The Lordes Prayer.

Our Father which in heauen art. 64

¶The xii. Articles of the Chriſtian Fayth.

All my belief and confidence. 65

¶Da Pacem Domine.

Geue peace in theſe our dayes. 67

¶The Lamentation.

O Lord in thee is all my truſt. 68
50. pſal. The mighty God the eternall. 69
125. pſal. Thoſe that do put their confidence. 70
Preſerue vs Lord by thy deare word. 71
16. pſal. Lord keepe me for I truſt in thee. 71
139. pſal. O Lord thou haſt me tride. 72
149. pſal. Sing ye vnto the Lord our God. 74

¶A Thankeſgeuyng after the Lordes Supper.

The Lord be thanked for his giftes. 75

¶A Prayer for the Queenes Maieſtie.

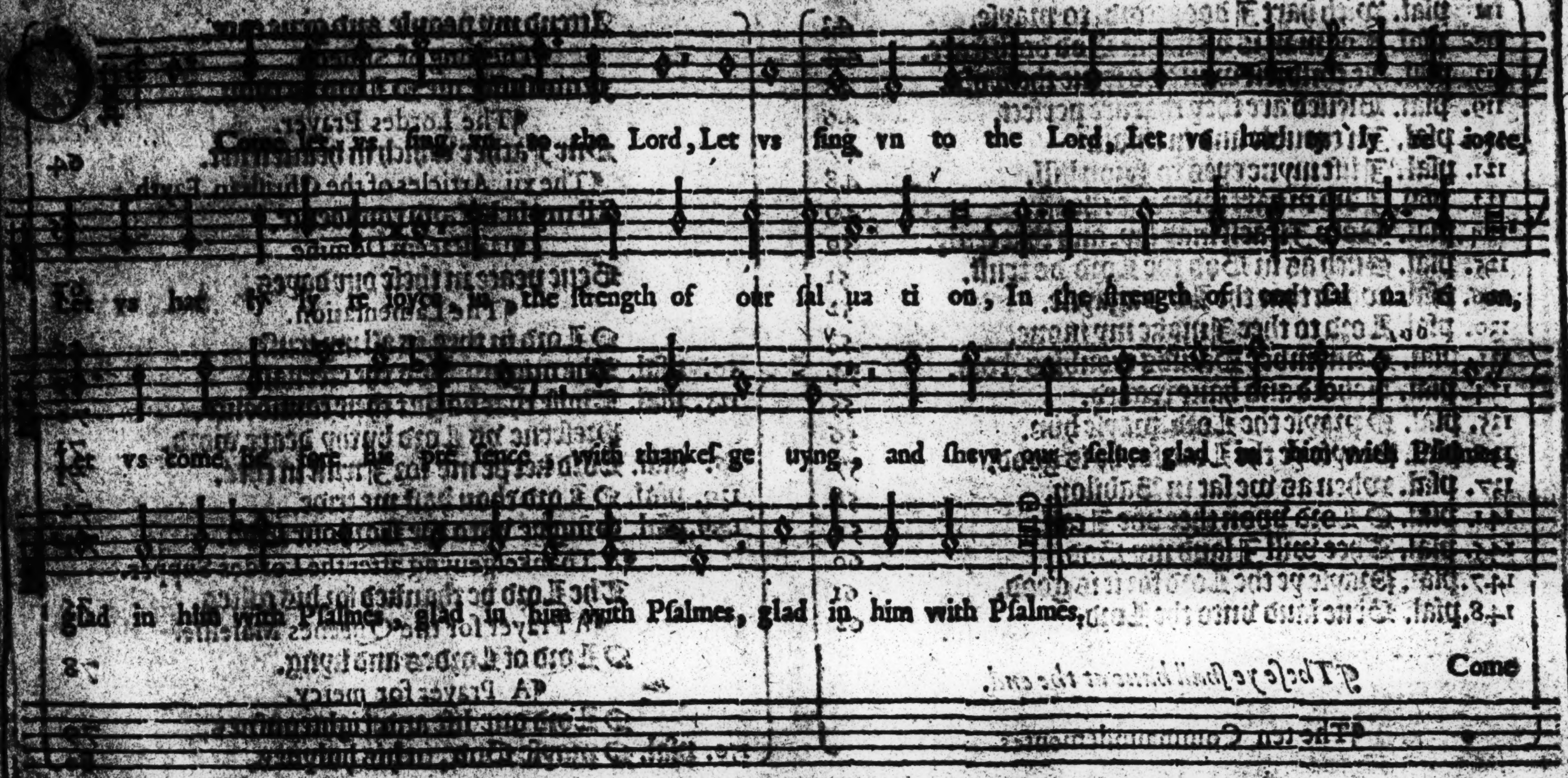
O Lord of Lordes and kyng. 78

¶A Prayer for mercy.

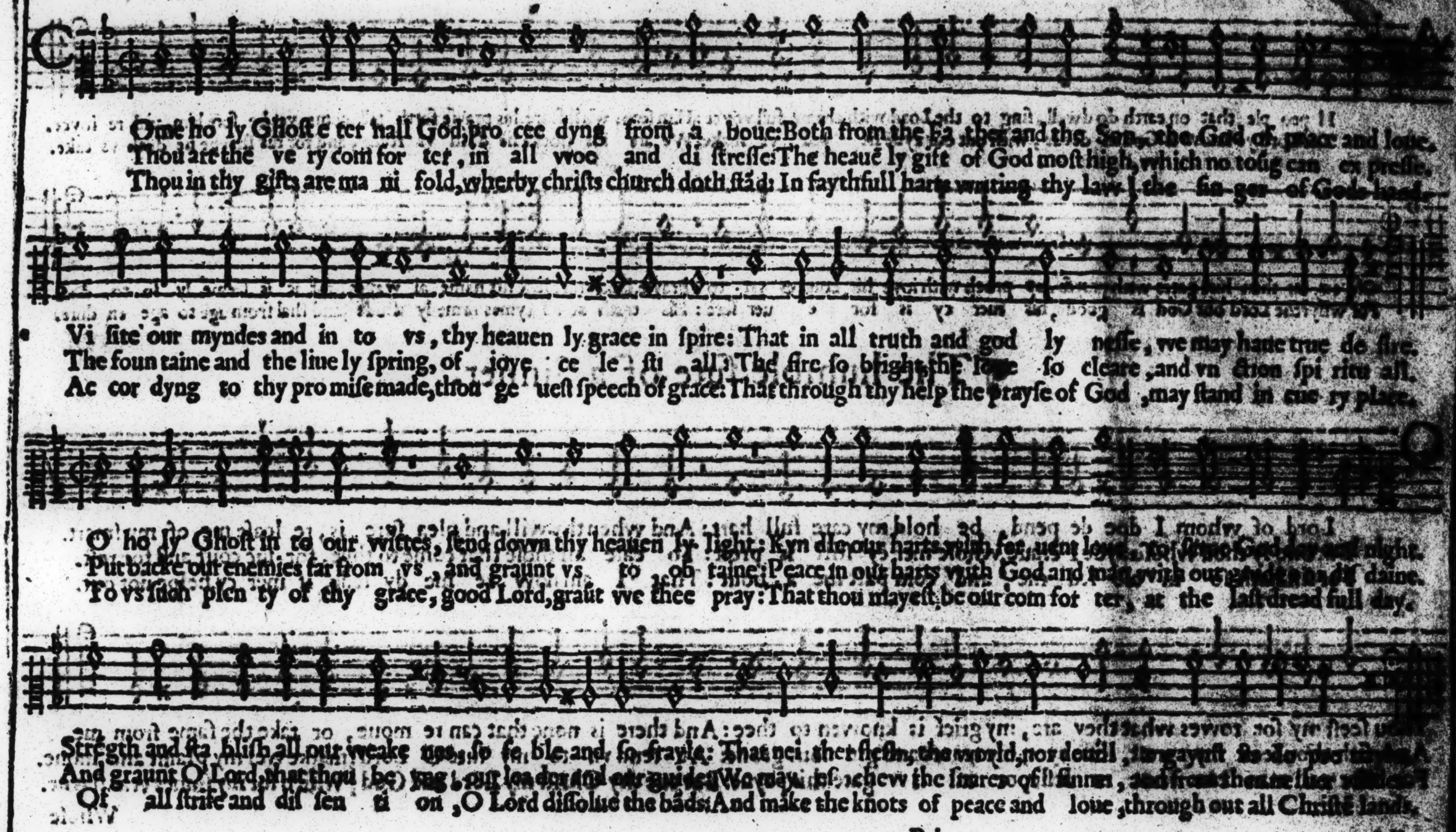
O Lord our life and righteouſnes. 79
150. pſal. O prayſe God, in his holynes. 80

¶Here endes the Table.

G. Daman. **The XCV. Psalme.** ***Treble.***


Come let vs sing vn to the Lord, Let vs sing vn to the Lord, Let vs hartily re ioyce
Let vs har tily re ioyce in the strength of our sal ua ti on, In the strength of our sal ua ti on,
Let vs come be fore his pre sence with thankes ge uing, and shewe our selues glad in him with Psalmes,
glad in him with Psalmes, glad in him with Psalmes, glad in him with Psalmes,
Come

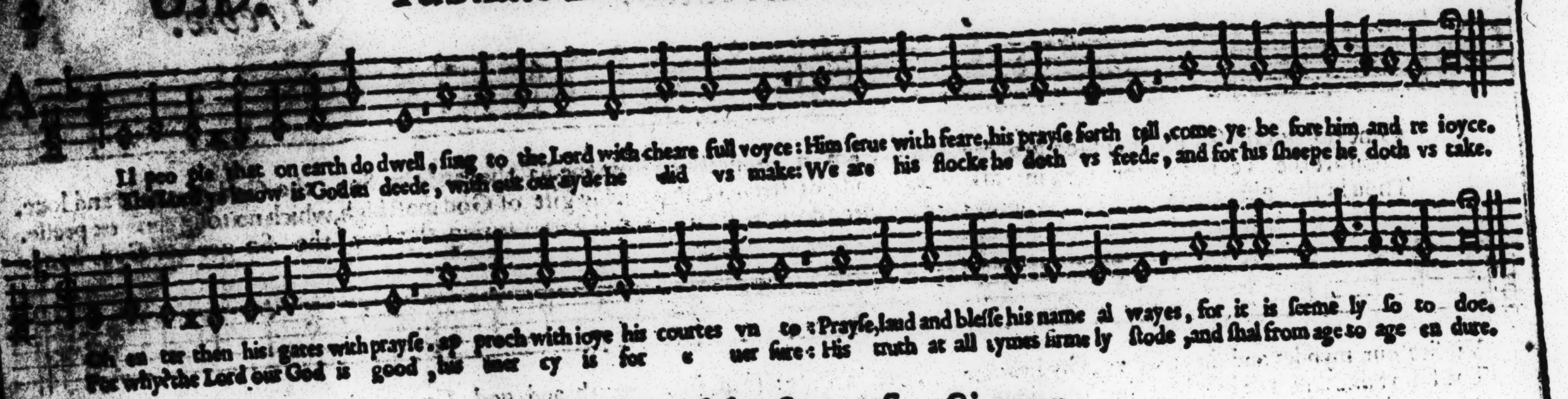
Veni Creator.


Come holy Ghoſt eternall God, proceedyng from aboue: Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and loue.
Thou art the very comforter, in all woe and diſtreſſe: The heauẽly gift of God moſt high, which no tōg can expreſſe.
Thou in thy gifts are manifold, wherby chriſts church doth ſtād: In faythfull harts writing thy law, the finger of Gods hand.
Viſite our myndes and into vs, thy heauenly grace inſpire: That in all truth and godlyneſſe, we may haue true deſire.
The fountaine and the liuely ſpring, of joye celeſtiall: The fire ſo bright, the loue ſo cleare, and vnction ſpirituall.
Accordyng to thy promiſe made, thou geueſt ſpeech of grace: That through thy help the prayſe of God, may ſtand in euery place.
O holy Ghoſt into our wittes, ſend down thy heauenly light: Kyndle our harts with feruent loue, to ſerue God day and night.
Put backe our enemies far from vs, and graunt vs to obtaine: Peace in our harts with God and man, without grudge or diſdaine.
To vs ſuch plenty of thy grace, good Lord, graũt we thee pray: That thou mayeſt be our comforter, at the laſt dreadfull day.
Strẽgth and ſtabliſh all our weakeneſſe, ſo feble and ſo frayle: That neither fleſh, the world, nor deuill, agaynſt vs do preuaile.
And graunt O Lord, that thou beyng, our leader and our guide: We may eſchew the ſnares of ſinne, and from thee neuer ſlide.
Of all ſtrife and diſſention, O Lord diſſolue the bãds: And make the knots of peace and loue, throughout all Chriſtẽ lands.

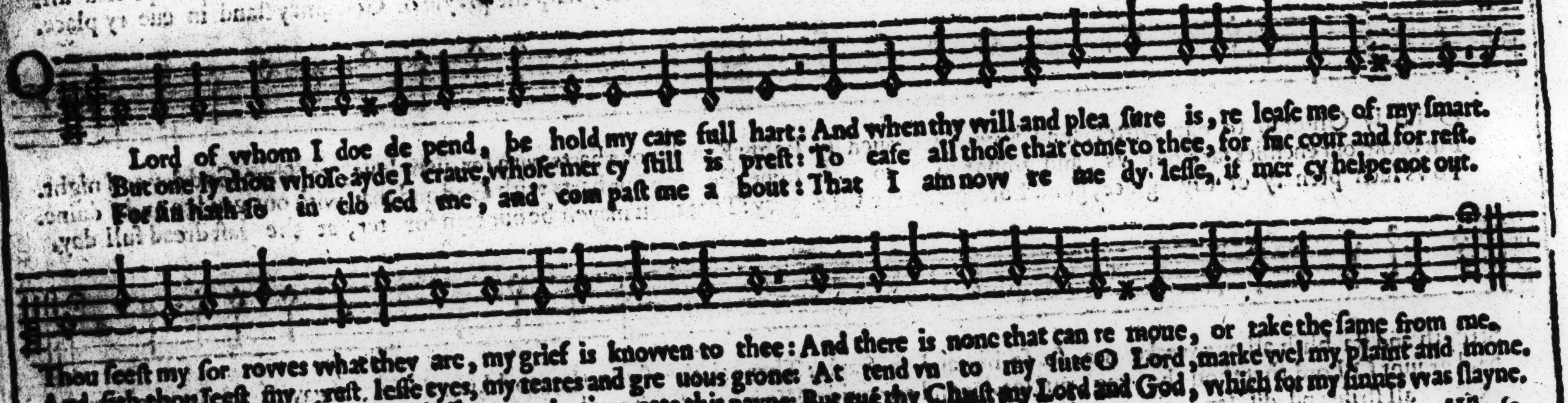
All

G.D.

Iubilate Deo omnis. Pſalme. 100.

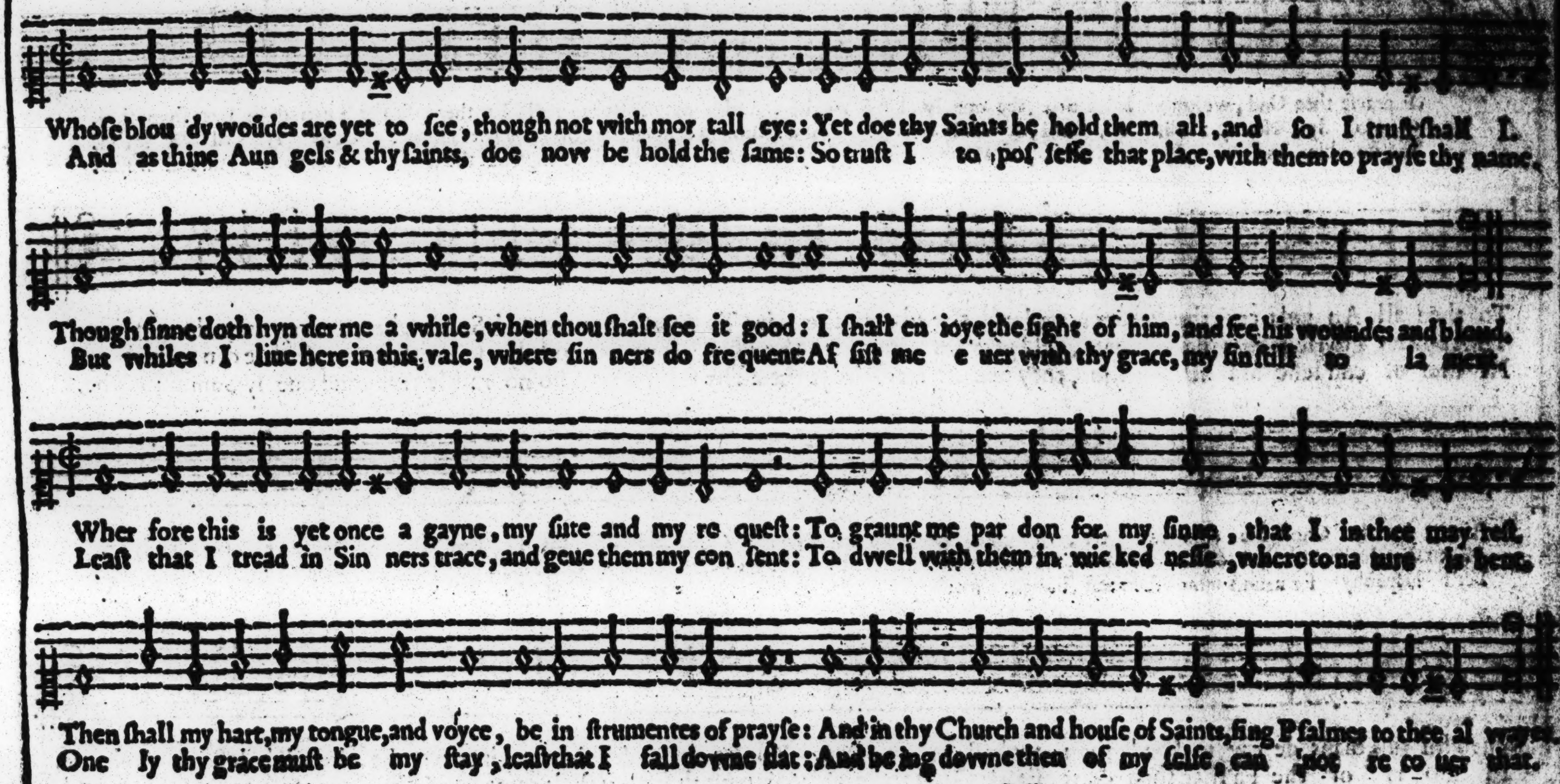

A
Ll peo ple that on earth do dwell, ſing to the Lord with cheare full voyce: Him ſerue with feare, his prayſe forth tell, come ye be fore him and re ioyce.
The Lord ye know is God in deede, with out our ayde he did vs make: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, and for his ſheepe he doth vs take.
O en ter then his gates with prayſe, ap proch with ioye his courtes vn to: Prayſe, laud and bleſſe his name al wayes, for it is ſeeme ly ſo to doe.
For why? the Lord our God is good, his mer cy is for e uer ſure: His truth at all tymes firme ly ſtode, and ſhal from age to age en dure.

¶ The humble ſute of a Sinner.

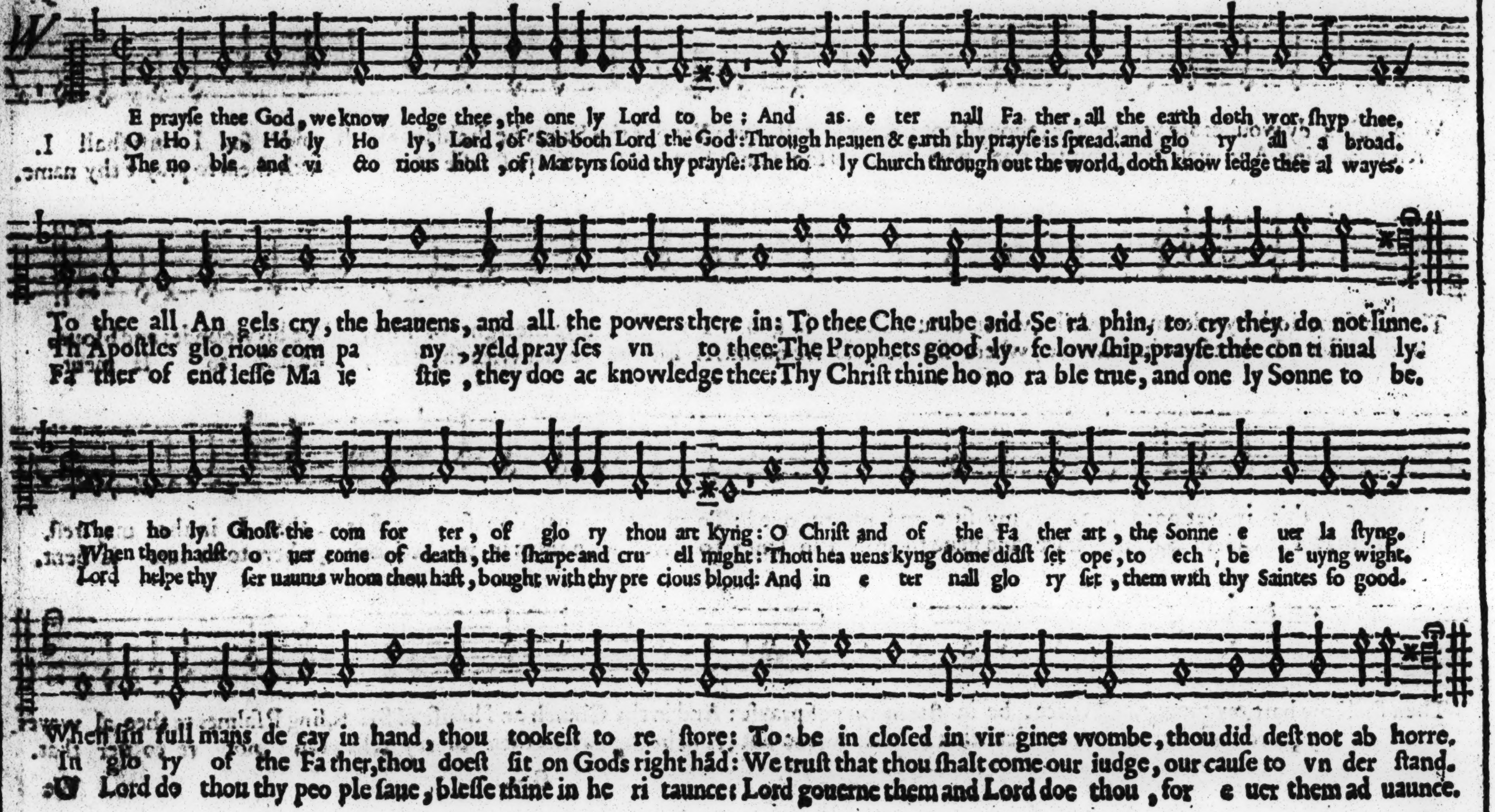

O
Lord of whom I doe de pend, be hold my care full hart: And when thy will and plea ſure is, re leaſe me of my ſmart.
But one ly thou whoſe ayde I craue, whoſe mer cy ſtill is preſt: To eaſe all thoſe that come to thee, for ſuc cour and for reſt.
For ſin hath ſo in clo ſed me, and com paſt me a bout: That I am now re me dy leſſe, if mer cy helpe not out.
Thou ſeeſt my ſor rowes what they are, my grief is knowen to thee: And there is none that can re moue, or take the ſame from me.
And ſith thou ſeeſt my reſt leſſe eyes, my teares and gre uous grone: At tend vn to my ſute O Lord, marke wel my plaint and mone.
For mor tall man can not re leſſe, or mi ti gate this payne: But thé thy Chriſt my Lord and God, which for my ſinnes was ſlayne.

Whoſe

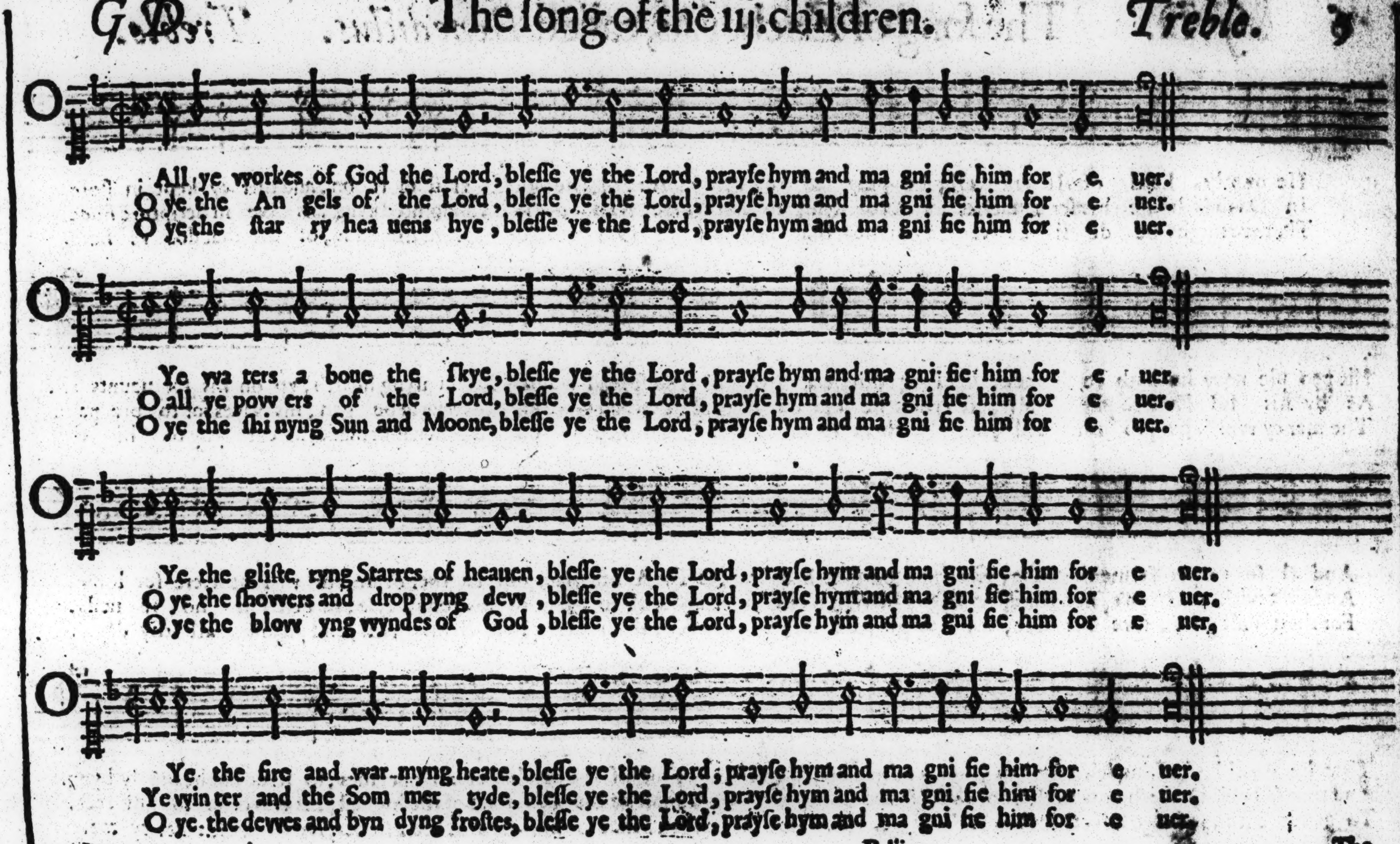
G.D. # The humble ſute of a Sinner. *Treble.*


Whoſe blou dy woũdes are yet to ſee, though not with mor tall eye: Yet doe thy Saints be hold them all, and ſo I truſt ſhall I.
And as thine Aun gels & thy ſaints, doe now be hold the ſame: So truſt I to poſ ſeſſe that place, with them to prayſe thy name.
Though ſinne doth hyn der me a while, when thou ſhalt ſee it good: I ſhalt en ioye the ſight of him, and ſee his woundes and bloud.
But whiles I liue here in this vale, where ſin ners do fre quent: Aſ ſiſt me e uer with thy grace, my ſin ſtill to la ment.
Wher fore this is yet once a gayne, my ſute and my re queſt: To graunt me par don for my ſinne, that I in thee may reſt.
Leaſt that I tread in Sin ners trace, and geue them my con ſent: To dwell with them in wic ked neſſe, where to na ture is bent.
Then ſhall my hart, my tongue, and voyce, be in ſtrumentes of prayſe: And in thy Church and houſe of Saints, ſing Pſalmes to thee al wayes.
One ly thy grace muſt be my ſtay, leaſt that I fall downe flat: And be ing downe then of my ſelfe, can not re co uer that.

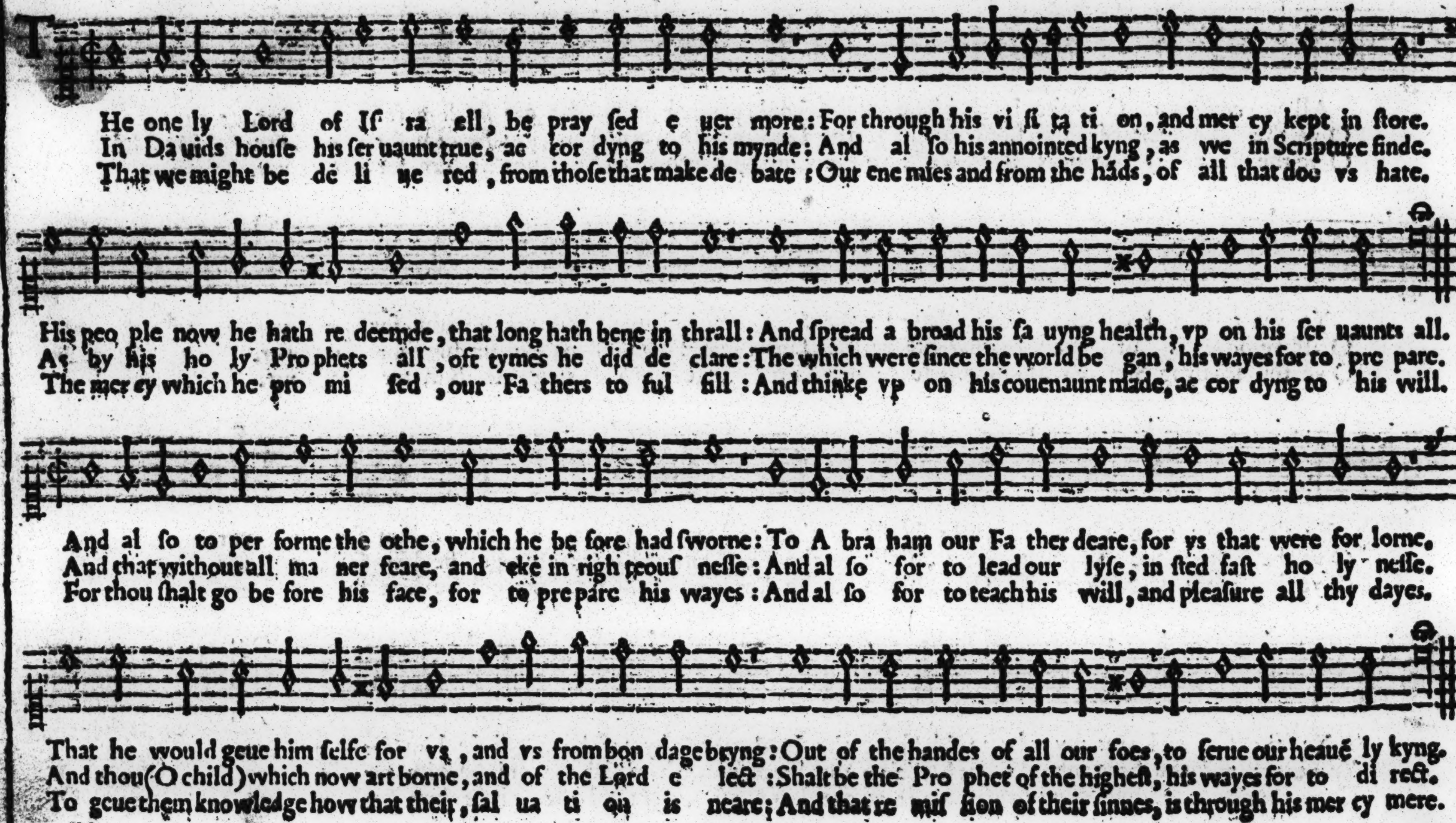
The ſong of S. Ambroſe, called *Te Deum*. *Treble*.

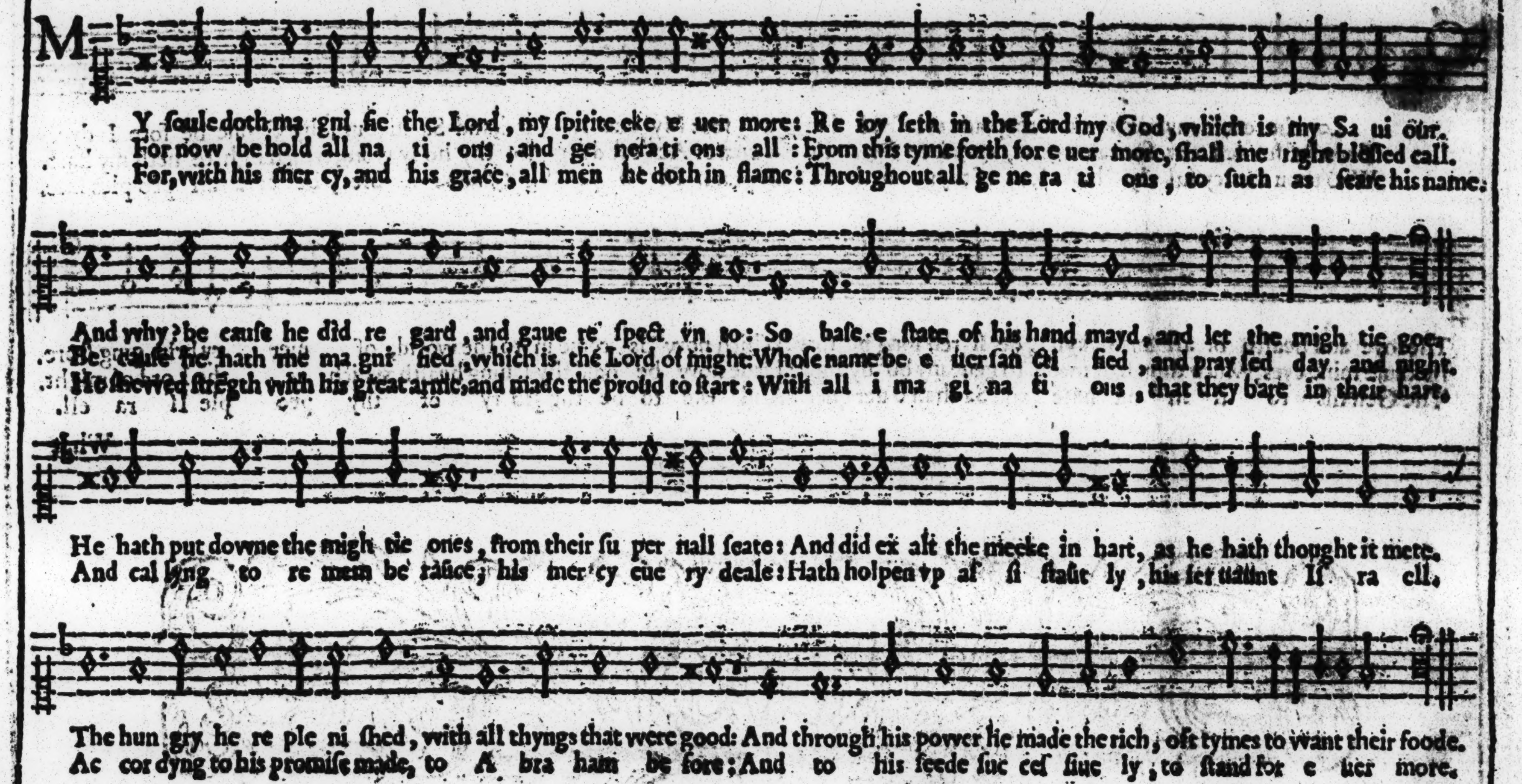

W
E prayſe thee God, we know ledge thee, the one ly Lord to be; And as e ter nall Fa ther, all the earth doth wor ſhyp thee.
O Ho ly, Ho ly Ho ly, Lord, of Sab both Lord the God: Through heauen & earth thy prayſe is ſpread, and glo ry all a broad.
The no ble and vi cto rious hoſt, of Martyrs ſoūd thy prayſe: The ho ly Church through out the world, doth know ledge thee al wayes.
To thee all An gels cry, the heauens, and all the powers there in: To thee Che rube and Se ra phin, to cry they do not ſinne.
Th' Apoſtles glo rious com pa ny, yeld pray ſes vn to thee: The Prophets good ly fe low ſhip, prayſe thee con ti nual ly.
Fa ther of end leſſe Ma ie ſtie, they doe ac knowledge thee: Thy Chriſt thine ho no ra ble true, and one ly Sonne to be.
The ho ly Ghoſt the com for ter, of glo ry thou art kyng: O Chriſt and of the Fa ther art, the Sonne e uer la ſtyng.
When thou hadſt o uer come of death, the ſharpe and cru ell might: Thou hea uens kyng dome didſt ſet ope, to ech be le uyng wight.
Lord helpe thy ſer uaunts whom thou haſt, bought with thy pre cious bloud: And in e ter nall glo ry ſet, them with thy Saintes ſo good.
When ſin full mans de cay in hand, thou tookeſt to re ſtore: To be in cloſed in vir gines wombe, thou did deſt not ab horre.
In glo ry of the Fa ther, thou doeſt ſit on Gods right hād: We truſt that thou ſhalt come our iudge, our cauſe to vn der ſtand.
O Lord do thou thy peo ple ſaue, bleſſe thine in he ri taunce: Lord gouerne them and Lord doe thou, for e uer them ad uaunce.

O

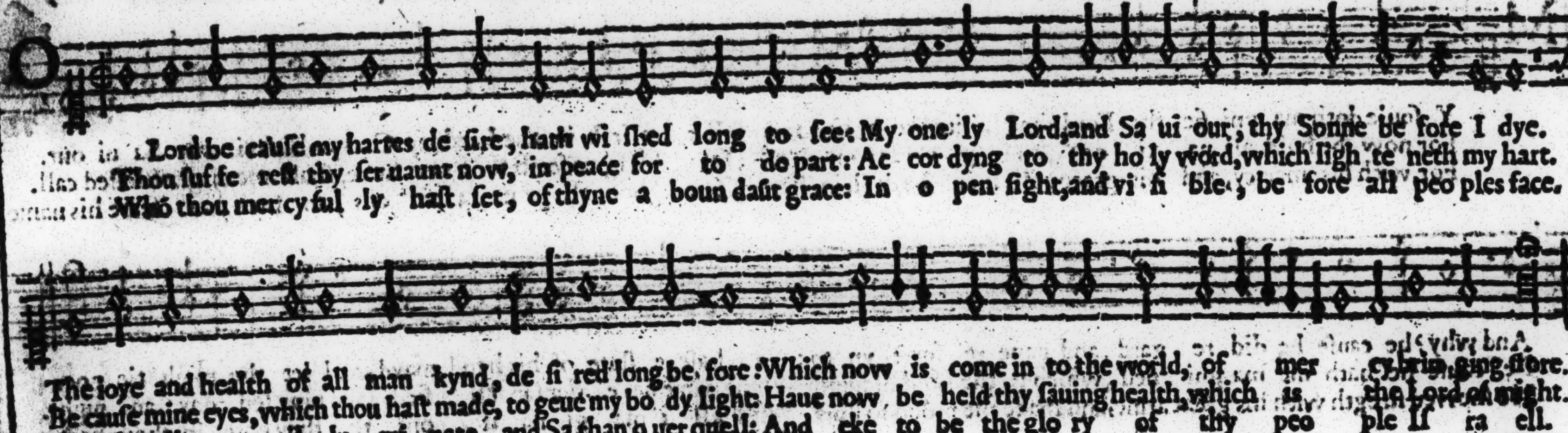

All ye workes of God the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the An gels of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſtar ry hea uens hye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye wa ters a boue the ſkye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O all ye pow ers of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhi nyng Sun and Moone, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the gliſte ryng Starres of heauen, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhowers and drop pyng dew, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the blow yng wyndes of God, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the fire and war myng heate, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye win ter and the Som mer tyde, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the dewes and byn dyng froſtes, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.

G.D. The ſong of Zacharias, called *Benedictus*. *Treble.*


THe one ly Lord of Iſ ra ell, be pray ſed e uer more: For through his vi ſi ta ti on, and mer cy kept in ſtore.
In Da uids houſe his ſer uaunt true, ac cor dyng to his mynde: And al ſo his annointed kyng, as we in Scripture finde.
That we might be de li ue red, from thoſe that make de bate: Our ene mies and from the hãds, of all that doe vs hate.
His peo ple now he hath re deemde, that long hath bene in thrall: And ſpread a broad his ſa uyng health, vp on his ſer uaunts all.
As by his ho ly Pro phets all, oft tymes he did de clare: The which were ſince the world be gan, his wayes for to pre pare.
The mer cy which he pro mi ſed, our Fa thers to ful fill: And thinke vp on his couenaunt made, ac cor dyng to his will.
And al ſo to per forme the othe, which he be fore had ſworne: To A bra ham our Fa ther deare, for vs that were for lorne.
And that without all ma ner feare, and eke in righ teouſ neſſe: And al ſo for to lead our lyſe, in ſted faſt ho ly neſſe.
For thou ſhalt go be fore his face, for to pre pare his wayes: And al ſo for to teach his will, and pleaſure all thy dayes.
That he would geue him ſelfe for vs, and vs from bon dage bryng: Out of the handes of all our foes, to ſerue our heauẽ ly kyng.
And thou (O child) which now art borne, and of the Lord e lect: Shalt be the Pro phet of the higheſt, his wayes for to di rect.
To geue them knowledge how that their, ſal ua ti on is neare; And that re miſ ſion of their ſinnes, is through his mer cy mere.

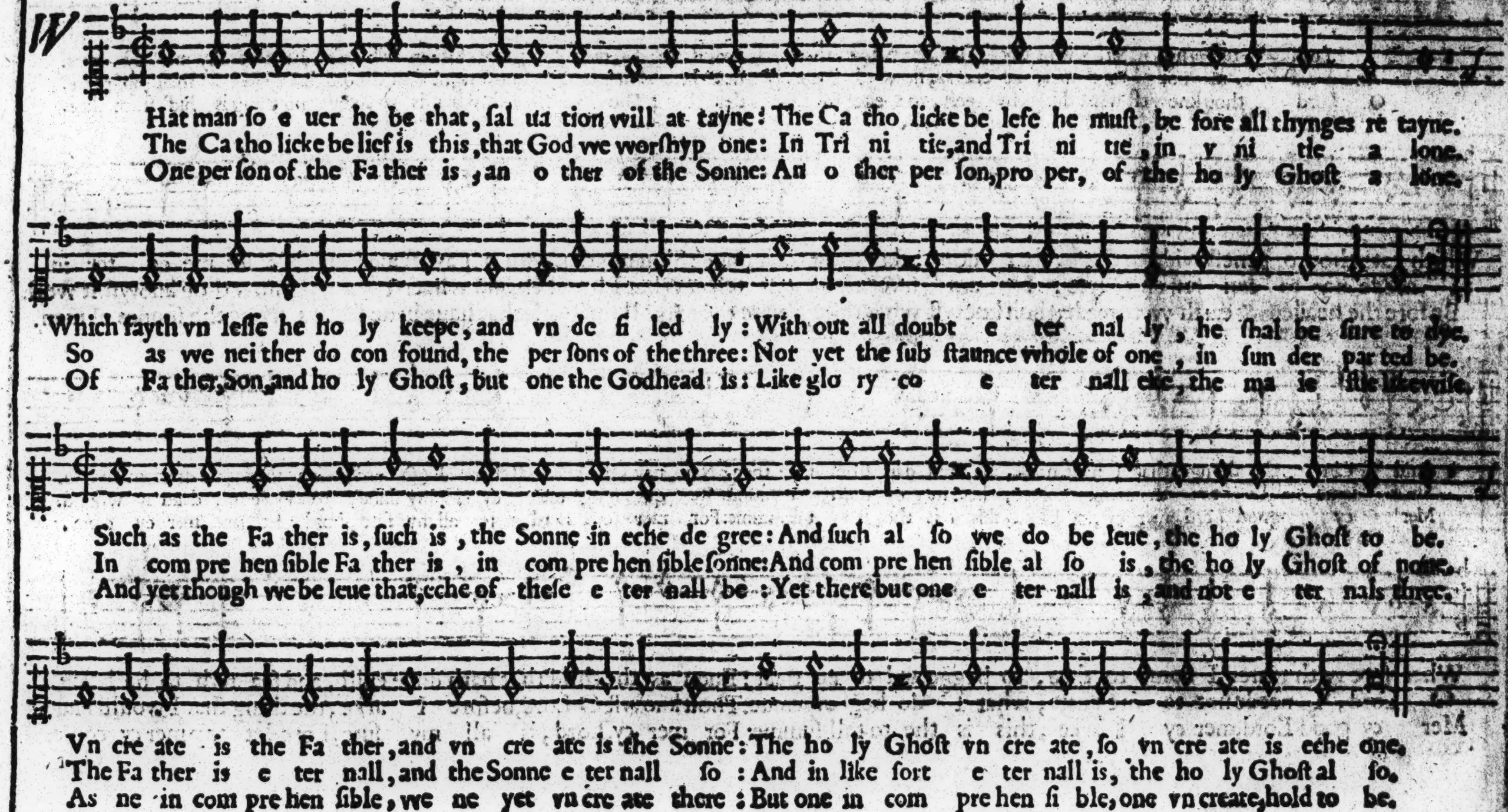

M Y ſoule doth ma gni fie the Lord, my ſpirite eke e uer more: Re ioy ſeth in the Lord my God, which is my Sa ui our.
For now be hold all na ti ons, and ge nera ti ons all: From this tyme forth for e uer more, ſhall me right bleſſed call.
For, with his mer cy, and his grace, all men he doth in flame: Throughout all ge ne ra ti ons, to ſuch as feare his name.
And why? be cauſe he did re gard, and gaue re ſpect vn to: So baſe e ſtate of his hand mayd, and let the migh tie goe.
Be cauſe he hath me ma gni fied, which is the Lord of might: Whoſe name be e uer ſan cti fied, and pray ſed day and night.
He ſhewed ſtregth with his great arme, and made the proud to ſtart: With all i ma gi na ti ons, that they bare in their hart.
He hath put downe the migh tie ones, from their ſu per nall ſeate: And did ex alt the meeke in hart, as he hath thought it mete.
And cal lyng to re mem be raũce, his mer cy eue ry deale: Hath holpen vp aſ ſi ſtaũt ly, his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell.
The hun gry he re ple ni ſhed, with all thyngs that were good: And through his povver he made the rich, oft tymes to want their foode.
Ac cor dyng to his promiſe made, to A bra ham be fore; And to his ſeede ſuc ceſ ſiue ly, to ſtand for e uer more.

The ſong of Symeon, called *Nunc dimittis.* *Treble.*


O
Lord be cauſe my hartes de ſire, hath wi ſhed long to ſee: My one ly Lord, and Sa ui our, thy Sonne be fore I dye.
Thou ſuf fe reſt thy ſer uaunt now, in peace for to de part: Ac cor dyng to thy ho ly word, which ligh te neth my hart.
Who thou mer cy ful ly haſt ſet, of thyne a boun daūt grace: In o pen ſight, and vi ſi ble, be fore all peo ples face.
The ioye and health of all man kynd, de ſi red long be fore: Which now is come in to the world, of mer cy brin ging ſtore.
Be cauſe mine eyes, which thou haſt made, to geue my bo dy light: Haue now be held thy ſauing health, which is the Lord of might.
The Gen tils to il lu mi nate, and Sa than o uer quell: And eke to be the glo ry of thy peo ple Iſ ra ell.

What

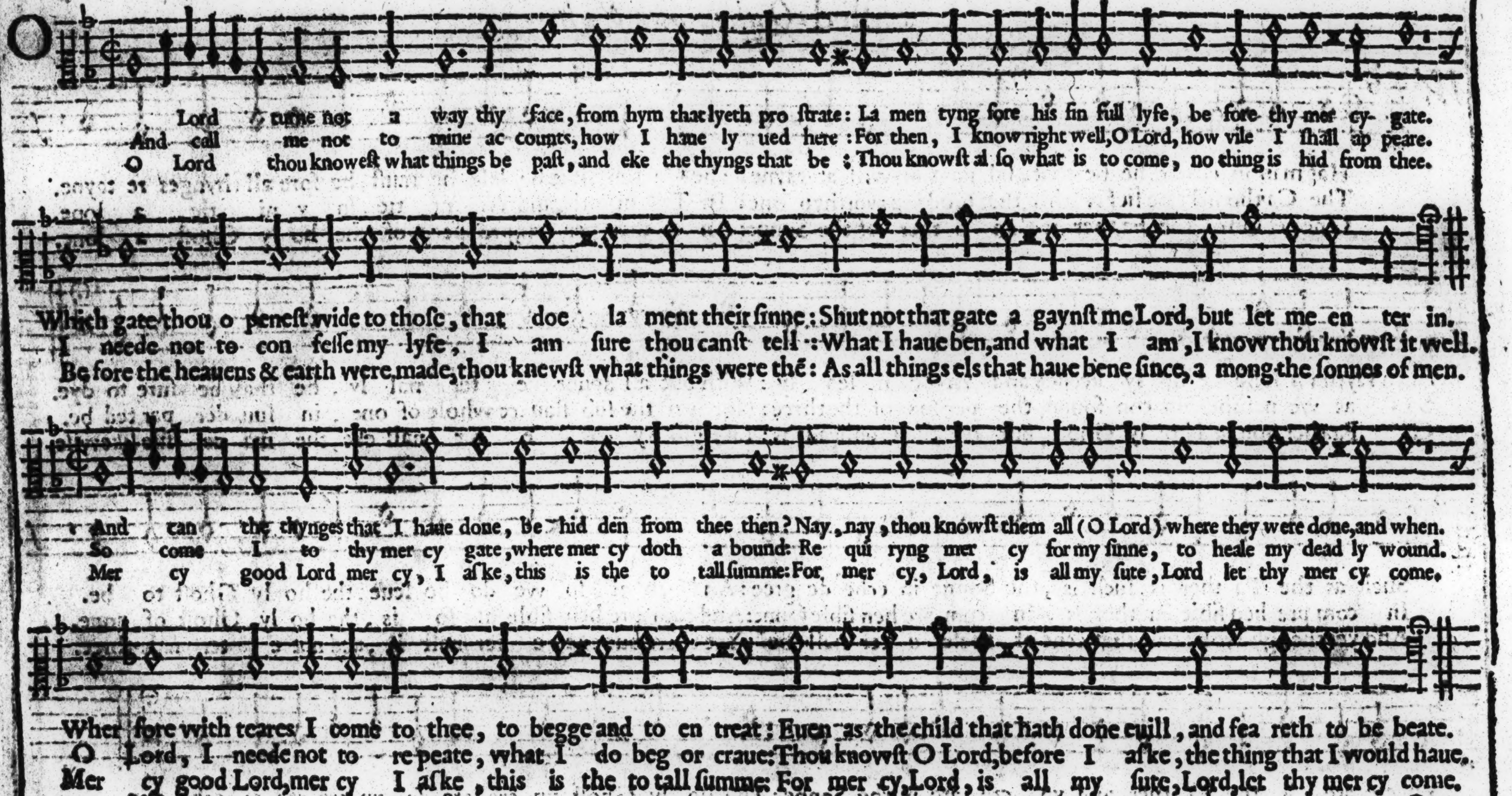
The Symbole or Creede of Athanaſius, called *Quicunque Vult.*


W
Hat man ſo e uer he be that, ſal ua tion will at tayne: The Ca tho licke be leſe he muſt, be fore all thynges re tayne.
The Ca tho licke be lief is this, that God we worſhyp one: In Tri ni tie, and Tri ni tie, in v ni tie a lone.
One per ſon of the Fa ther is, an o ther of the Sonne: An o ther per ſon, pro per, of the ho ly Ghoſt a lone.
Which fayth vn leſſe he ho ly keepe, and vn de fi led ly: With out all doubt e ter nal ly, he ſhal be ſure to dye.
So as we nei ther do con found, the per ſons of the three: Not yet the ſub ſtaunce whole of one, in ſun der par ted be.
Of Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, but one the Godhead is: Like glo ry co e ter nall eke, the ma ie ſtie likewiſe.
Such as the Fa ther is, ſuch is, the Sonne in eche de gree: And ſuch al ſo we do be leue, the ho ly Ghoſt to be.
In com pre hen ſible Fa ther is, in com pre hen ſible ſonne: And com pre hen ſible al ſo is, the ho ly Ghoſt of none.
And yet though we be leue that, eche of theſe e ter nall be: Yet there but one e ter nall is, and not e ter nals three.
Vn cre ate is the Fa ther, and vn cre ate is the Sonne: The ho ly Ghoſt vn cre ate, ſo vn cre ate is eche one.
The Fa ther is e ter nall, and the Sonne e ter nall ſo: And in like ſort e ter nall is, the ho ly Ghoſt al ſo.
As ne in com pre hen ſible, we ne yet vn cre ate there: But one in com pre hen ſi ble, one vn create, hold to be.

G.D.

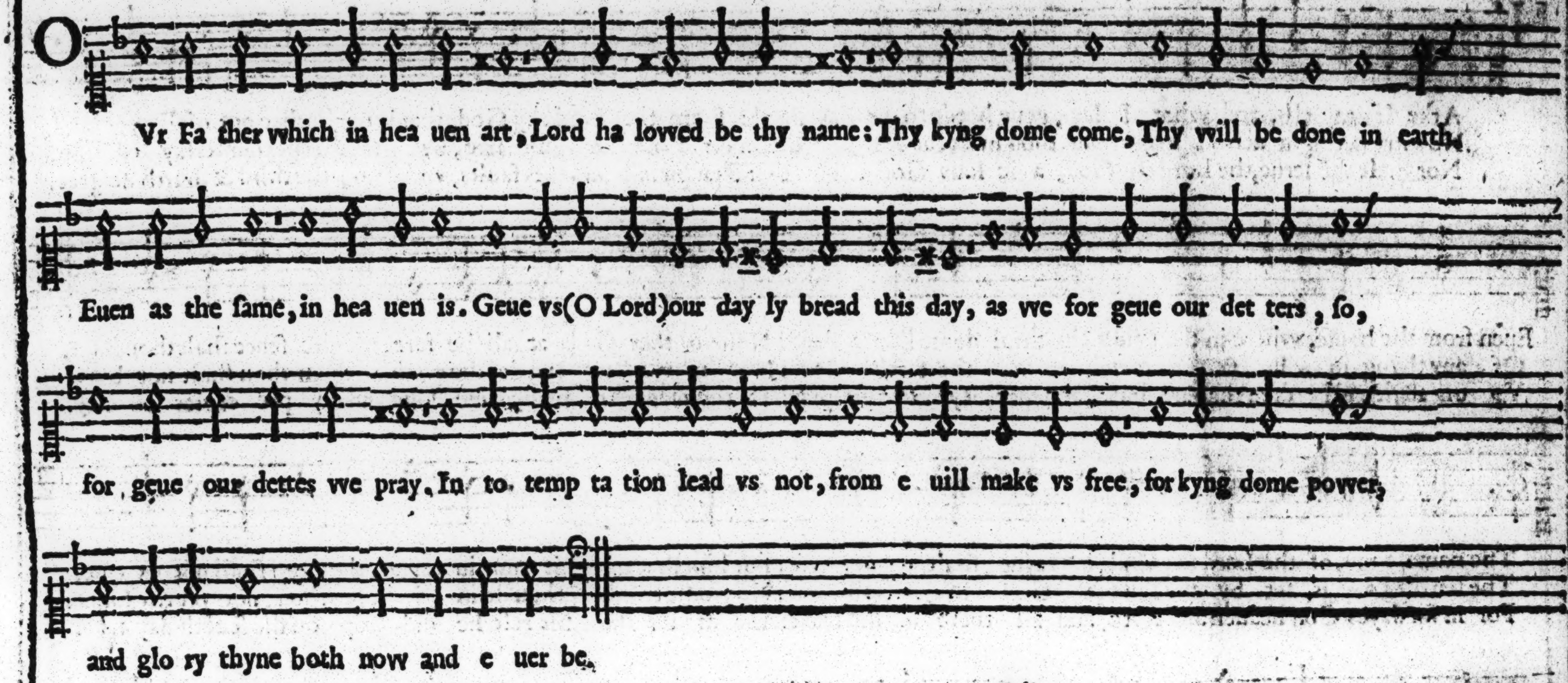
The Lamentation of a Sinner.

Treble.

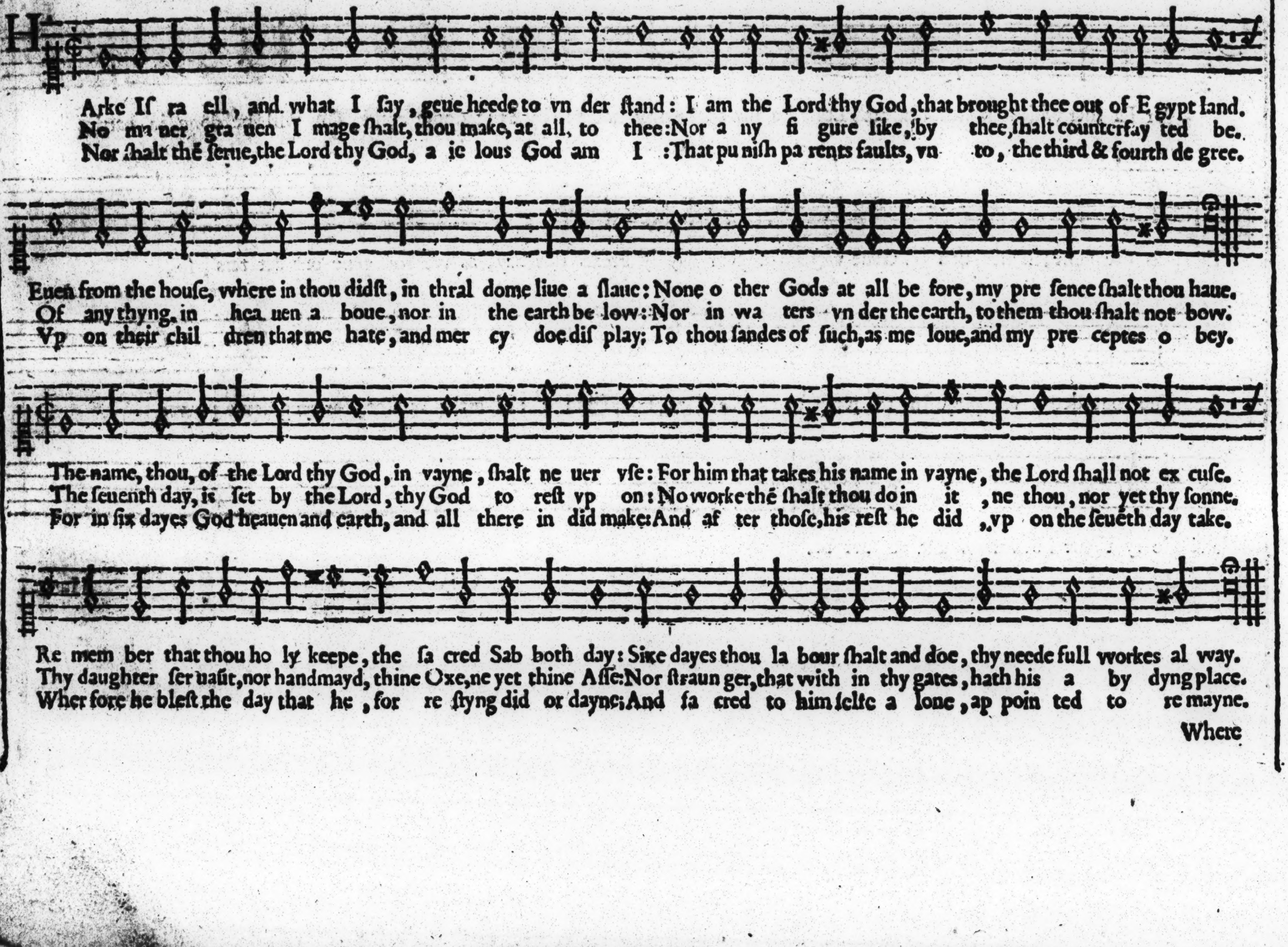

Lord turne not a way thy face, from hym that lyeth pro ſtrate: La men tyng ſore his ſin full lyſe, be fore thy mer cy gate.
And call me not to mine ac counts, how I haue ly ued here: For then, I know right well, O Lord, how vile I ſhall ap peare.
O Lord thou knoweſt what things be paſt, and eke the thyngs that be: Thou knowſt al ſo what is to come, no thing is hid from thee.
Which gate thou o peneſt wide to thoſe, that doe la ment their ſinne: Shut not that gate a gaynſt me Lord, but let me en ter in.
I neede not to con feſſe my lyſe, I am ſure thou canſt tell: What I haue ben, and what I am, I know thou knowſt it well.
Be fore the heauens & earth were made, thou knewſt what things were thẽ: As all things els that haue bene ſince, a mong the ſonnes of men.
And can the thynges that I haue done, be hid den from thee then? Nay, nay, thou knowſt them all (O Lord) where they were done, and when.
So come I to thy mer cy gate, where mer cy doth a bound: Re qui ryng mer cy for my ſinne, to heale my dead ly wound.
Mer cy good Lord mer cy, I aſke, this is the to tall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mer cy come.
Wher fore with teares I come to thee, to begge and to en treat: Euen as the child that hath done euill, and fea reth to be beate.
O Lord, I neede not to re peate, what I do beg or craue: Thou knowſt O Lord, before I aſke, the thing that I would haue.
Mer cy good Lord, mer cy I aſke, this is the to tall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord, let thy mer cy come.

Our

G.D. The Lordes Prayer, or *Pater noster*. *Treble.*

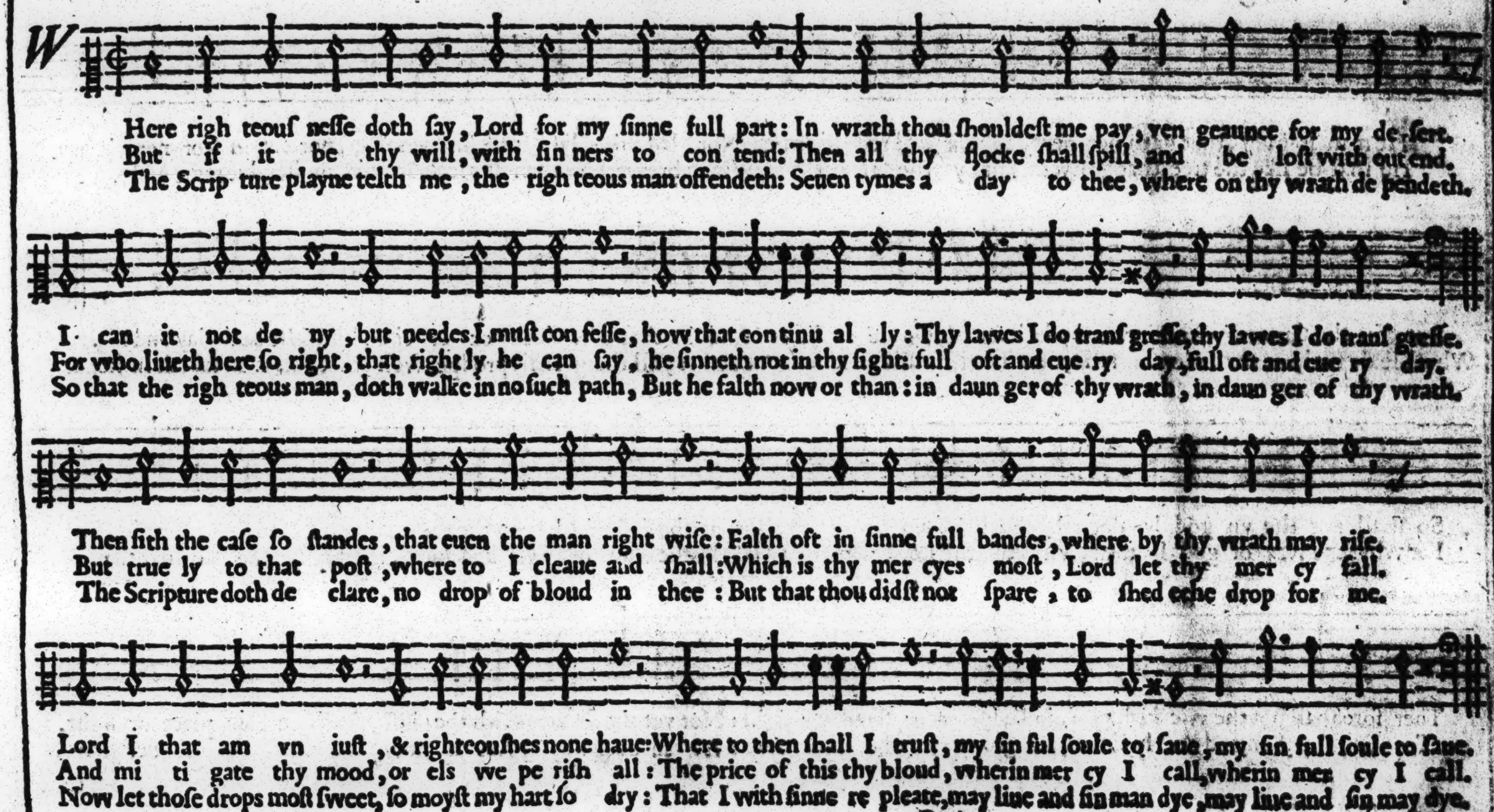

O
Vr Fa ther which in hea uen art, Lord ha lowed be thy name: Thy kyng dome come, Thy will be done in earth,
Euen as the ſame, in hea uen is. Geue vs (O Lord) our day ly bread this day, as we for geue our det ters, ſo,
for geue our dettes we pray, In to temp ta tion lead vs not, from e uill make vs free, for kyng dome power,
and glo ry thyne both now and e uer be.

G.D. The x. Cōmaūdements. *Audi Iſraell. Exod. xx.* Treble.

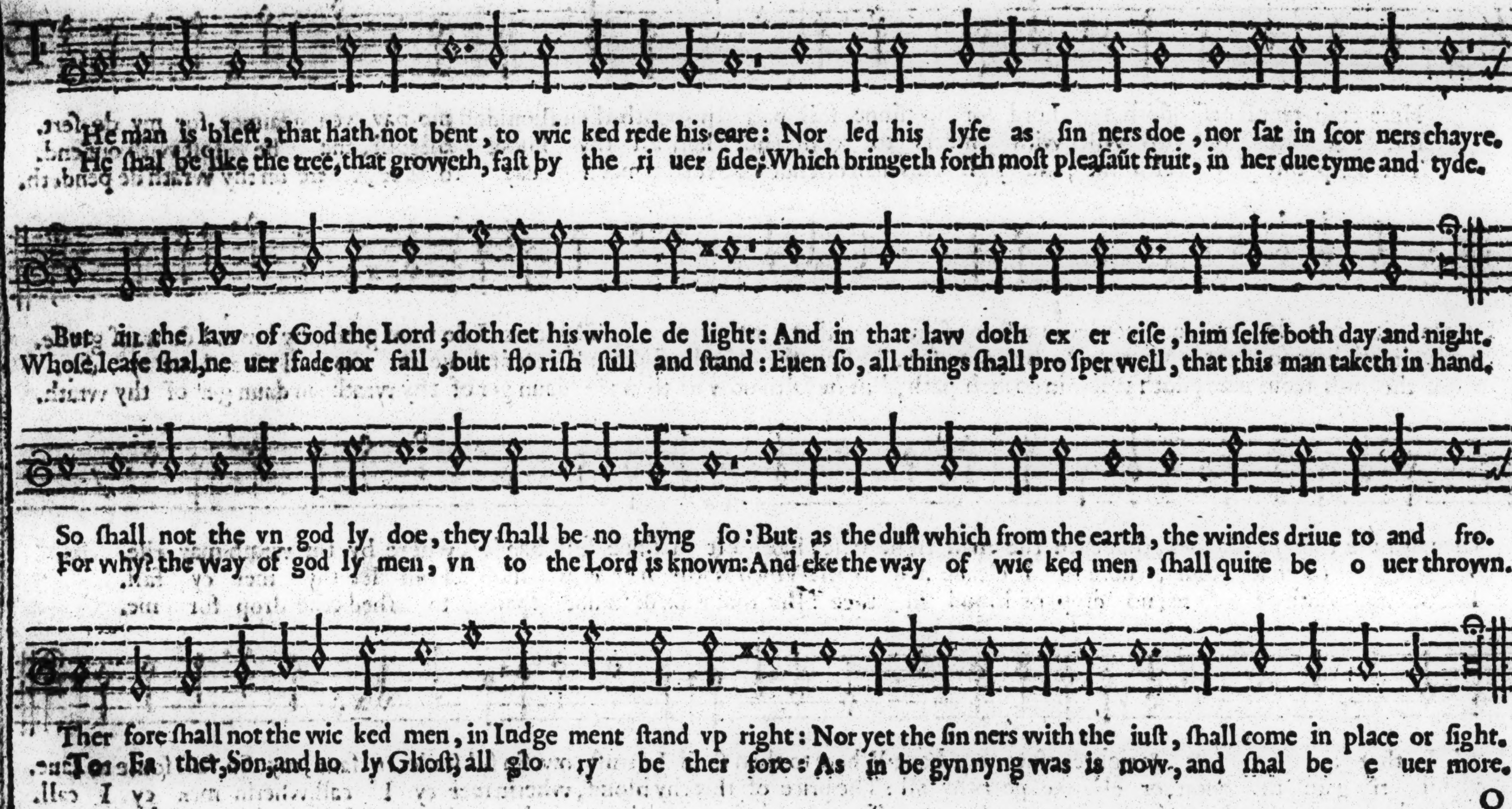

HArke Iſ ra ell, and what I ſay, geue heede to vn der ſtand: I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of E gypt land.
No ma ner gra uen I mage ſhalt, thou make, at all, to thee: Nor a ny fi gure like, by thee, ſhalt counterfay ted be.
Nor ſhalt thē ſerue, the Lord thy God, a ie lous God am I: That pu niſh pa rents faults, vn to, the third & fourth de gree.
Euen from the houſe, where in thou didſt, in thral dome liue a ſlaue: None o ther Gods at all be fore, my pre ſence ſhalt thou haue.
Of any thyng, in hea uen a boue, nor in the earth be low: Nor in wa ters vn der the earth, to them thou ſhalt not bow.
Vp on their chil dren that me hate, and mer cy doe diſ play: To thou ſandes of ſuch, as me loue, and my pre ceptes o bey.
The name, thou, of the Lord thy God, in vayne, ſhalt ne uer vſe: For him that takes his name in vayne, the Lord ſhall not ex cuſe.
The ſeuenth day, is ſet by the Lord, thy God to reſt vp on: No worke thē ſhalt thou do in it, ne thou, nor yet thy ſonne.
For in ſix dayes God heauen and earth, and all there in did make: And af ter thoſe, his reſt he did, vp on the ſeuēth day take.
Re mem ber that thou ho ly keepe, the ſa cred Sab both day: Sixe dayes thou la bour ſhalt and doe, thy neede full workes al way.
Thy daughter ſer uāt, nor handmayd, thine Oxe, ne yet thine Aſſe: Nor ſtraun ger, that with in thy gates, hath his a by dyng place.
Wherfore he bleſt the day that he, for re ſtyng did or dayne: And ſa cred to him ſelfe a lone, ap poin ted to re mayne.

Where

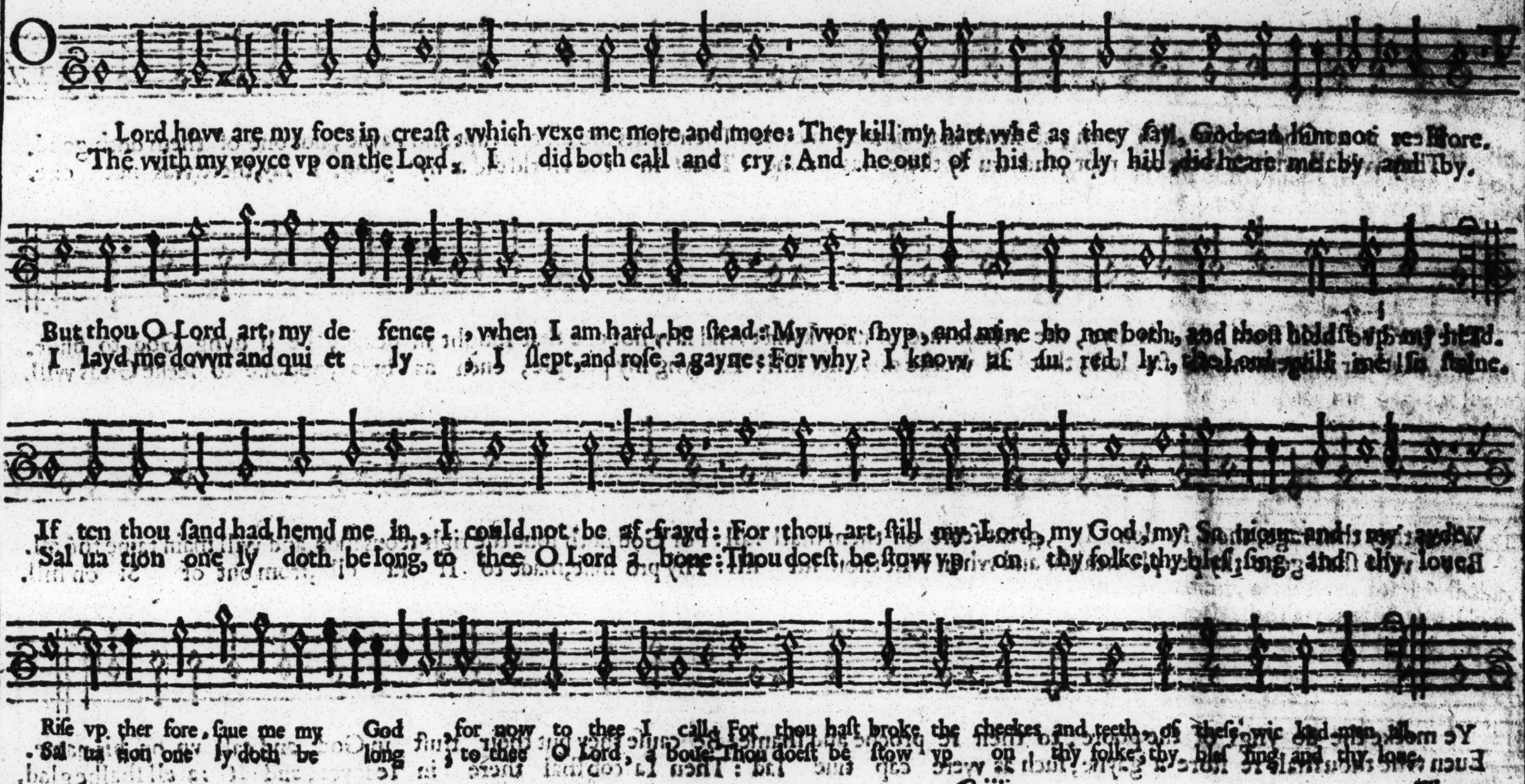
The complaint of a Sinner.


W
Here righ teouſ neſſe doth ſay, Lord for my ſinne full part: In wrath thou ſhouldeſt me pay, ven geaunce for my de ſert.
But if it be thy will, with ſin ners to con tend: Then all thy ſlocke ſhall ſpill, and be loſt with out end.
The Scrip ture playne telth me, the righ teous man offendeth: Seuen tymes a day to thee, where on thy wrath de pendeth.
I can it not de ny, but needes I muſt con feſſe, how that con tinu al ly: Thy lawes I do tranſ greſſe, thy lawes I do tranſ greſſe.
For who liueth here ſo right, that right ly he can ſay, he ſinneth not in thy ſight: full oft and eue ry day, full oft and eue ry day.
So that the righ teous man, doth walke in no ſuch path, But he falth now or than: in daun ger of thy wrath, in daun ger of thy wrath.
Then ſith the caſe ſo ſtandes, that euen the man right wiſe: Falth oft in ſinne full bandes, where by thy wrath may riſe.
But true ly to that poſt, where to I cleaue and ſhall: Which is thy mer cyes moſt, Lord let thy mer cy fall.
The Scripture doth de clare, no drop of bloud in thee: But that thou didſt not ſpare, to ſhed eche drop for me.
Lord I that am vn iuſt, & righteouſnes none haue: Where to then ſhall I truſt, my ſin ful ſoule to ſaue, my ſin full ſoule to ſaue.
And mi ti gate thy mood, or els we pe riſh all: The price of this thy bloud, wherin mer cy I call, wherin mer cy I call.
Now let thoſe drops moſt ſweet, ſo moyſt my hart ſo dry: That I with ſinne re pleate, may liue and ſin man dye, may liue and ſin may dye.

¶ Here begynneth the Pſalmes.

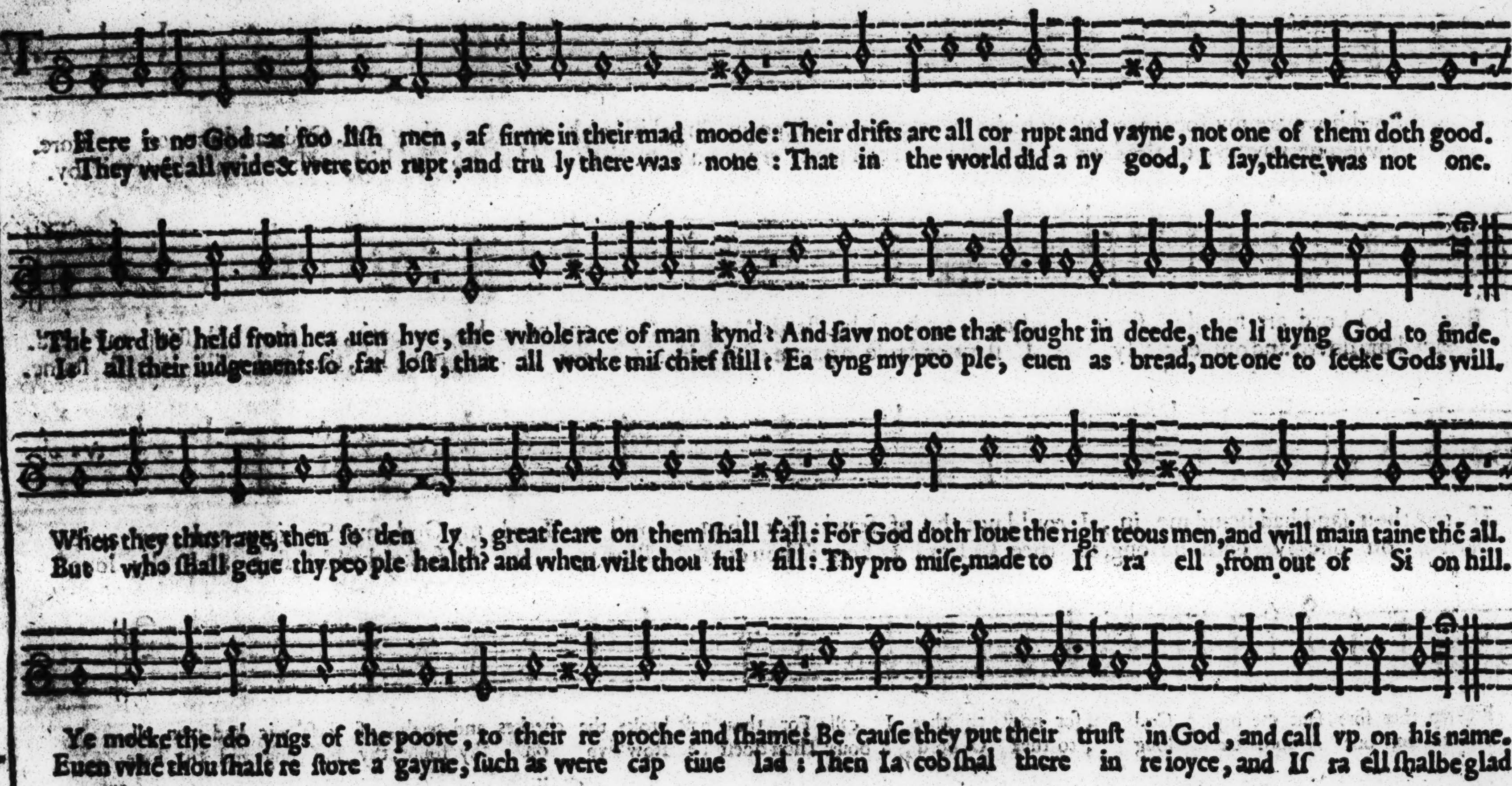

T
He man is bleſt, that hath not bent, to wic ked rede his eare: Nor led his lyfe as ſin ners doe, nor ſat in ſcor ners chayre.
He ſhal be like the tree, that groweth, faſt by the ri uer ſide; Which bringeth forth moſt pleaſaūt fruit, in her due tyme and tyde.
But in the law of God the Lord, doth ſet his whole de light: And in that law doth ex er ciſe, him ſelfe both day and night.
Whoſe leafe ſhal ne uer fade nor fall, but flo riſh ſtill and ſtand: Euen ſo, all things ſhall pro ſper well, that this man taketh in hand.
So ſhall not the vn god ly doe, they ſhall be no thyng ſo: But as the duſt which from the earth, the windes driue to and fro.
For why? the way of god ly men, vn to the Lord is known: And eke the way of wic ked men, ſhall quite be o uer thrown.
Ther fore ſhall not the wic ked men, in Iudge ment ſtand vp right: Nor yet the ſin ners with the iuſt, ſhall come in place or ſight.
To the Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

O

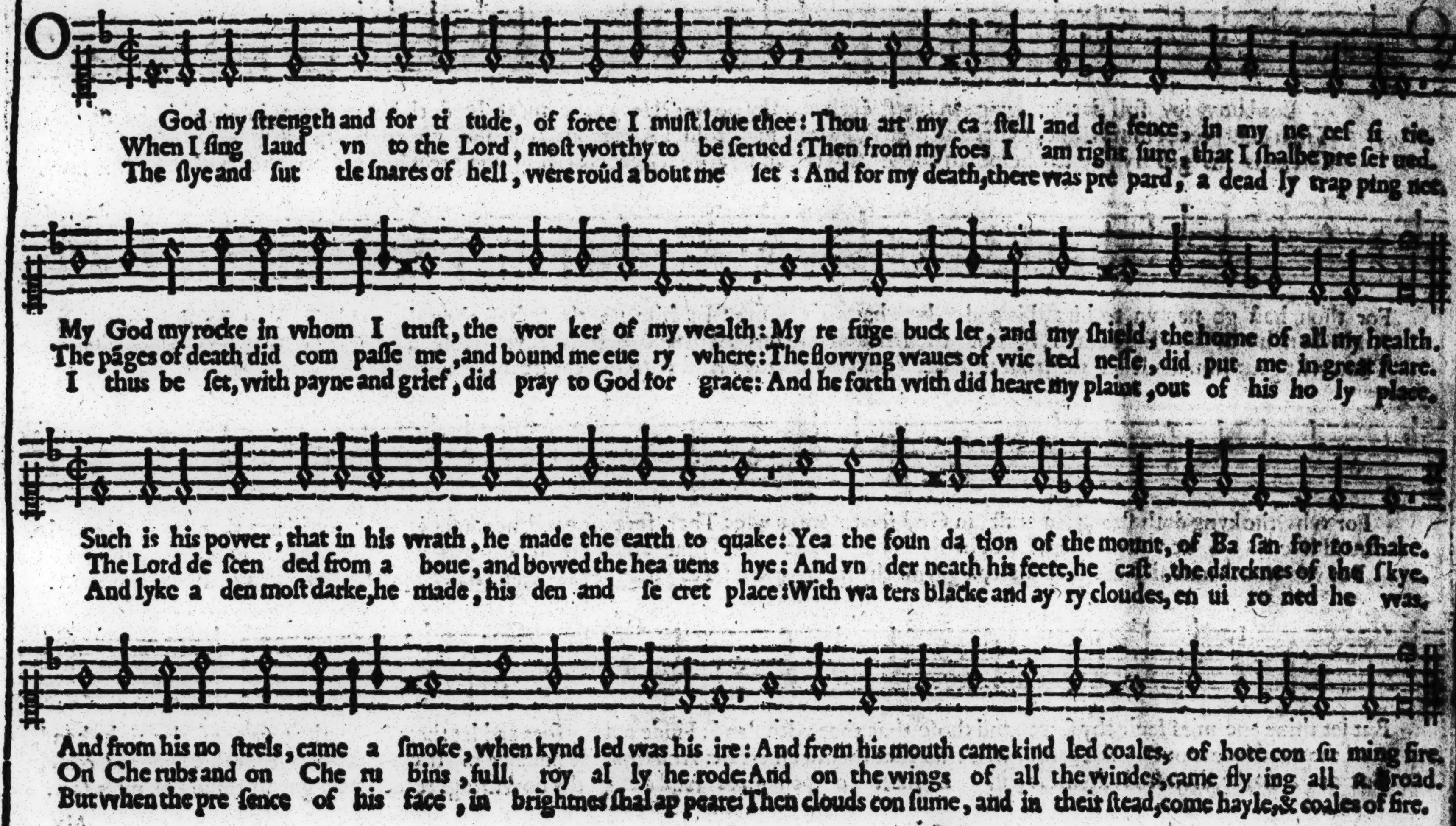

O
Lord how are my foes in creaſt, which vexe me more and more: They kill my hart whẽ as they ſay, God can him not reſtore.
Then with my voyce vp on the Lord, I did both call and cry: And he out of his ho ly hill, did heare me by and by.
But thou O Lord art my de fence, when I am hard be ſtead: My wor ſhyp, and mine ho nor both, and thou holdſt vp my head.
I layd me down and qui et ly, I ſlept, and roſe a gayne: For why? I know aſ ſu red ly, the Lord will me ſu ſtayne.
If ten thou ſand had hemd me in, I could not be af frayd: For thou art ſtill my Lord, my God, my Sa uiour and my ayde.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be long, to thee O Lord a bone: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue.
Riſe vp ther fore, ſaue me my God, for now to thee I call: For thou haſt broke the cheekes and teeth, of theſe wicked men all.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be long, to thee O Lord, a bone: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue.

The xiiij. Pſalme.

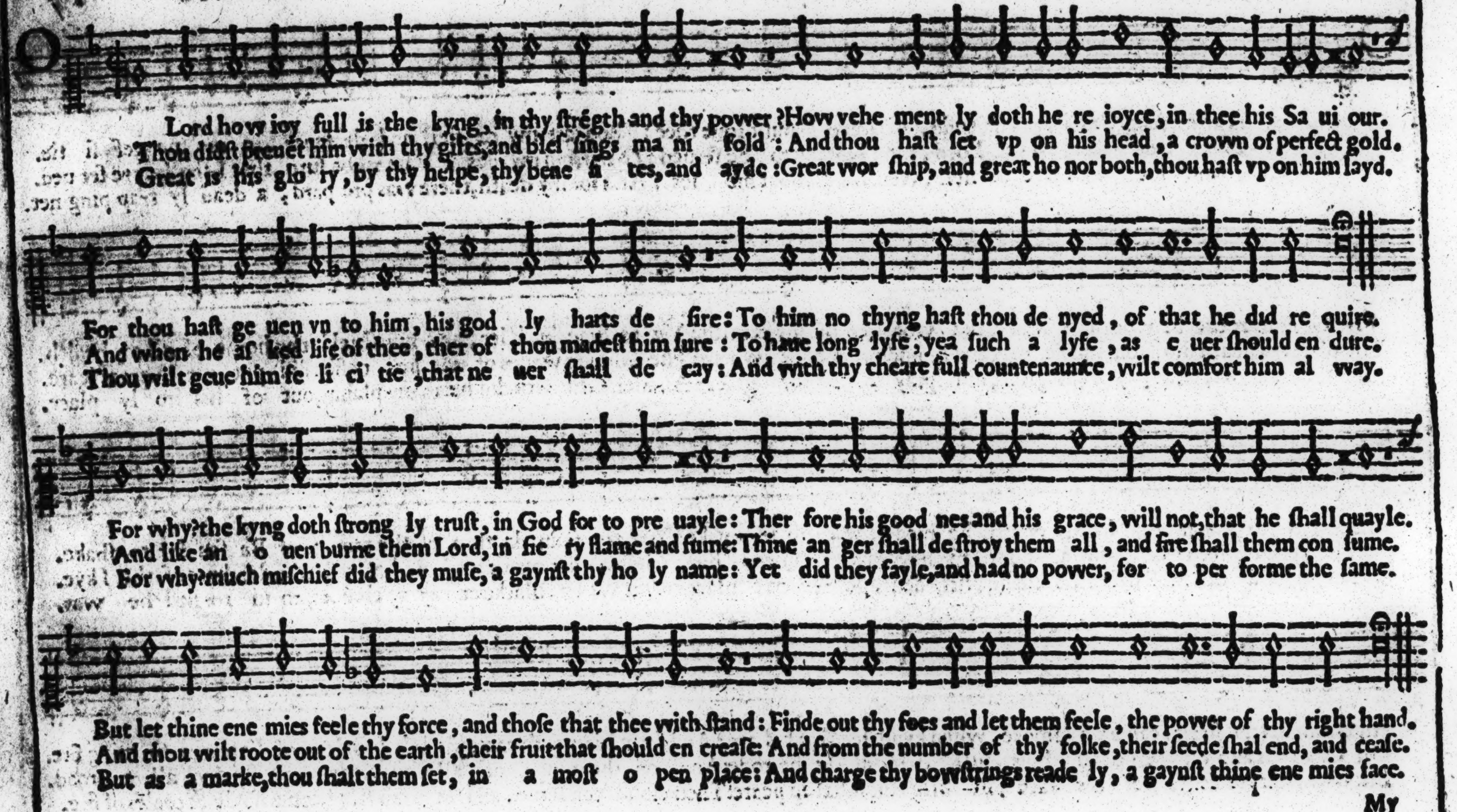
Treble.


Here is no God as foo liſh men, af firme in their mad moode: Their drifts are all cor rupt and vayne, not one of them doth good.
They wet all wide & were cor rupt, and tru ly there was none: That in the world did a ny good, I ſay, there was not one.
The Lord be held from hea uen hye, the whole race of man kynd: And ſaw not one that ſought in deede, the li uyng God to finde.
In all their iudgements ſo far loſt, that all worke miſ chief ſtill: Ea tyng my peo ple, euen as bread, not one to ſeeke Gods will.
When they thus rage, then ſo den ly, great feare on them ſhall fall: For God doth loue the righ teous men, and will main taine thē all.
But who ſhall geue thy peo ple health? and when wilt thou ful fill: Thy pro miſe, made to Iſ ra ell, from out of Si on hill.
Ye mocke the do yngs of the poore, to their re proche and ſhame: Be cauſe they put their truſt in God, and call vp on his name.
Euen whē thou ſhalt re ſtore a gayne, ſuch as were cap tiue lad: Then Ia cob ſhal there in reioyce, and Iſ ra ell ſhalbe glad.

O


O God my ſtrength and for ti tude, of force I muſt loue thee: Thou art my ca ſtell and de fence, in my ne ceſ ſi tie.
When I ſing laud vn to the Lord, moſt worthy to be ſerued: Then from my foes I am right ſure, that I ſhalbe pre ſer ued.
The ſlye and ſut tle ſnares of hell, were roũd a bout me ſet: And for my death, there was pre pard, a dead ly trap ping net.
My God my rocke in whom I truſt, the wor ker of my wealth: My re fuge buck ler, and my ſhield, the horne of all my health.
The pãges of death did com paſſe me, and bound me eue ry where: The flowyng waues of wic ked neſſe, did put me in great feare.
I thus be ſet, with payne and grief, did pray to God for grace: And he forth with did heare my plaint, out of his ho ly place.
Such is his power, that in his wrath, he made the earth to quake: Yea the foun da tion of the mount, of Ba ſan for to ſhake.
The Lord de ſcen ded from a boue, and bowed the hea uens hye: And vn der neath his feete, he caſt, the darcknes of the ſkye.
And lyke a den moſt darke, he made, his den and ſe cret place: With wa ters blacke and ay ry cloudes, en ui ro ned he was.
And from his no ſtrels, came a ſmoke, when kynd led was his ire: And from his mouth came kind led coales, of hote con ſu ming fire.
On Che rubs and on Che ru bins, full roy al ly he rode: And on the wings of all the windes, came fly ing all a broad.
But when the pre ſence of his face, in brightnes ſhal ap peare: Then clouds con ſume, and in their ſtead, come hayle, & coales of fire.

The xxi. Pſalme.



Lord how ioyfull is the kyng, in thy ſtrēgth and thy power? How vehemently doth he reioyce, in thee his Saviour.
Thou didſt preuēt him with thy giftes, and bleſſings manifold: And thou haſt ſet vpon his head, a crown of perfect gold.
Great is his glory, by thy helpe, thy benefites, and ayde: Great worſhip, and great honor both, thou haſt vpon him layd.

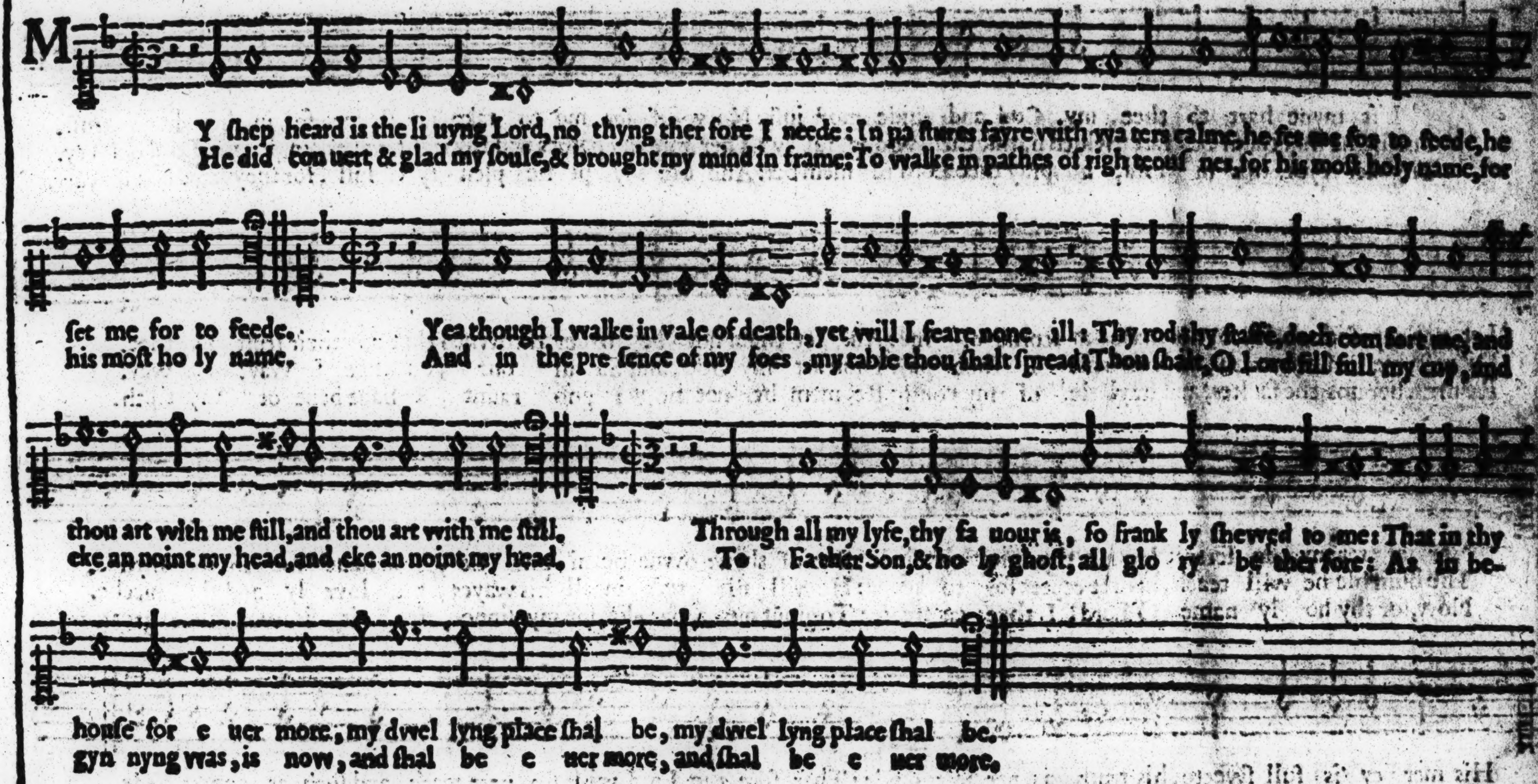
For thou haſt geuen vnto him, his godly harts deſire: To him no thyng haſt thou denyed, of that he did require.
And when he aſked life of thee, therof thou madeſt him ſure: To haue long lyfe, yea ſuch a lyfe, as euer ſhould endure.
Thou wilt geue him felicitie, that neuer ſhall decay: And with thy cheare full countenaunce, wilt comfort him alway.

For why? the kyng doth ſtrongly truſt, in God for to preuayle: Therfore his goodnes and his grace, will not, that he ſhall quayle.
And like an ouen burne them Lord, in fiery flame and fume: Thine anger ſhall deſtroy them all, and fire ſhall them conſume.
For why? much miſchief did they muſe, agaynſt thy holy name: Yet did they fayle, and had no power, for to performe the ſame.

But let thine enemies feele thy force, and thoſe that thee withſtand: Finde out thy foes and let them feele, the power of thy right hand.
And thou wilt roote out of the earth, their fruit that ſhould encreaſe: And from the number of thy folke, their ſeede ſhal end, and ceaſe.
But as a marke, thou ſhalt them ſet, in a moſt open place: And charge thy bowſtrings readely, agaynſt thine enemies face.

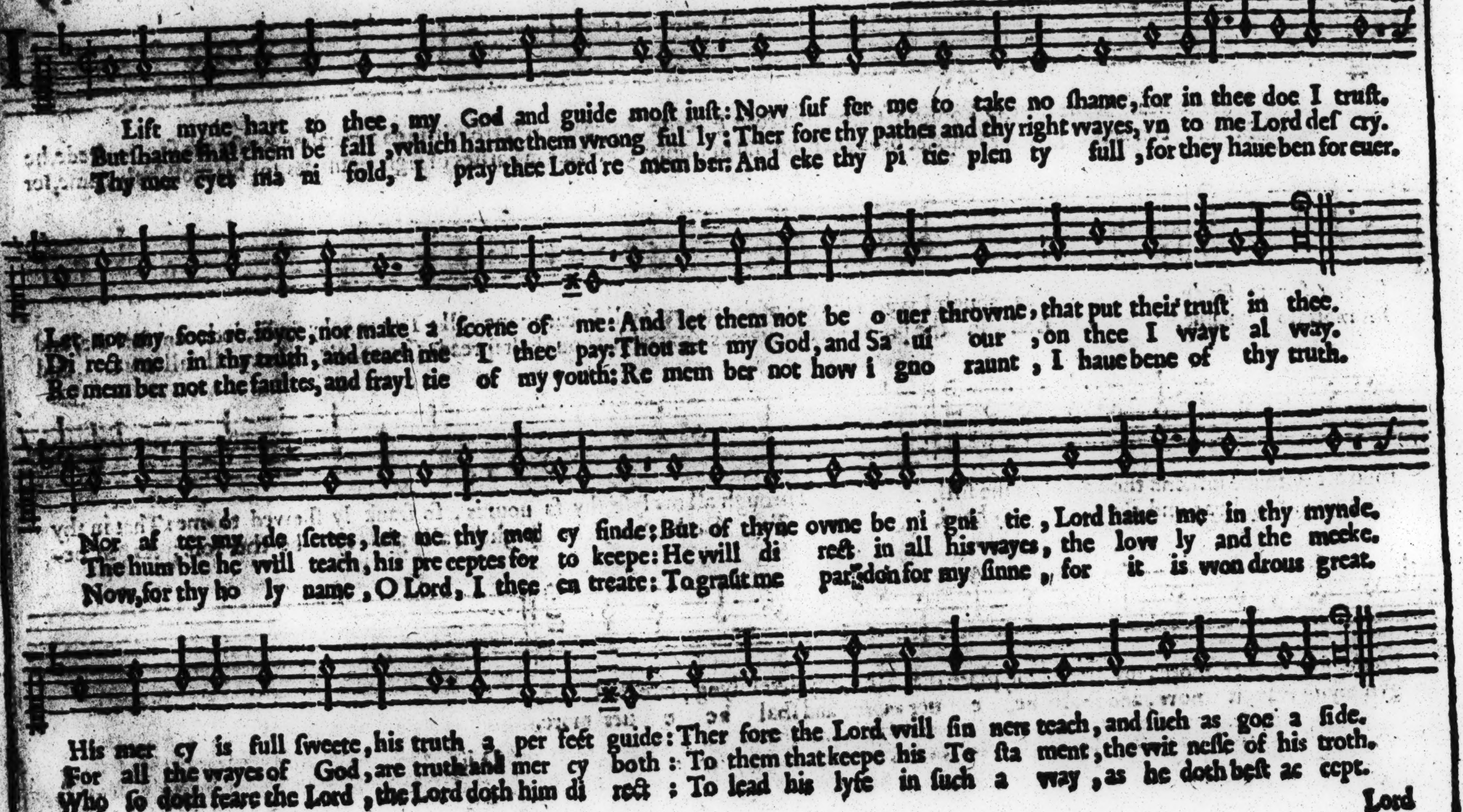
My

The xxiij. Pſalme.

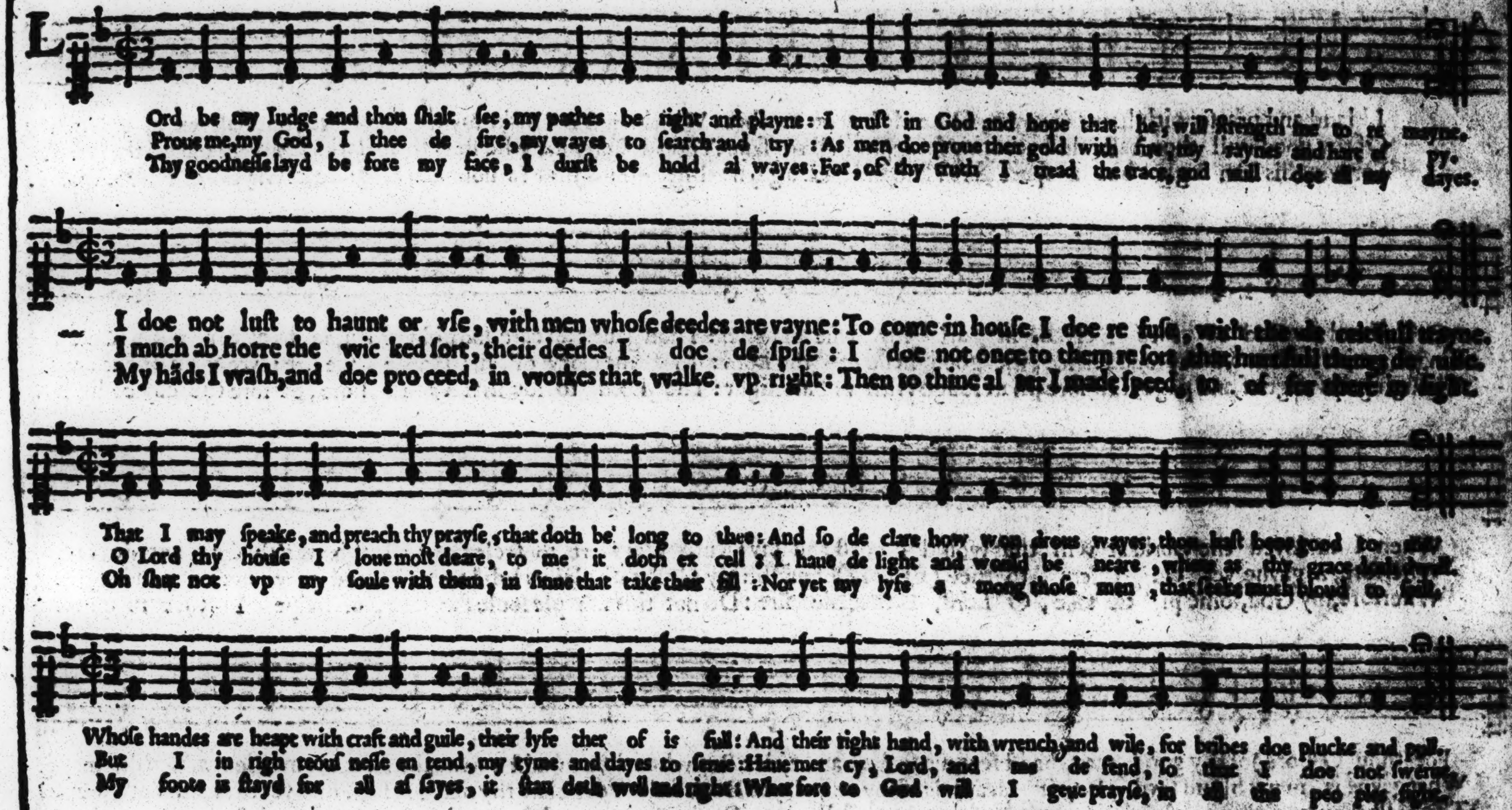

M
Y ſhep heard is the li uyng Lord, no thyng ther fore I neede: In pa ſtures fayre with wa ters calme, he ſet me for to feede, he
He did con uert & glad my ſoule, & brought my mind in frame; To walke in pathes of righ teouſ nes, for his moſt holy name, for
ſet me for to feede.
his moſt ho ly name.
Yea though I walke in vale of death, yet will I feare none ill: Thy rod thy ſtaffe, doth com fort me, and
And in the pre ſence of my foes, my table thou ſhalt ſpread; Thou ſhalt, O Lord fill full my cup, and
thou art with me ſtill, and thou art with me ſtill.
eke an noint my head, and eke an noint my head.
Through all my lyfe, thy fa uour is, ſo frank ly ſhewed to me: That in thy
To Father Son, & ho ly ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be-
houſe for e uer more, my dwel lyng place ſhal be, my dwel lyng place ſhal be.
gyn nyng was, is now, and ſhal be e uer more, and ſhal be e uer more.

The xxv. Pſalme.

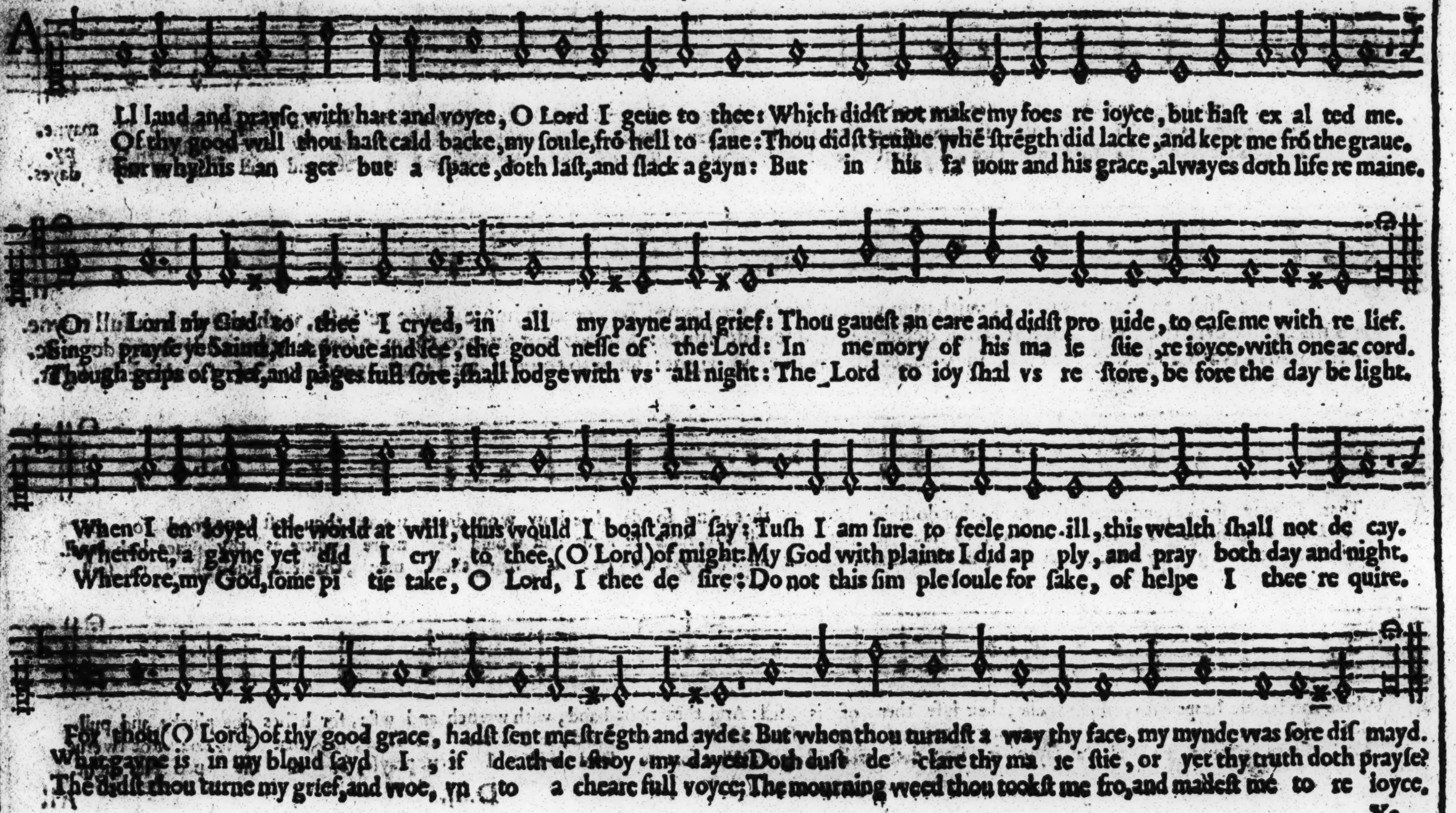
Treble.


Lift myne hart to thee, my God and guide moſt iuſt: Now ſuf fer me to take no ſhame, for in thee doe I truſt.
But ſhame ſhal them be fall, which harme them wrong ful ly: Ther fore thy pathes and thy right wayes, vn to me Lord deſ cry.
Thy mer cyes ma ni fold, I pray thee Lord re mem ber: And eke thy pi tie plen ty full, for they haue ben for euer.
Let not my foes re ioyce, nor make a ſcorne of me: And let them not be o uer throwne, that put their truſt in thee.
Di rect me in thy truth, and teach me I thee pray: Thou art my God, and Sa ui our, on thee I wayt al way.
Re mem ber not the faultes, and frayl tie of my youth: Re mem ber not how i gno raunt, I haue bene of thy truth.
Nor af ter my de ſertes, let me thy mer cy finde: But of thyne owne be ni gni tie, Lord haue me in thy mynde.
The hum ble he will teach, his pre ceptes for to keepe: He will di rect in all his wayes, the low ly and the meeke.
Now, for thy ho ly name, O Lord, I thee en treate: To graũt me par don for my ſinne, for it is won drous great.
His mer cy is full ſweete, his truth a per fect guide: Ther fore the Lord will ſin ners teach, and ſuch as goe a ſide.
For all the wayes of God, are truth and mer cy both: To them that keepe his Te ſta ment, the wit neſſe of his troth.
Who ſo doth feare the Lord, the Lord doth him di rect: To lead his lyfe in ſuch a way, as he doth beſt ac cept.

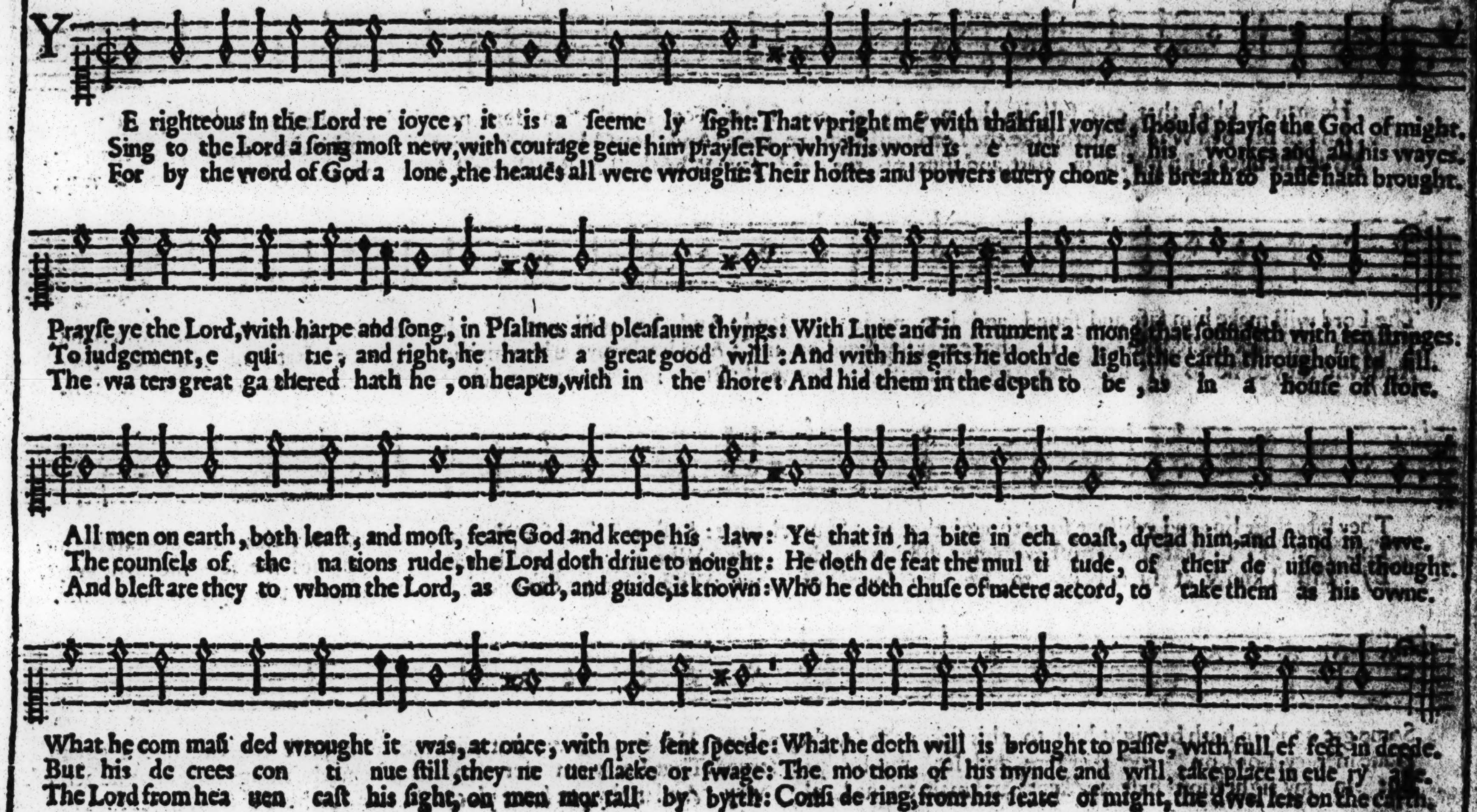
Lord

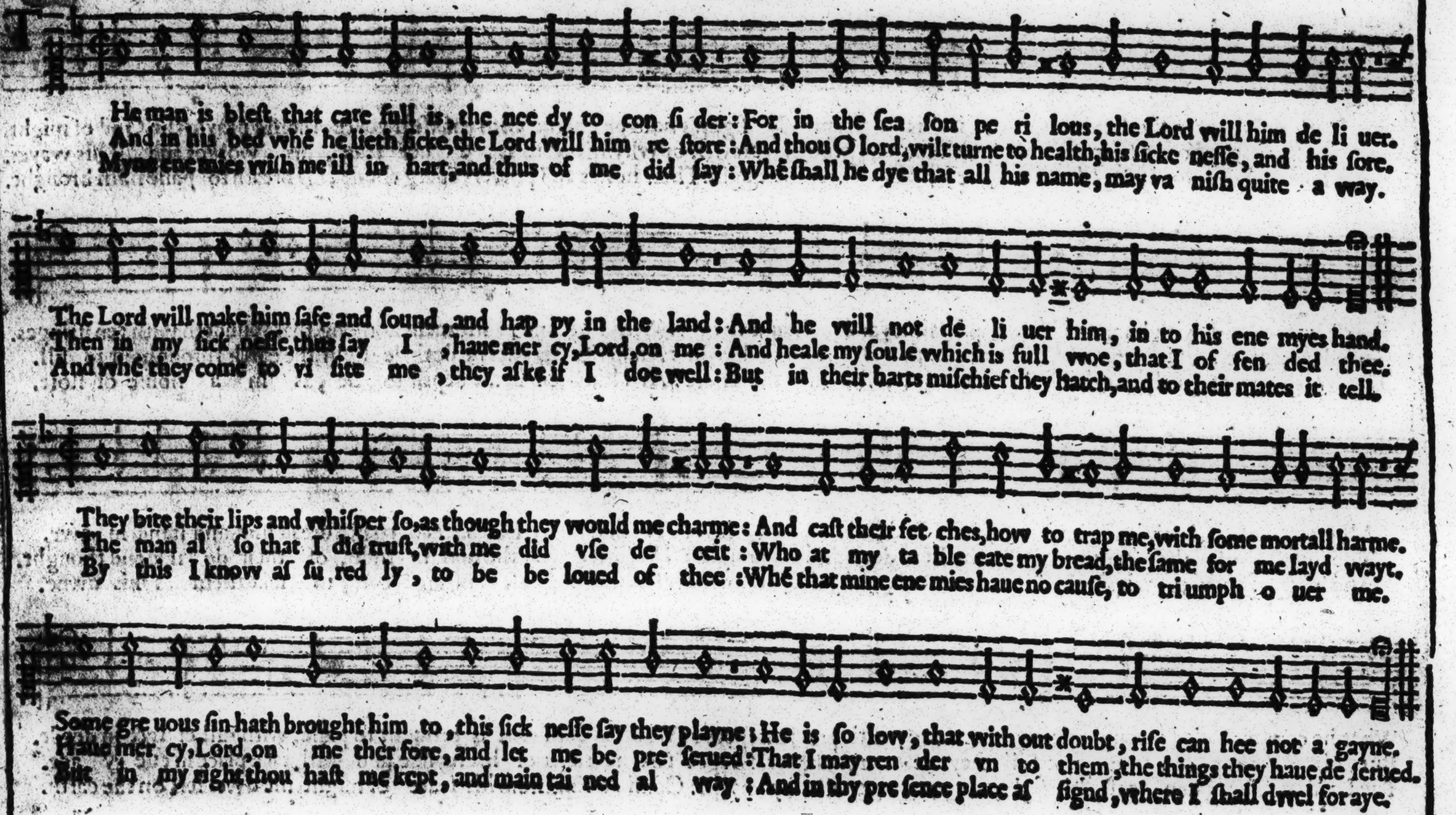

L
Ord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt ſee, my pathes be right and playne: I truſt in God and hope that he, will ſtrength me to re mayne.
Proue me, my God, I thee de ſire, my wayes to ſearch and try: As men doe proue their gold with fire, thy reynes and hart eſ py.
Thy goodneſſe layd be fore my face, I durſt be hold al wayes. For, of thy truth I tread the trace, and will doe all my dayes.
I doe not luſt to haunt or vſe, with men whoſe deedes are vayne: To come in houſe I doe re fuſe, with the de ceitfull trayne.
I much ab horre the wic ked ſort, their deedes I doe de ſpiſe: I doe not once to them re ſort, that hurtfull things de uiſe.
My hãds I waſh, and doe pro ceed, in workes that walke vp right: Then to thine al tar I made ſpeed, to of fer there my gift.
That I may ſpeake, and preach thy prayſe, that doth be long to thee: And ſo de clare how won drous wayes, thou haſt bene good to me.
O Lord thy houſe I loue moſt deare, to me it doth ex cell: I haue de light and would be neare, where as thy grace doth dwell.
Oh ſhut not vp my ſoule with them, in ſinne that take their fill: Nor yet my lyfe a mong thoſe men, that ſeeke much bloud to ſpill.
Whoſe handes are heapt with craft and guile, their lyfe ther of is full: And their right hand, with wrench and wile, for bribes doe plucke and pull.
But I in righ teouſ neſſe en tend, my tyme and dayes to ſerue: Haue mer cy, Lord, and me de fend, ſo that I doe not ſwerue.
My foote is ſtayd for all aſ ſayes, it ſtan deth well and right: Wher fore to God will I geue prayſe, in all the peo ple ſight.

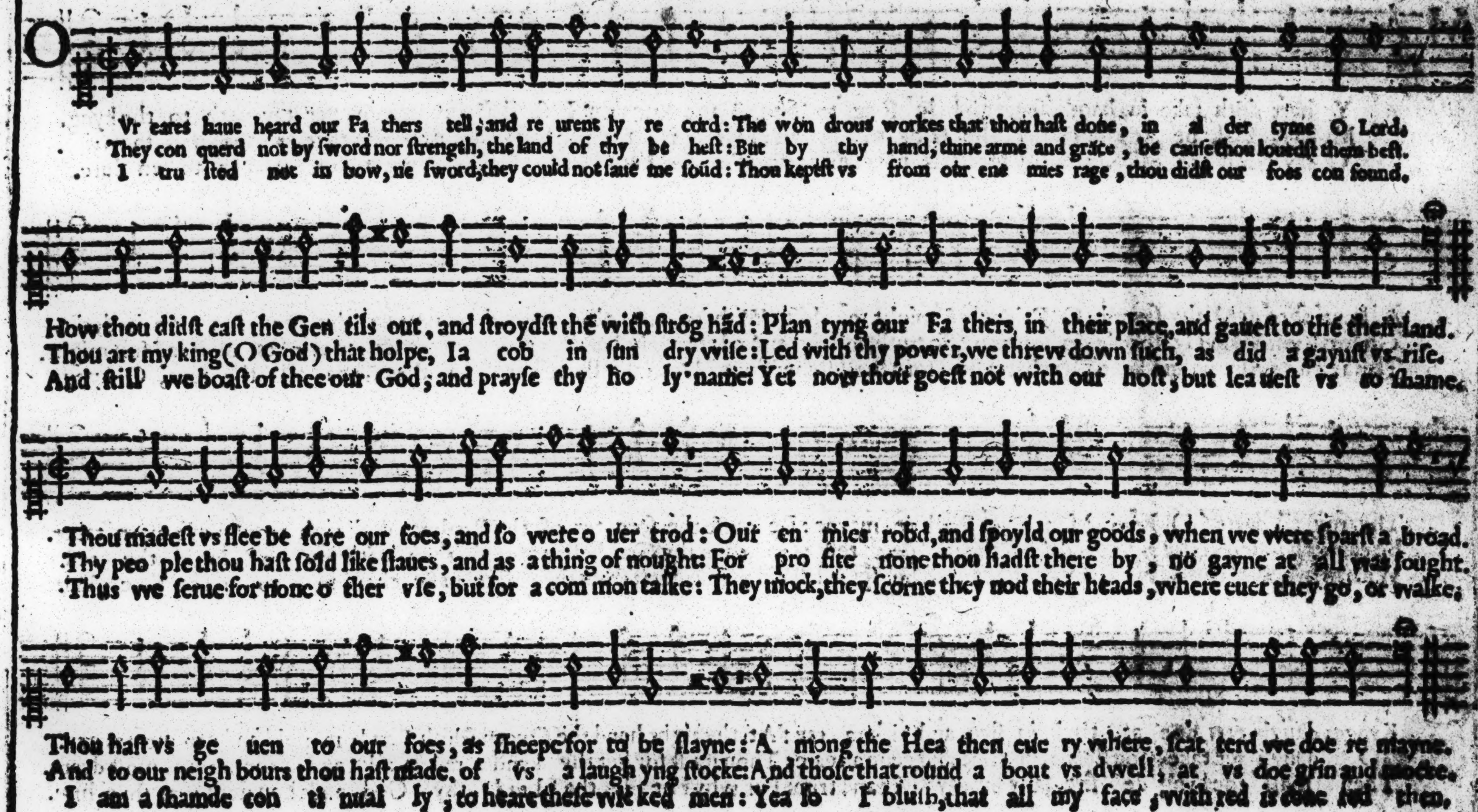
The xxx. Pſalme.


ALl laud and prayſe with hart and voyce, O Lord I geue to thee: Which didſt not make my foes re ioyce, but haſt ex al ted me.
Of thy good will thou haſt cald backe, my ſoule, frō hell to ſaue: Thou didſt reuiue whē ſtrēgth did lacke, and kept me frō the graue.
For why his an ger but a ſpace, doth laſt, and ſlack a gayn: But in his fa uour and his grace, alwayes doth life re maine.
O Lord my God to thee I cryed, in all my payne and grief: Thou gaueſt an eare and didſt pro uide, to eaſe me with re lief.
Sing prayſe ye Saints, that proue and ſee, the good neſſe of the Lord: In me mory of his ma ie ſtie, re ioyce, with one ac cord.
Though grips of grief, and pāges full ſore, ſhall lodge with vs all night: The Lord to ioy ſhal vs re ſtore, be fore the day be light.
When I en ioyed the world at will, thus would I boaſt and ſay: Tuſh I am ſure to feele none ill, this wealth ſhall not de cay.
Wherfore, a gayne yet did I cry, to thee, (O Lord) of might: My God with plaints I did ap ply, and pray both day and night.
Wherfore, my God, ſome pi tie take, O Lord, I thee de ſire: Do not this ſim ple ſoule for ſake, of helpe I thee re quire.
For thou (O Lord) of thy good grace, hadſt ſent me ſtrēgth and ayde: But when thou turndſt a way thy face, my mynde was ſore diſ mayd.
What gayne is in my bloud ſayd I, if death de ſtroy my dayes? Doth duſt de clare thy ma ie ſtie, or yet thy truth doth prayſe?
Thē didſt thou turne my grief, and woe, vn to a cheare full voyce: The mourning weed thou tookſt me fro, and madeſt me to re ioyce.

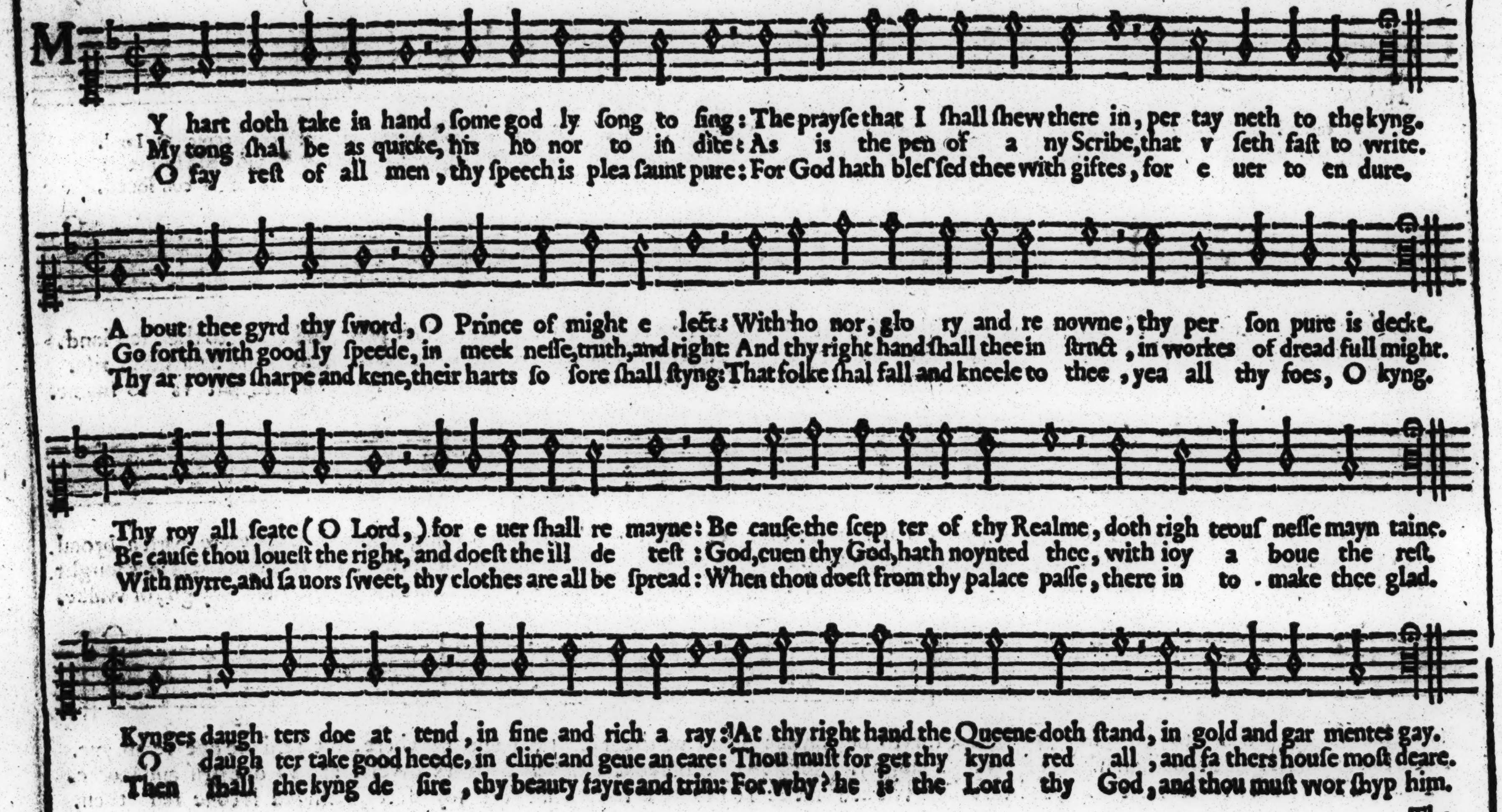
The xxxiij. Pſalme.


Y E righteous in the Lord re ioyce, it is a ſeeme ly ſight: That vpright mẽ with thãkfull voyce, ſhould prayſe the God of might.
Sing to the Lord a ſong moſt new, with courage geue him prayſe: For why? his word is e uer true, his workes and all his wayes.
For by the word of God a lone, the heauẽs all were wrought: Their hoſtes and powers euery chone, his breath to paſſe hath brought.
Prayſe ye the Lord, with harpe and ſong, in Pſalmes and pleaſaunt thyngs: With Lute and in ſtrument a mong, that ſoundeth with ten ſtrynges.
To iudgement, e qui tie, and right, he hath a great good will: And with his gifts he doth de light, the earth throughout to fill.
The wa ters great ga thered hath he, on heapes, with in the ſhore: And hid them in the depth to be, as in a houſe of ſtore.
All men on earth, both leaſt, and moſt, feare God and keepe his law: Ye that in ha bite in ech coaſt, dread him, and ſtand in awe.
The counſels of the na tions rude, the Lord doth driue to nought: He doth de feat the mul ti tude, of their de uiſe and thought.
And bleſt are they to whom the Lord, as God, and guide, is known: Whõ he doth chuſe of meere accord, to take them as his owne.
What he com maũ ded wrought it was, at once, with pre ſent ſpeede: What he doth will is brought to paſſe, with full ef fect in deede.
But his de crees con ti nue ſtill, they ne uer ſlacke or ſwage: The mo tions of his mynde and will, take place in eue ry age.
The Lord from hea uen caſt his ſight, on men mor tall by byrth: Cõſi de ring, from his ſeate of might, the dwel lers on the earth.


T
He man is bleſt that care full is, the nee dy to con ſi der: For in the ſea ſon pe ri lous, the Lord will him de li uer.
And in his bed whē he lieth ſicke, the Lord will him re ſtore: And thou O lord, wilt turne to health, his ſicke neſſe, and his ſore.
Myne ene mies with me ill in hart, and thus of me did ſay: Whē ſhall he dye that all his name, may va niſh quite a way.
The Lord will make him ſafe and ſound, and hap py in the land: And he will not de li uer him, in to his ene myes hand.
Then in my ſick neſſe, thus ſay I, haue mer cy, Lord, on me: And heale my ſoule which is full woe, that I of fen ded thee.
And whē they come to vi ſite me, they aſke if I doe well: But in their harts miſchief they hatch, and to their mates it tell.
They bite their lips and whiſper ſo, as though they would me charme: And caſt their fet ches, how to trap me, with ſome mortall harme.
The man al ſo that I did truſt, with me did vſe de ceit: Who at my ta ble eate my bread, the ſame for me layd wayt.
By this I know aſ ſu red ly, to be be loued of thee: Whē that mine ene mies haue no cauſe, to tri umph o uer me.
Some gre uous ſin hath brought him to, this ſick neſſe ſay they playne: He is ſo low, that with out doubt, riſe can hee not a gayne.
Haue mer cy, Lord, on me ther fore, and let me be pre ſerued: That I may ren der vn to them, the things they haue de ſerued.
But in my ſight thou haſt me kept, and main tai ned al way: And in thy pre ſence place aſ ſignd, where I ſhall dwel for aye.

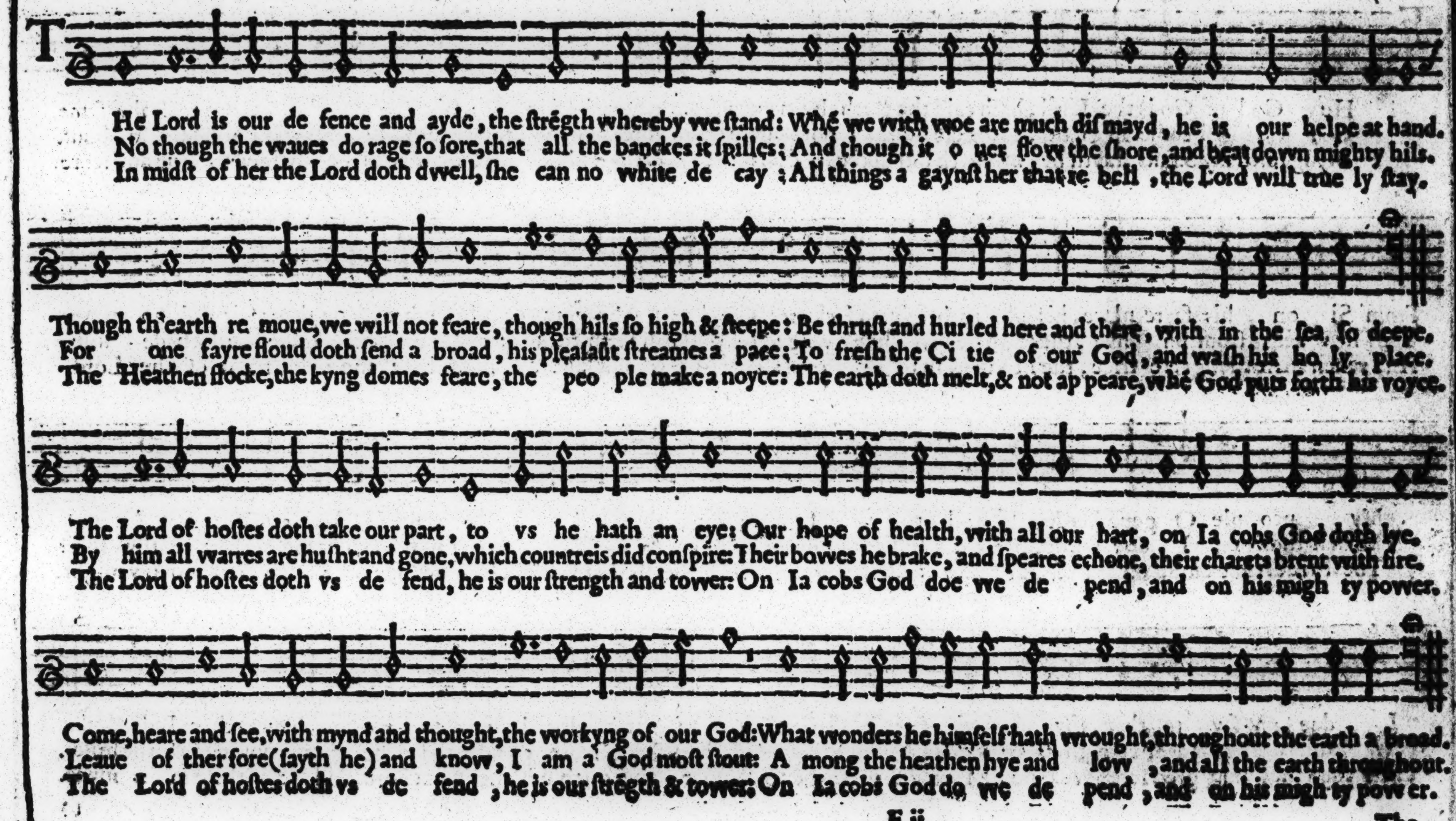

O
Vr eares haue heard our Fa thers tell, and re uerent ly re cord: The won drous workes that thou haſt done, in al der tyme O Lord.
They con querd not by ſword nor ſtrength, the land of thy be heſt: But by thy hand, thine arme and grace, be cauſe thou louedſt them beſt.
I tru ſted not in bow, ne ſword, they could not ſaue me ſoũd: Thou keptſt vs from our ene mies rage, thou didſt our foes con found.
How thou didſt caſt the Gen tils out, and ſtroydſt thẽ with ſtrõg hãd: Plan tyng our Fa thers in their place, and gaueſt to thẽ their land.
Thou art my king (O God) that holpe, Ia cob in ſun dry wiſe: Led with thy power, we threw down ſuch, as did a gaynſt vs riſe.
And ſtill we boaſt of thee our God, and prayſe thy ho ly name: Yet now thou goeſt not with our hoſt, but lea ueſt vs to ſhame.
Thou madeſt vs flee be fore our foes, and ſo were o uer trod: Our en mies robd, and ſpoyld our goods, when we were ſparſt a broad.
Thy peo ple thou haſt ſold like ſlaues, and as a thing of nought: For pro fite none thou hadſt there by, no gayne at all was ſought.
Thus we ſerue for none o ther vſe, but for a com mon talke: They mock, they ſcorne they nod their heads, where euer they go, or walke.
Thou haſt vs ge uen to our foes, as ſheepe for to be ſlayne: A mong the Hea then eue ry where, ſcat terd we doe re mayne.
And to our neigh bours thou haſt made, of vs a laugh yng ſtocke: And thoſe that round a bout vs dwell, at vs doe grin and mocke.
I am a ſhamde con ti nual ly, to heare theſe wic ked men: Yea ſo I bluſh, that all my face, with red is coue red then.

The xlv. Pſalme.


MY hart doth take in hand, ſome godly ſong to ſing: The prayſe that I ſhall ſhew there in, pertayneth to the kyng.
My tong ſhal be as quicke, his honor to indite: As is the pen of any Scribe, that vſeth faſt to write.
O fayreſt of all men, thy ſpeech is pleaſaunt pure: For God hath bleſſed thee with giftes, for euer to endure.
About thee gyrd thy ſword, O Prince of might elect: With honor, glory and renowne, thy perſon pure is deckt.
Go forth with goodly ſpeede, in meekneſſe, truth, and right: And thy right hand ſhall thee inſtruct, in workes of dreadfull might.
Thy arrowes ſharpe and kene, their harts ſo ſore ſhall ſtyng: That folke ſhal fall and kneele to thee, yea all thy foes, O kyng.
Thy royall ſeate (O Lord,) for euer ſhall remayne: Becauſe the ſcepter of thy Realme, doth righteouſneſſe mayntaine.
Becauſe thou loueſt the right, and doeſt the ill deteſt: God, euen thy God, hath noynted thee, with ioy aboue the reſt.
With myrre, and ſauors ſweet, thy clothes are all beſpread: When thou doeſt from thy palace paſſe, therein to make thee glad.
Kynges daughters doe attend, in fine and rich aray: At thy right hand the Queene doth ſtand, in gold and garmentes gay.
O daughter take good heede, incline and geue an eare: Thou muſt forget thy kyndred all, and fathers houſe moſt deare.
Then ſhall the kyng deſire, thy beauty fayre and trim: For why? he is the Lord thy God, and thou muſt worſhyp him.

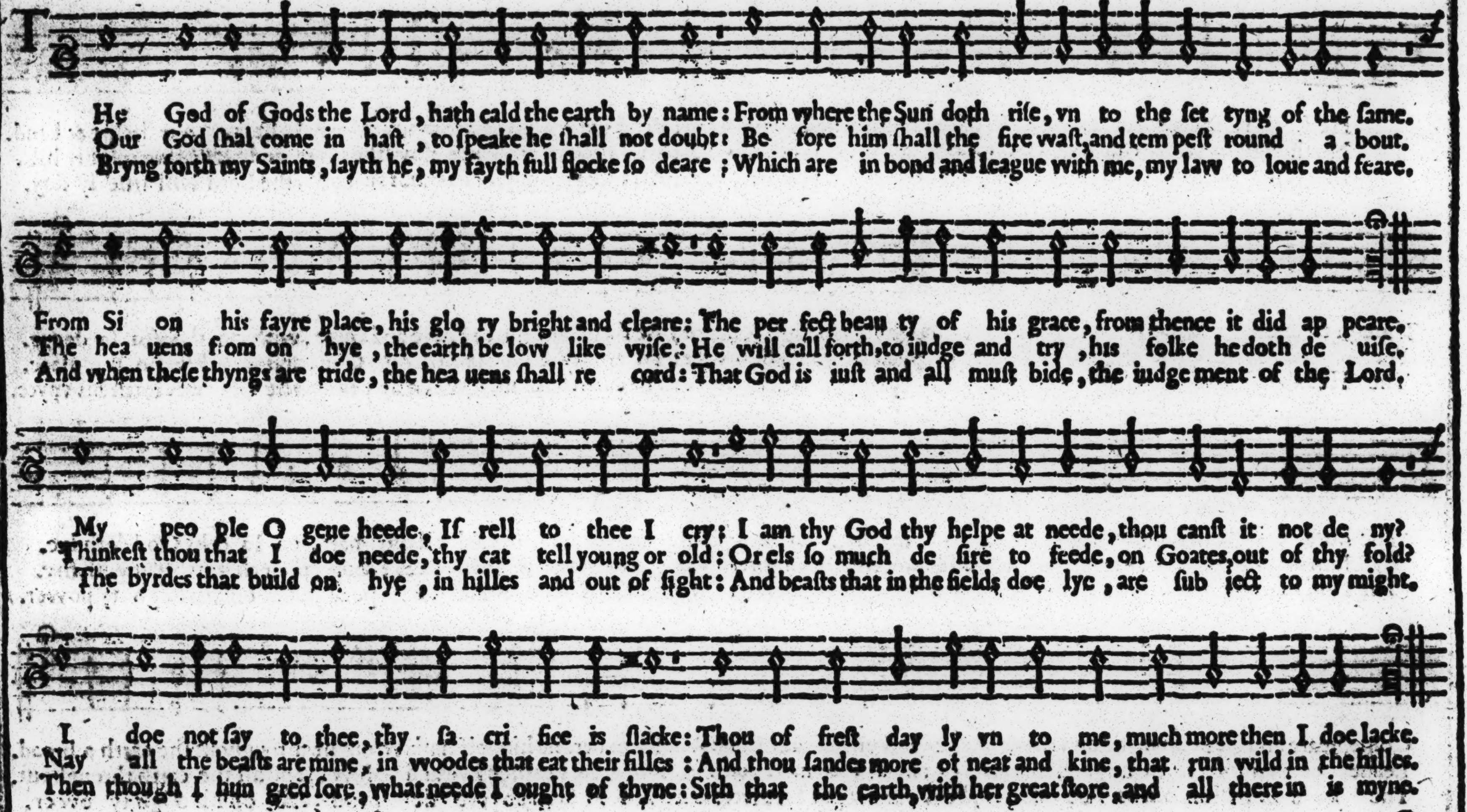
The

The xlvi. Pſalme.


THe Lord is our de fence and ayde, the ſtrẽgth whereby we ſtand: Whẽ we with woe are much diſ mayd, he is our helpe at hand.
No though the waues do rage ſo ſore, that all the banckes it ſpilles; And though it o uer flow the ſhore, and beat down mighty hils.
In midſt of her the Lord doth dwell, ſhe can no white de cay; All things a gaynſt her that re bell, the Lord will true ly ſtay.
Though th'earth re moue, we will not feare, though hils ſo high & ſteepe: Be thruſt and hurled here and there, with in the ſea, ſo deepe.
For one fayre floud doth ſend a broad, his pleaſaũt ſtreames a pace; To freſh the Ci tie of our God, and waſh his ho ly place.
The Heathen flocke, the kyng domes feare, the peo ple make a noyce: The earth doth melt, & not ap peare, whẽ God puts forth his voyce.
The Lord of hoſtes doth take our part, to vs he hath an eye: Our hope of health, with all our hart, on Ia cobs God doth lye.
By him all warres are huſht and gone, which countreis did conſpire: Their bowes he brake, and ſpeares echone, their charets brent with fire.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs de fend, he is our ſtrength and tower: On Ia cobs God doe we de pend, and on his migh ty power.
Come, heare and ſee, with mynd and thought, the workyng of our God: What wonders he himſelf hath wrought, throughout the earth a broad.
Leaue of ther fore (ſayth he) and know, I am a God moſt ſtout: A mong the heathen hye and low, and all the earth throughout.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs de fend, he is our ſtrẽgth & tower: On Ia cobs God do we de pend, and on his migh ty pow er.

The L. Pſalme.

Treble.

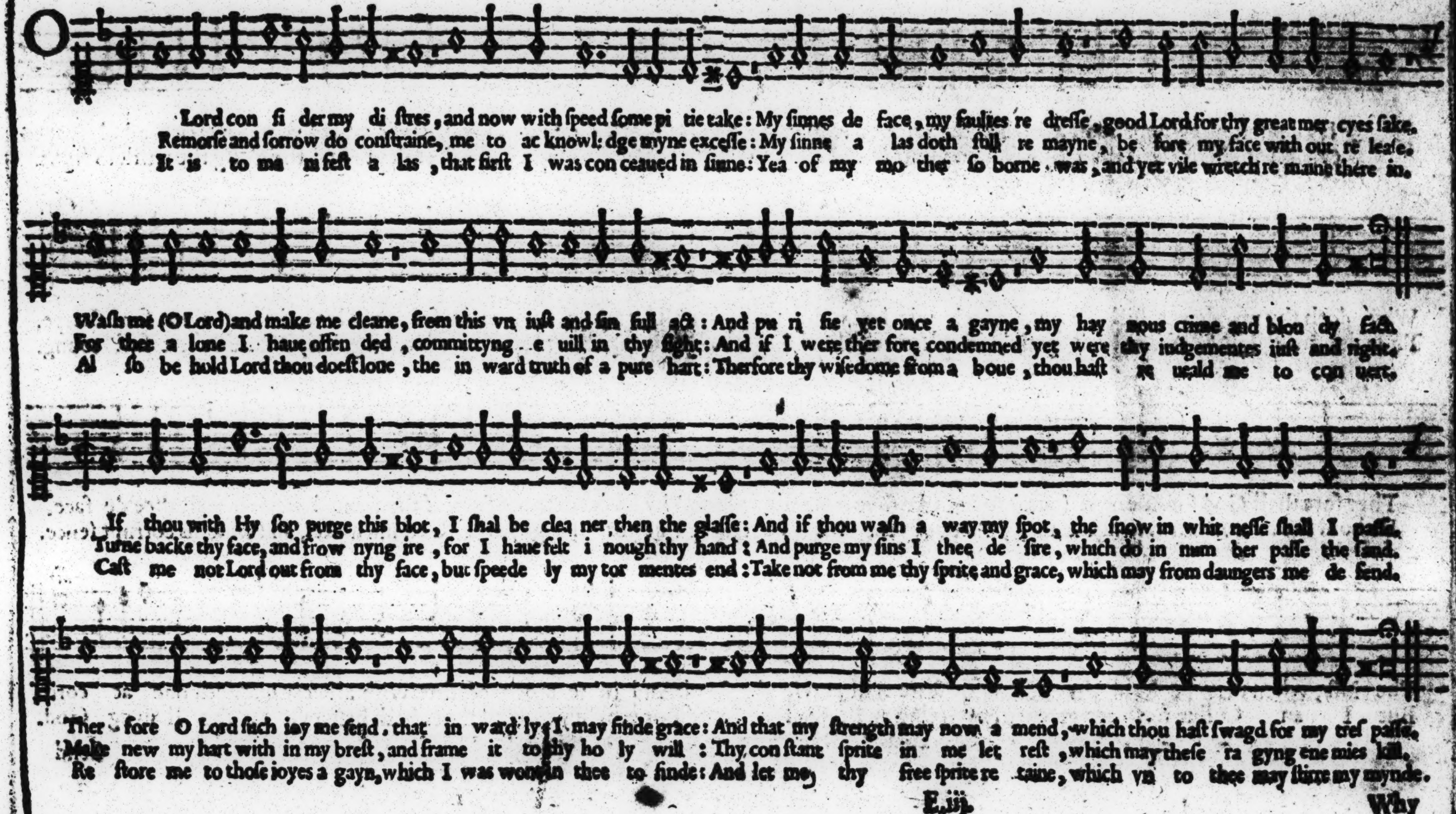


THe God of Gods the Lord, hath cald the earth by name: From where the Sun doth riſe, vn to the ſet tyng of the ſame.
Our God ſhal come in haſt, to ſpeake he ſhall not doubt: Be fore him ſhall the fire waſt, and tem peſt round a bout.
Bryng forth my Saints, ſayth he, my fayth full flocke ſo deare; Which are in bond and league with me, my law to loue and feare.

From Si on his fayre place, his glo ry bright and cleare: The per fect beau ty of his grace, from thence it did ap peare.
The hea uens from on hye, the earth be low like wiſe: He will call forth, to iudge and try, his folke he doth de uiſe.
And when theſe thyngs are tride, the hea uens ſhall re cord: That God is iuſt and all muſt bide, the iudge ment of the Lord.

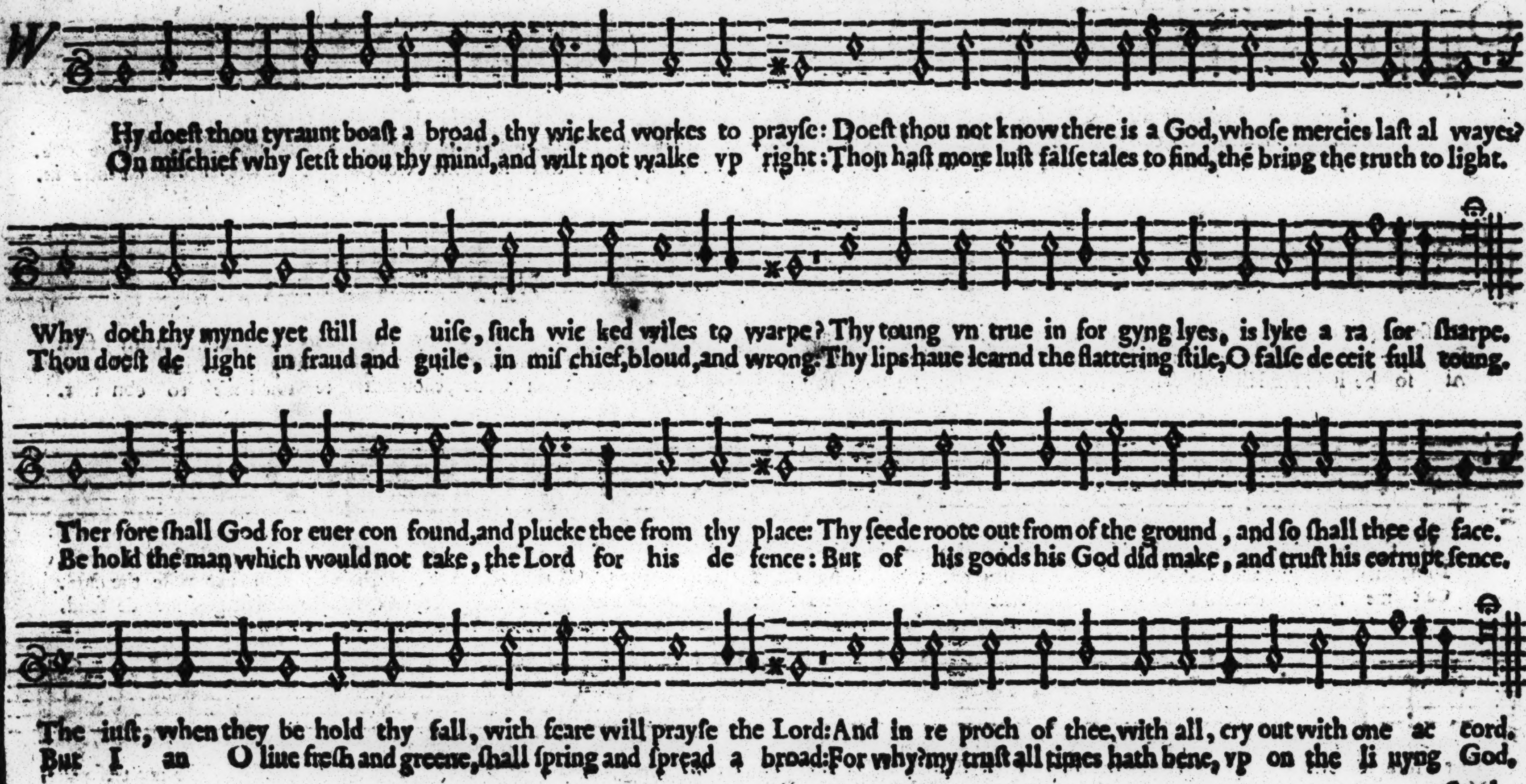
My peo ple O geue heede, Iſ rell to thee I cry; I am thy God thy helpe at neede, thou canſt it not de ny?
Thinkeſt thou that I doe neede, thy cat tell young or old: Or els ſo much de ſire to feede, on Goates, out of thy fold?
The byrdes that build on hye, in hilles and out of ſight: And beaſts that in the fields doe lye, are ſub ject to my might.

I doe not ſay to thee, thy ſa cri fice is ſlacke: Thou of freſt day ly vn to me, much more then I doe lacke.
Nay all the beaſts are mine, in woodes that eat their filles: And thou ſandes more of neat and kine, that run wild in the hilles.
Then though I hun gred ſore, what neede I ought of thyne: Sith that the earth, with her great ſtore, and all there in is myne.


O
Lord con ſi der my di ſtres, and now with ſpeed ſome pi tie take: My ſinnes de face, my faultes re dreſſe, good Lord for thy great mer cyes ſake.
Remorſe and ſorrow do conſtraine, me to ac knowl: dge myne exceſſe: My ſinne a las doth ſtill re mayne, be fore my face with out re leaſe.
It is to ma ni feſt a las, that firſt I was con ceaued in ſinne: Yea of my mo ther ſo borne was, and yet vile wretch re maine there in.
Waſh me (O Lord) and make me cleane, from this vn iuſt and ſin full act: And pu ri fie yet once a gayne, my hay nous crime and blou dy fact.
For thee a lone I haue offen ded, committyng e uill in thy ſight: And if I were ther fore condemned yet were thy iudgementes iuſt and right.
Al ſo be hold Lord thou doeſt loue, the in ward truth of a pure hart: Therfore thy wiſedome from a boue, thou haſt re ueald me to con uert.
If thou with Hy ſop purge this blot, I ſhal be clea ner then the glaſſe: And if thou waſh a way my ſpot, the ſnow in whit neſſe ſhall I paſſe.
Turne backe thy face, and frow nyng ire, for I haue felt i nough thy hand: And purge my ſins I thee de ſire, which do in num ber paſſe the ſand.
Caſt me not Lord out from thy face, but ſpeede ly my tor mentes end: Take not from me thy ſprite and grace, which may from daungers me de fend.
Ther fore O Lord ſuch ioy me ſend, that in ward ly I may finde grace: And that my ſtrength may now a mend, which thou haſt ſwagd for my treſ paſſe.
Make new my hart with in my breſt, and frame it to thy ho ly will: Thy con ſtant ſprite in me let reſt, which may theſe ra gyng ene mies kill.
Re ſtore me to thoſe ioyes a gayn, which I was wont in thee to finde: And let me thy free ſprite re taine, which vn to thee may ſtirre my mynde.

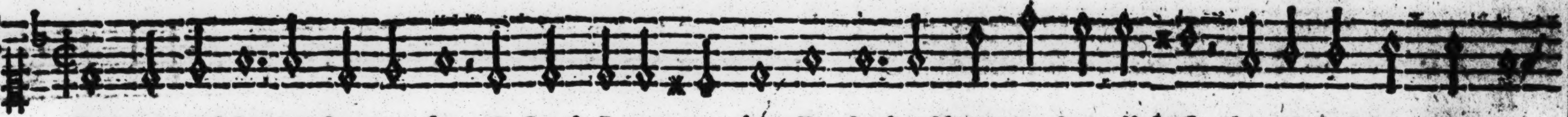
Why

The Lij. Pſalme.

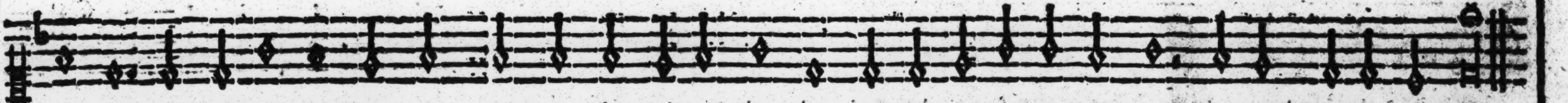

WHy doeſt thou tyraunt boaſt a broad, thy wic ked workes to prayſe: Doeſt thou not know there is a God, whoſe mercies laſt al wayes?
On miſchief why ſetſt thou thy mind, and wilt not walke vp right: Thou haſt more luſt falſe tales to find, thē bring the truth to light.
Why doth thy mynde yet ſtill de uiſe, ſuch wic ked wiles to warpe? Thy toung vn true in for gyng lyes, is lyke a ra ſor ſharpe.
Thou doeſt de light in fraud and guile, in miſ chief, bloud, and wrong. Thy lips haue learnd the flattering ſtile, O falſe de ceit full toung.
Ther fore ſhall God for euer con found, and plucke thee from thy place: Thy ſeede roote out from of the ground, and ſo ſhall thee de face.
Be hold the man which would not take, the Lord for his de fence: But of his goods his God did make, and truſt his corrupt ſence.
The iuſt, when they be hold thy fall, with feare will prayſe the Lord: And in re proch of thee, with all, cry out with one ac cord.
But I an O liue freſh and greene, ſhall ſpring and ſpread a broad: For why? my truſt all times hath bene, vp on the li uyng God.

Send

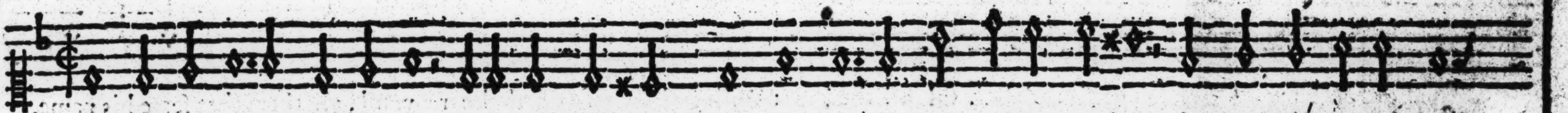
The Lix. Pſalme.



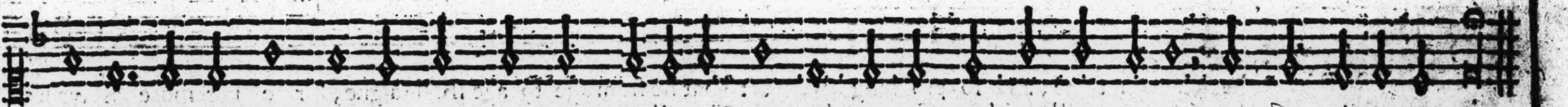
SEnd ayde and ſaue me from my foes, O Lord I pray to thee: De fend and keepe me from all thoſe, that riſe and ſtriue with me.
For loe, they wayt my ſoule to take, they rage a gaynſt me ſtill: Yea, for no fault that I did make, I ne uer did them ill.
O Lord of hoſtes of Iſ ra ell, riſe vp, and ſtrike all lands: And pi tie none that doe re bell, and in their miſ chief ſtandes.



O Lord pre ſerue me from thoſe men, whoſe do ynges are not good: And ſet me ſure and ſafe from them, that thir ſteth af ter bloud.
They run and do them ſelues pre pare, when I no whit of fend: A riſe and ſaue me from the ſnare, and ſee what they en tend.
De ſtroy them not at once, O God, leaſt it from mynd do fall: But with thy ſtrẽgth driue thẽ a broad, and ſo con ſume them all.

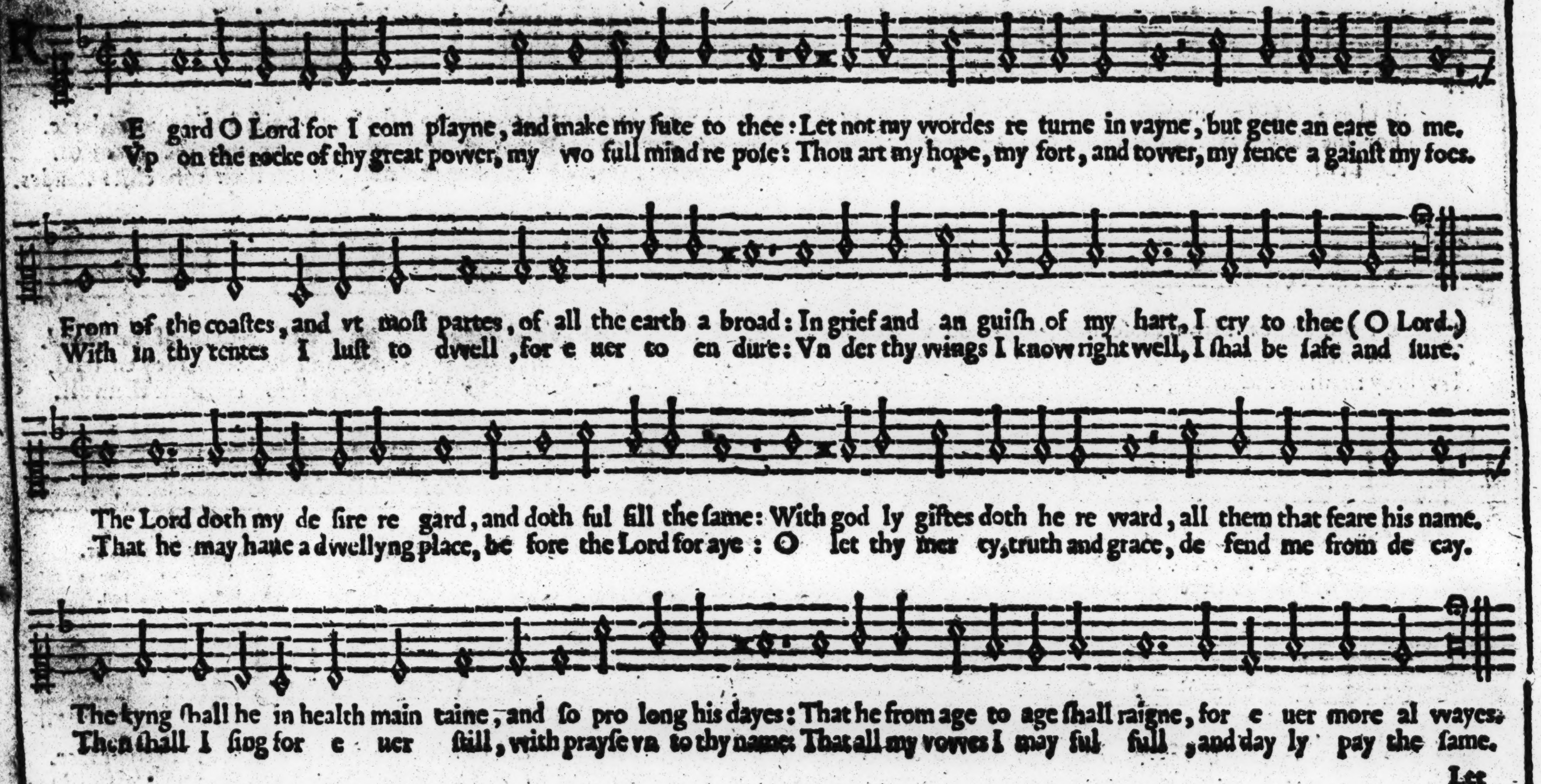


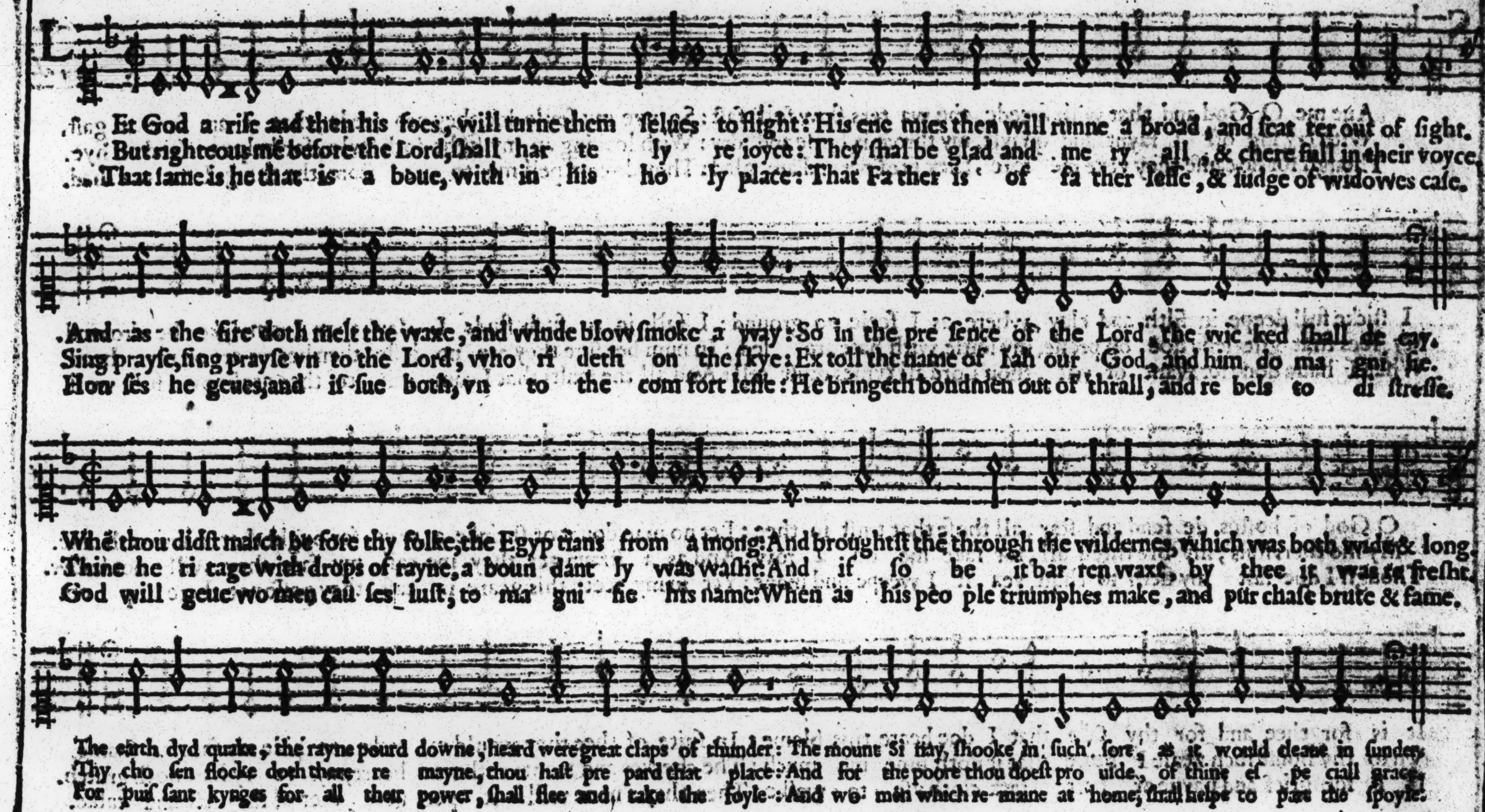
They ſpake of me with mouth al way, but in their lyppes were ſwordes: They greed my death, and then would ſay, what? none doth heare our wordes.
The ſtrẽgth that doth my foes with ſtand (O Lord) doth come of thee: My God he is, my helpe at hand, a fort of fence to me.
At night they ſtirre and ſeeke a bout, as houndes they houle and gren: And all the Ci tie cleane throughout, from place to place they ren.



But Lord thou haſt their wayes eſ pyed, and laught there at a paſſe: The Hea then folke thou ſhalt de ride, and mocke thẽ to their face.
The Lord to me doth ſhew, his grace, in great a boundaunce ſtill: That I may ſee my foes in caſe, ſuch as my hart doth will.
For their ill wordes and truth leſſe toung, con found them in their pride: Their wic ked othes with lyes and wrõg, let all the world de ride.

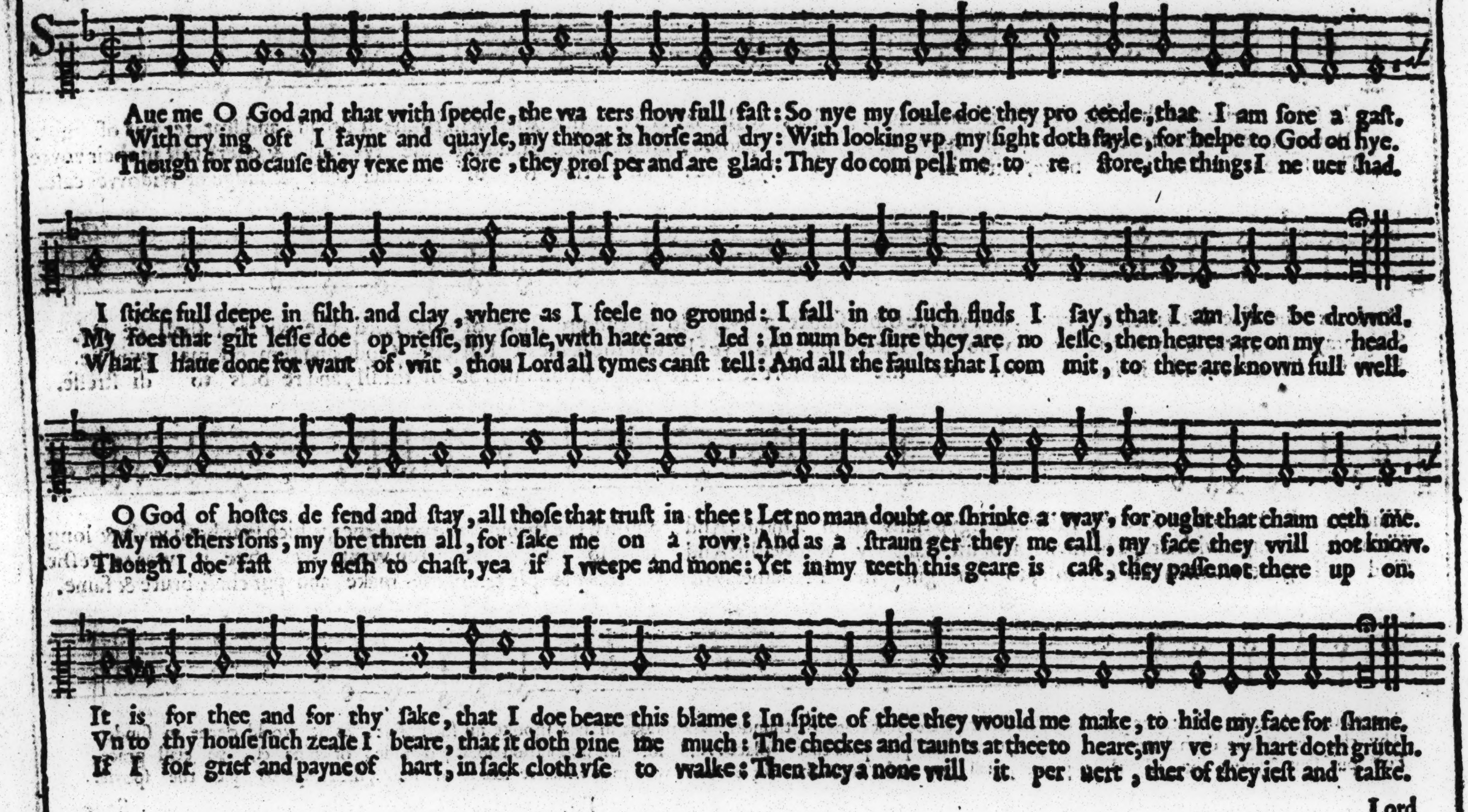
G.D. The lxi. Pſalme. *Treble.*


R E gard O Lord for I com playne, and make my ſute to thee: Let not my wordes re turne in vayne, but geue an eare to me.
Vp on the rocke of thy great power, my wo full mind re poſe: Thou art my hope, my fort, and tower, my fence a gainſt my foes.
From of the coaſtes, and vt moſt partes, of all the earth a broad: In grief and an guiſh of my hart, I cry to thee (O Lord.)
With in thy tentes I luſt to dwell, for e uer to en dure: Vn der thy wings I know right well, I ſhal be ſafe and ſure.
The Lord doth my de ſire re gard, and doth ful fill the ſame: With god ly giftes doth he re ward, all them that feare his name.
That he may haue a dwellyng place, be fore the Lord for aye: O let thy mer cy, truth and grace, de fend me from de cay.
The kyng ſhall he in health main taine, and ſo pro long his dayes: That he from age to age ſhall raigne, for e uer more al wayes.
Then ſhall I ſing for e uer ſtill, with prayſe vn to thy name: That all my vowes I may ful full, and day ly pay the ſame.


L
Et God a riſe and then his foes, will turne them ſelues to flight: His ene mies then will runne a broad, and ſcat ter out of ſight.
But righteous mē before the Lord, ſhall har te ly re ioyce: They ſhal be glad and me ry all, & chere full in their voyce.
That ſame is he that is a boue, with in his ho ly place: That Fa ther is of fa ther leſſe, & iudge of widowes caſe.
And as the fire doth melt the waxe, and winde blow ſmoke a way: So in the pre ſence of the Lord, the wic ked ſhall de cay.
Sing prayſe, ſing prayſe vn to the Lord, who ri deth on the ſkye: Ex toll the name of Iah our God, and him do ma gni fie.
How ſes he geues, and iſ ſue both, vn to the com fort leſſe: He bringeth bondmen out of thrall, and re bels to di ſtreſſe.
Whē thou didſt march be fore thy folke, the Egyp tians from a mong: And broughtſt thē through the wildernes, which was both wide & long.
Thine he ri tage with drops of rayne, a boun dant ly was waſht: And if ſo be it bar ren waxt, by thee it was ſo freſht.
God will geue wo men cau ſes luſt, to ma gni fie his name: When as his peo ple triumphes make, and pur chaſe brute & fame.
The earth dyd quake, the rayne pourd downe, heard were great claps of thunder: The mount Si nay, ſhooke in ſuch ſore, as it would cleaue in ſunder.
Thy cho ſen flocke doth there re mayne, thou haſt pre pard that place: And for the poore thou doeſt pro uide, of thine eſ pe ciall grace.
For puiſ ſant kynges for all their power, ſhall flee and take the foyle: And wo mē which re maine at home, ſhall helpe to part the ſpoyle.

The lxix. Pſalme.

Treble.


SAue me O God and that with ſpeede, the wa ters flow full faſt: So nye my ſoule doe they pro ceede, that I am ſore a gaſt.
With cry ing oft I faynt and quayle, my throat is horſe and dry: With looking vp my ſight doth fayle, for helpe to God on hye.
Though for no cauſe they vexe me ſore, they proſ per and are glad: They do com pell me to re ſtore, the things I ne uer had.
I ſticke full deepe in filth and clay, where as I feele no ground: I fall in to ſuch fluds I ſay, that I am lyke be drownd.
My foes that gilt leſſe doe op preſſe, my ſoule, with hate are led: In num ber ſure they are no leſſe, then heares are on my head.
What I haue done for want of wit, thou Lord all tymes canſt tell: And all the faults that I com mit, to thee are known full well.
O God of hoſtes de fend and ſtay, all thoſe that truſt in thee: Let no man doubt or ſhrinke a way, for ought that chaun ceth me.
My mo thers ſons, my bre thren all, for ſake me on a row: And as a ſtraun ger they me call, my face they will not know.
Though I doe faſt my fleſh to chaſt, yea if I weepe and mone: Yet in my teeth this geare is caſt, they paſſe not there up on.
It is for thee and for thy ſake, that I doe beare this blame: In ſpite of thee they would me make, to hide my face for ſhame.
Vn to thy houſe ſuch zeale I beare, that it doth pine me much: The checkes and taunts at thee to heare, my ve ry hart doth grutch.
If I for grief and payne of hart, in ſack cloth vſe to walke: Then they a none will it per uert, ther of they ieſt and talke.

Lord
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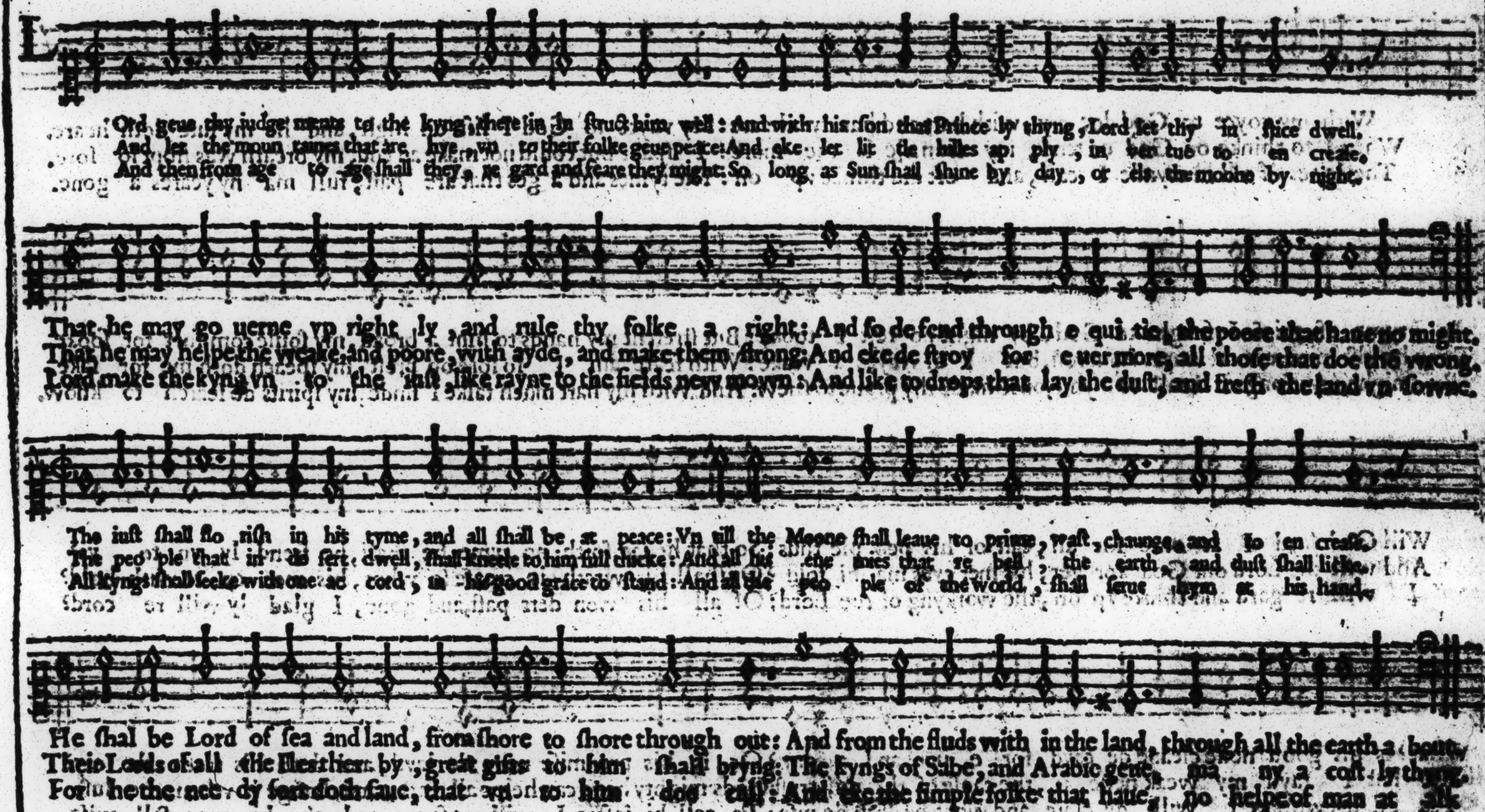
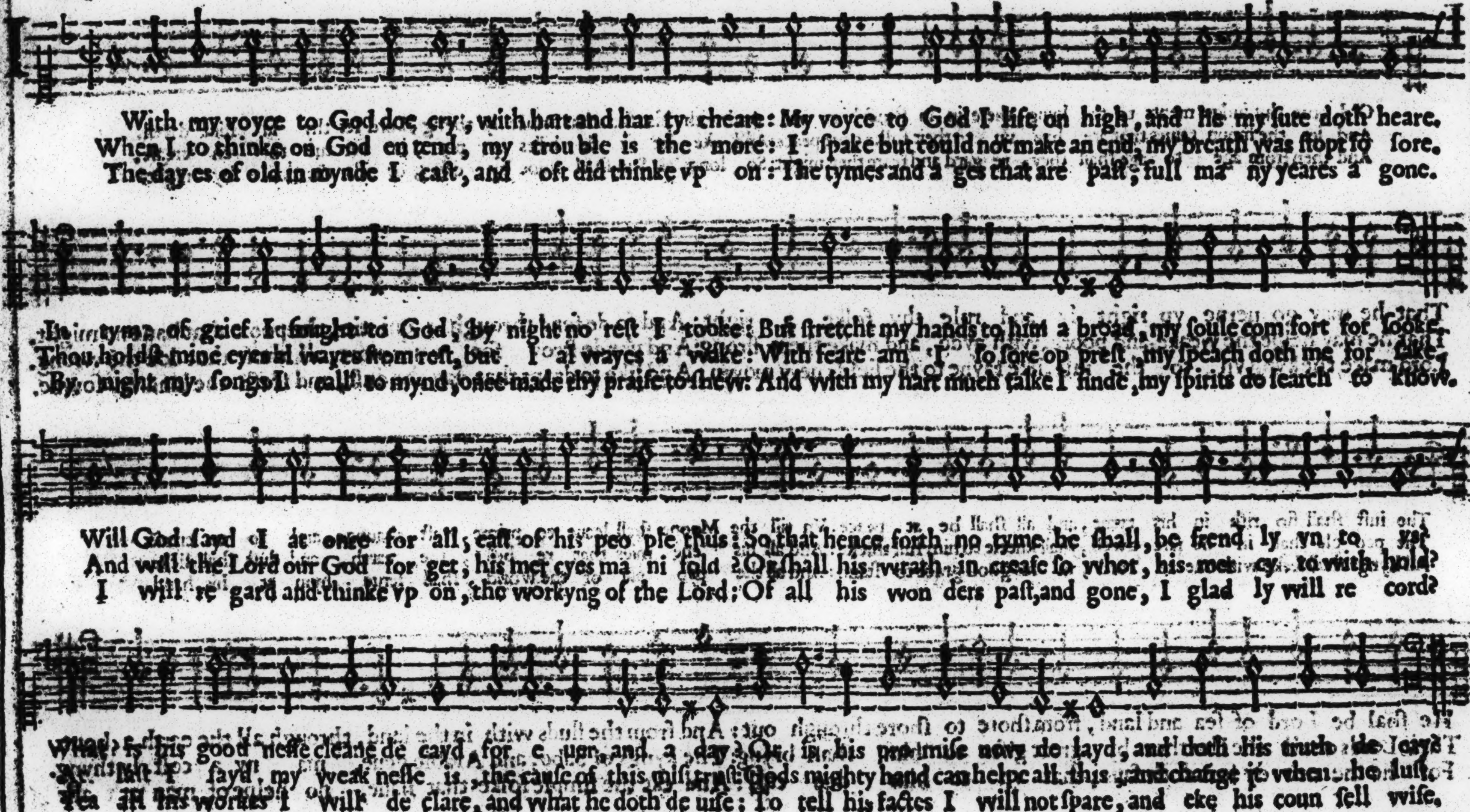
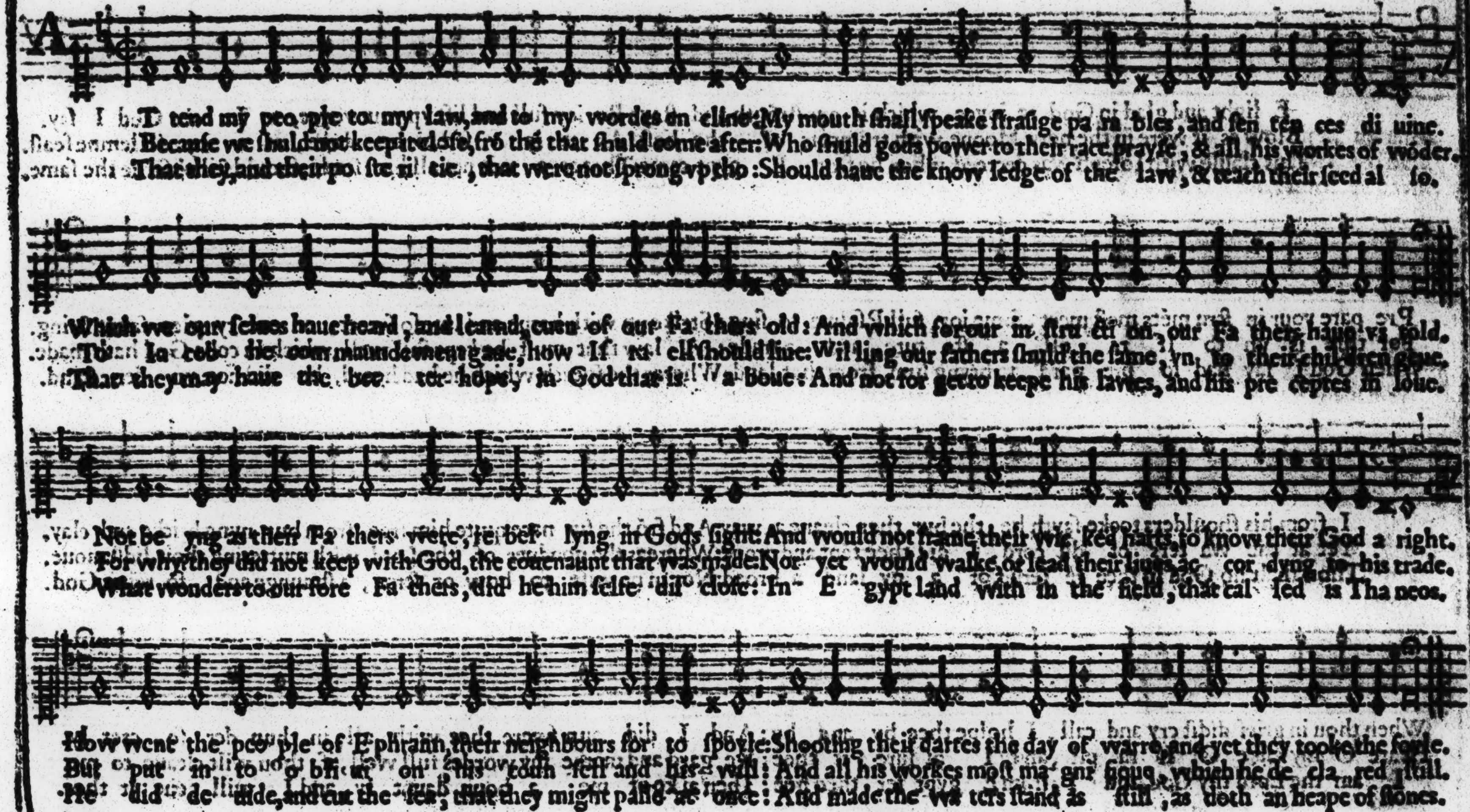

LOrd geue thy iudge ments to the kyng, there in in struct him well: And with his son that Prince ly thyng, Lord let thy iu stice dwell.
And let the moun taines that are hye, vn to their folke geue peace: And eke let lit tle hilles ap ply, in ver tue to en crease.
And then from age to age shall they, re gard and feare thy might: So long as Sun shall shine by day, or els the moone by night.
That he may go uerne vp right ly, and rule thy folke a right: And so de fend through e qui tie, the poore that haue no might.
That he may helpe the weake, and poore, with ayde, and make them strong: And eke de stroy for e uer more, all those that doe thē wrong.
Lord make the kyng vn to the iust, like rayne to the fields new mowen: And like to drops that lay the dust, and fresh the land vn sowne.
The iust shall flo rish in his tyme, and all shall be at peace: Vn till the Moone shall leaue to prime, wast, chaunge, and so en crease.
The peo ple that in de sert dwell, shall kneele to him full thicke: And all his ene mies that re bell, the earth, and dust shall licke.
All kyngs shall seeke with one ac cord, in his good grace to stand: And all the peo ple of the world, shall serue hym at his hand.
He shal be Lord of sea and land, from shore to shore through out: And from the fluds with in the land, through all the earth a bout.
The Lords of all the Iles ther by, great gifts to him shall bryng: The kyngs of Sabe, and Arabic geue, ma ny a cost ly thyng.
For he the nee dy sort doth saue, that vn to him doe call: And eke the simple folke that haue, no helpe of man at all.


With my voyce to God doe cry, with hart and har ty cheare: My voyce to God I lift on high, and he my ſute doth heare.
When I to thinke on God en tend, my trou ble is the more: I ſpake but could not make an end, my breath was ſtopt ſo ſore.
The day es of old in mynde I caſt, and oft did thinke vp on: The tymes and a ges that are paſt, full ma ny yeares a gone.
In tyme of grief I ſought to God, by night no reſt I tooke: But ſtretcht my hands to him a broad, my ſoule com fort for ſooke.
Thou holdſt mine eyes al wayes from reſt, but I al wayes a wake: With feare am I ſo ſore op preſt, my ſpeach doth me for ſake.
By night my ſongs I call to mynd, once made thy praiſe to ſhew: And with my hart much talke I finde, my ſpirits do ſearch to know.
Will God ſayd I at once for all, caſt of his peo ple thus: So that hence forth no tyme he ſhall, be frend ly vn to vs?
And will the Lord our God for get, his mer cyes ma ni fold? Or ſhall his wrath in creaſe ſo whot, his mer cy to with hold?
I will re gard and thinke vp on, the workyng of the Lord: Of all his won ders paſt, and gone, I glad ly will re cord.
What is his good neſſe cleane de cayd, for e uer, and a day? Or is his pro miſe now de layd, and doth his truth de cay?
At laſt I ſayd, my weak neſſe is, the cauſe of this miſ truſt: Gods mighty hand can helpe all this, and change it when he luſt.
Yea all his workes I will de clare, and what he doth de uiſe: To tell his factes I will not ſpare, and eke his coun ſell wiſe.

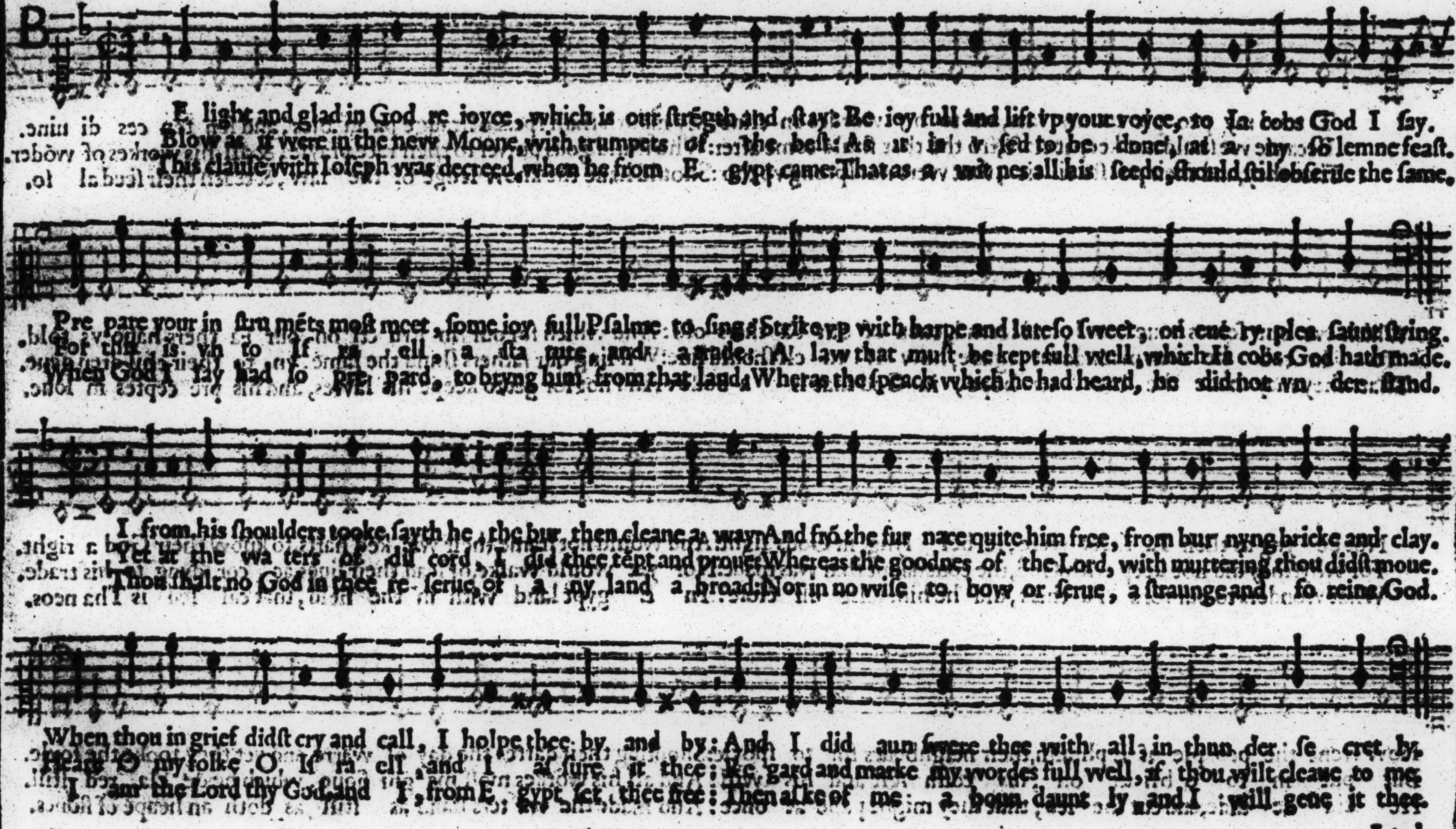


ATtend my peo ple to my law, and to my wordes en cline: My mouth ſhall ſpeake ſtrauge pa ra bles, and ſen ten ces di uine.
Becauſe we ſhuld not keepe it cloſe, frō thē that ſhuld come after: Who ſhuld gods power to their race prayſe, & all his workes of wōder.
That they, and their po ſte ri tie, that were not ſprong vp tho: Should haue the know ledge of the law, & teach their ſeed al ſo.

Which we our ſelues haue heard, and learnd, euen of our Fa thers old: And which for our in ſtru cti on, our Fa thers haue vs told.
To Ia cob he com maundement gaue, how Iſ ra el ſhould liue: Wil ling our fathers ſhuld the ſame, vn to their chil dren geue.
That they may haue the bet ter hope, in God that is a boue: And not for get to keepe his lawes, and his pre ceptes in loue.

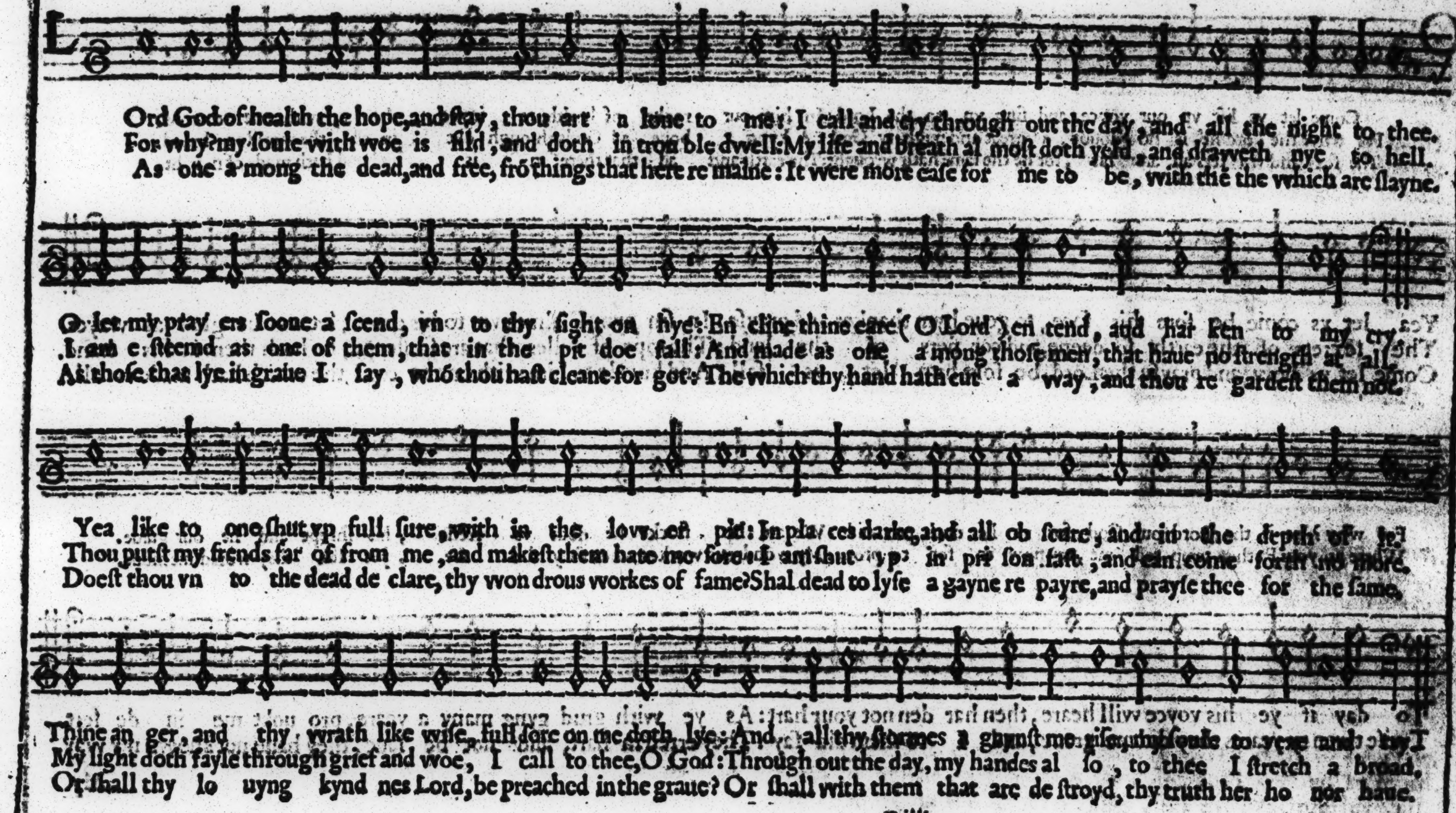
Not be yng as their Fa thers were, re bel lyng in Gods ſight: And would not frame their wic ked harts, to know their God a right.
For why they did not keep with God, the couenaunt that was made: Nor yet would walke or lead their liues ac cor dyng to his trade.
What wonders to our fore Fa thers, did he him ſelfe diſ cloſe: In E gypt land with in the field, that cal led is Tha neos.

How went the peo ple of E phraim, their neighbours for to ſpoyle: Shooting their dartes the day of warre, and yet they tooke the foyle.
But put in to o bli ui on his coue nant and his will: And all his workes moſt ma gni fique, which he de cla red ſtill.
He did de uide, and cut the ſea, that they might paſſe at once: And made the wa ters ſtand as ſtill, as doth an heape of ſtones.


BE light and glad in God reioyce, which is our ſtrẽgth and ſtay: Beioyfull and lift vp your voyce, to Iacobs God I ſay.
Blow as it were in the new Moone, with trumpets of the beſt: As it is vſed to be done, at any ſolemne feaſt.
This clauſe with Ioſeph was decreed, when he from Egypt came: That as a witnes all his ſeede, ſhould ſtill obſerue the ſame.
Prepare your inſtrumẽts moſt meet, ſome ioyfull Pſalme to ſing: Strike vp with harpe and lute ſo ſweet, on euery pleaſant ſtring.
For this is vnto Iſraell, a ſtatute and a trade: A law that muſt be kept full well, which Iacobs God hath made.
When God I ſay had ſo prepard, to bryng him from that land: Wheras the ſpeach which he had heard, he did not vnderſtand.
I from his ſhoulders tooke, ſayth he, the burthen cleane away: And frõ the furnace quite him free, from burnyng bricke and clay.
Yet at the waters of diſcord, I did thee tẽpt and proue: Whereas the goodnes of the Lord, with muttering thou didſt moue.
Thou ſhalt no God in thee reſerue, of any land abroad: Nor in no wiſe to bow or ſerue, a ſtraunge and foreine God.
When thou in grief didſt cry and call, I holpe thee by and by: And I did aunſwere thee withall, in thunder ſecretly.
Heare O my folke, O Iſraell, and I aſſure it thee: Regard and marke my wordes full well, if thou wilt cleaue to me.
I am the Lord thy God, and I, from Egypt ſet thee free: Then aſke of me aboundantly, and I will geue it thee.

Lord

The lxxxviij. Psalme.



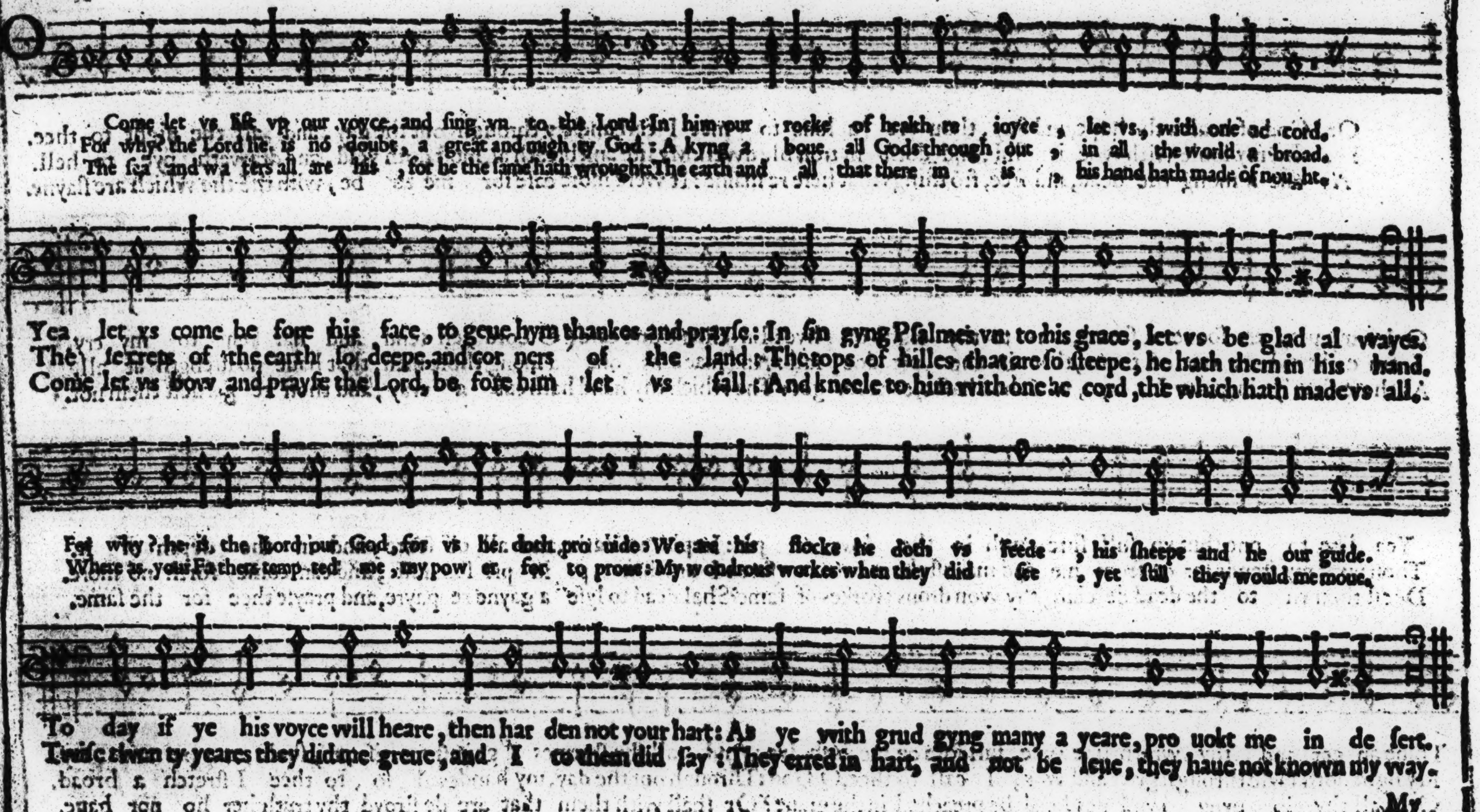
LOrd God of health the hope, and stay, thou art a lone to me: I call and cry through out the day, and all the night to thee.
For why? my ſoule with woe is fild, and doth in trou ble dwell: My life and breath al moſt doth yeld, and draweth nye to hell.
As one a mong the dead, and free, frō things that here re maine: It were more eaſe for me to be, with the the which are ſlayne.

O let my pray ers ſoone a ſcend, vn to thy ſight on hye: En cline thine eare (O Lord) en tend, and har ken to my cry.
I am e ſteemd as one of them, that in the pit doe fall: And made as one a mong thoſe men, that haue no ſtrength at all.
As thoſe that lye in graue I ſay, whō thou haſt cleane for got: The which thy hand hath cut a way, and thou re gardeſt them not.

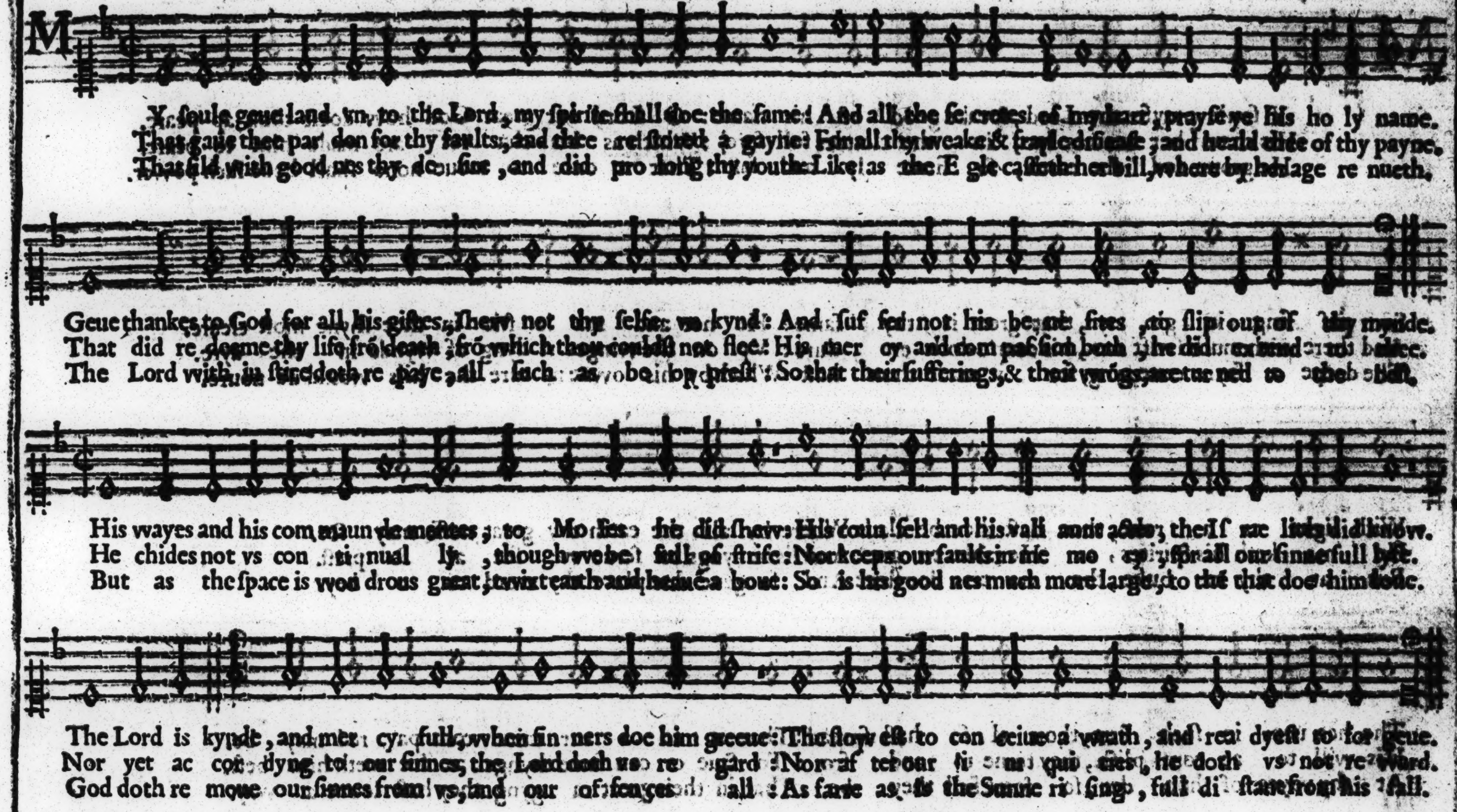
Yea like to one ſhut vp full ſure, with in the low eſt pit: In pla ces darke, and all ob ſcure, and in the depth of it.
Thou putſt my frends far of from me, and makeſt them hate me ſore: I am ſhut vp in pri ſon faſt, and can come forth no more.
Doeſt thou vn to the dead de clare, thy won drous workes of fame? Shal dead to lyfe a gayne re payre, and prayſe thee for the ſame.

Thine an ger, and thy wrath like wiſe, full ſore on me doth lye: And all thy ſtormes a gaynſt me riſe, my ſoule to vexe and try.
My light doth fayle through grief and woe, I call to thee, O God: Through out the day, my handes al ſo, to thee I ſtretch a broad.
Or ſhall thy lo uyng kynd nes Lord, be preached in the graue? Or ſhall with them that are de ſtroyd, thy truth her ho nor haue.

The xcv. Pſalme.


Come let vs lift vp our voyce, and ſing vnto the Lord: In him our rocke of health reioyce, let vs, with one accord.
For why? the Lord he, is no doubt, a great and mighty God: A kyng aboue all Gods throughout, in all the world abroad.
The ſea and waters all are his, for he the ſame hath wrought: The earth and all that there in is, his hand hath made of nought.
Yea, let vs come before his face, to geue hym thankes and prayſe: In ſingyng Pſalmes vnto his grace, let vs be glad alwayes.
The ſecrets of the earth ſo deepe, and corners of the land: The tops of hilles that are ſo ſteepe, he hath them in his hand.
Come let vs bow and prayſe the Lord, before him let vs fall: And kneele to him with one accord, the which hath made vs all.
For why? he is the Lord our God, for vs he doth prouide: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, his ſheepe and he our guide.
Where as your Fathers tempted me, my power for to proue: My wondrous workes when they did ſee, yet ſtill they would me moue.
To day if ye his voyce will heare, then harden not your hart: As ye with grudgyng many a yeare, prouokt me in deſert.
Twiſe twenty yeares they did me greue, and I to them did ſay: They erred in hart, and not beleue, they haue not known my way.

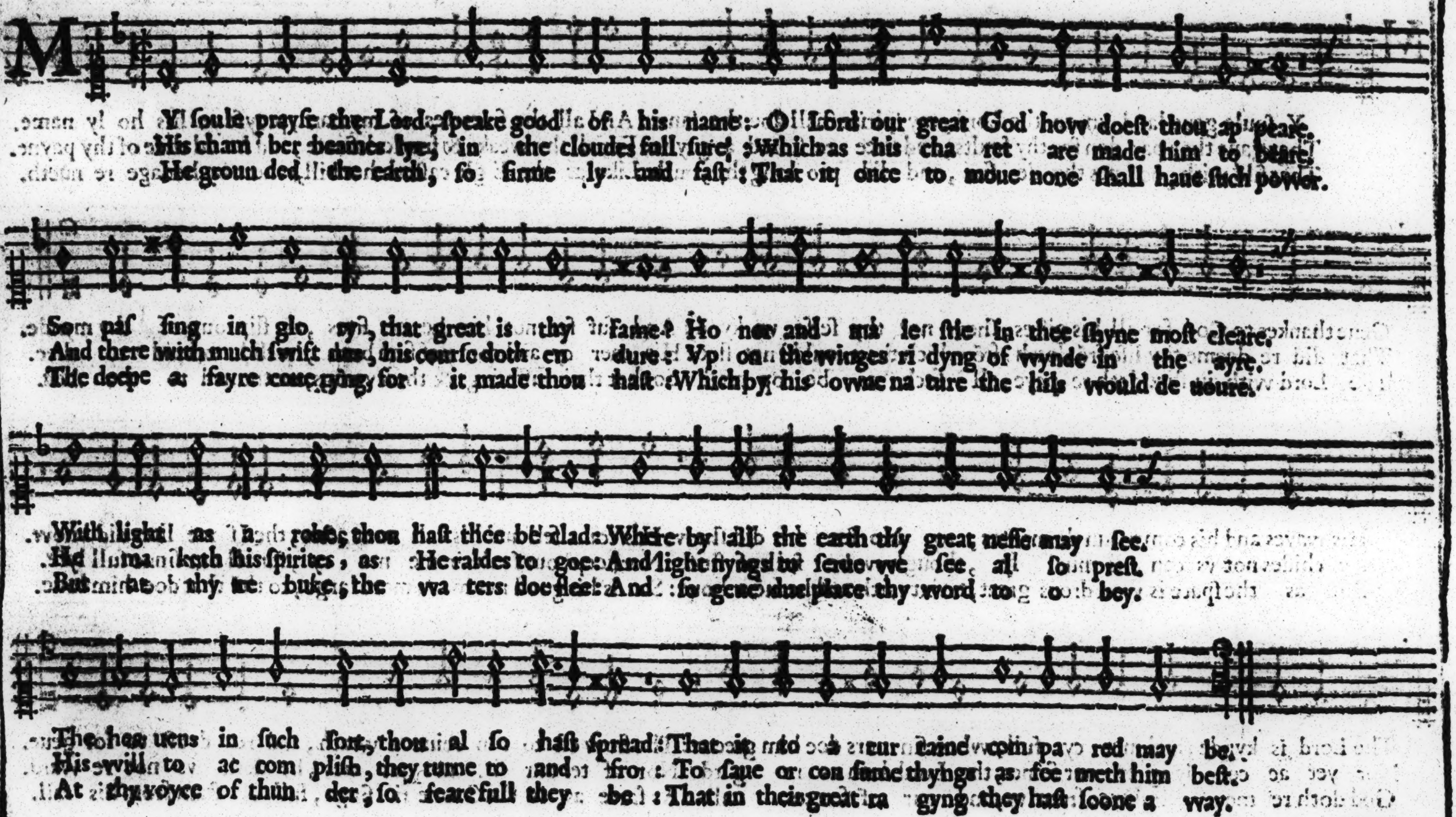
My


My ſoule geue laud vn to the Lord, my ſpirite ſhall doe the ſame: And all the ſe cretes of my hart, prayſe ye his ho ly name.
That gaue thee par don for thy faults, and thee reſtorde a gayne: From all thy weake & frayle diſeaſe, and heald thee of thy payne.
That fild with good nes thy de ſire, and did pro long thy youth: Like as the E gle caſteth her bill, whereby her age re nueth.
Geue thankes to God for all his giftes, ſhew not thy ſelfe vnkynde: And ſuf fer not his be ne fites, to ſlip out of thy mynde.
That did re deeme thy life frō death, frō which thou couldſt not flee: His mer cy and com paſſion both, he did extend to thee.
The Lord with iu ſtice doth re paye, all ſuch as be op preſt: So that their ſufferings, & their wrōgs are tur ned to the beſt.
His wayes and his com maun de mentes, to Moy ſes he did ſhew: His coun ſels and his vali ant actes, the Iſ rae lites did know.
He chides not vs con ti nual ly, though we be full of ſtrife: Nor keeps our faults in me mo ry, for all our ſinnefull lyfe.
But as the ſpace is won drous great, twixt earth and heauen a boue: So is his good nes much more large, to thē that doe him loue.
The Lord is kynde, and mer cy full, when ſin ners doe him greeue: The ſloweſt to con ceiue a wrath, and rea dyeſt to for geue.
Nor yet ac cor dyng to our ſinnes, the Lord doth vs re gard: Nor af ter our in i qui ties, he doth vs not re ward.
God doth re moue our ſinnes from vs, and our of fences all: As farre as is the Sunne ri ſing, full di ſtant from his fall.

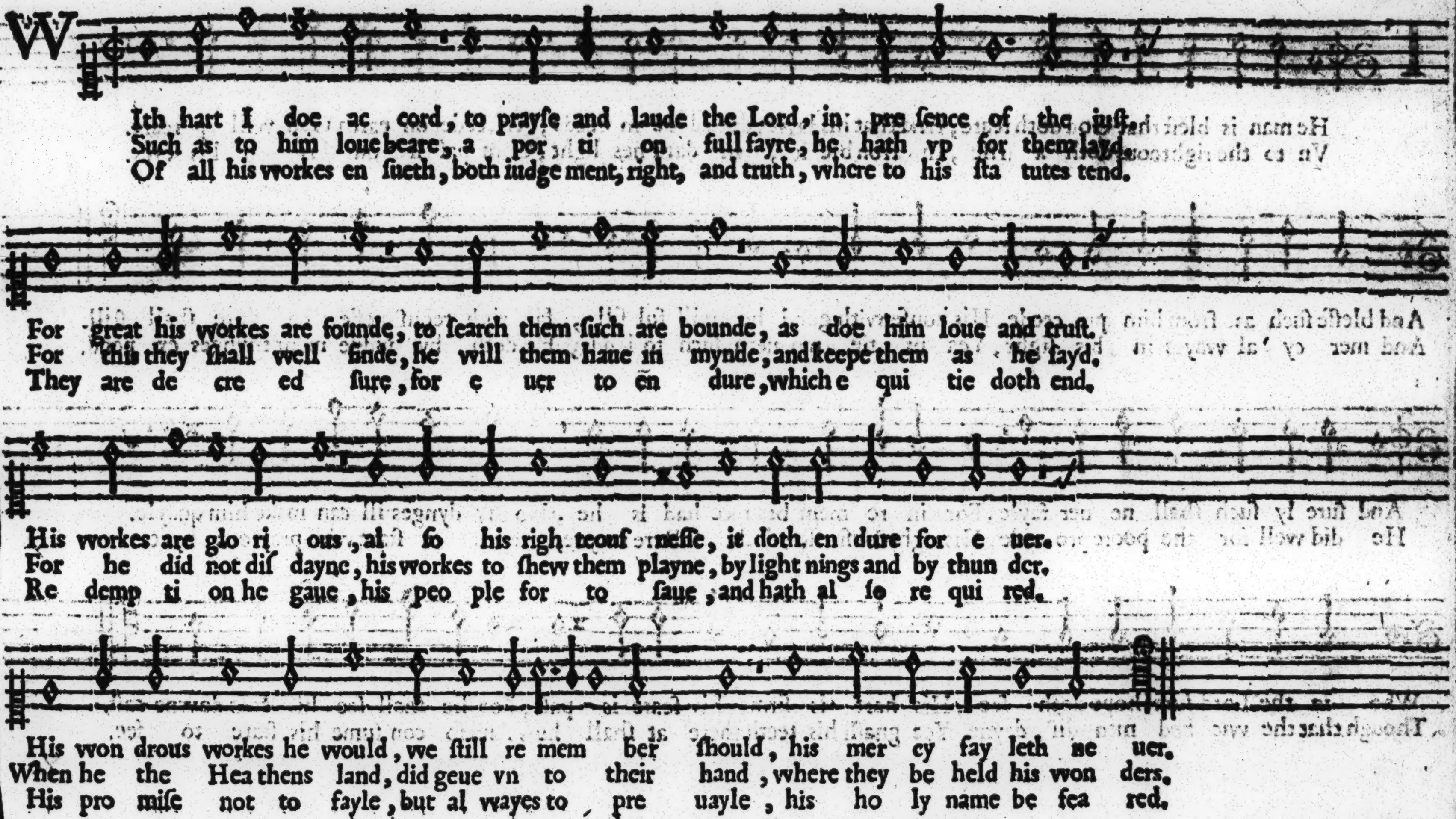
G.D.

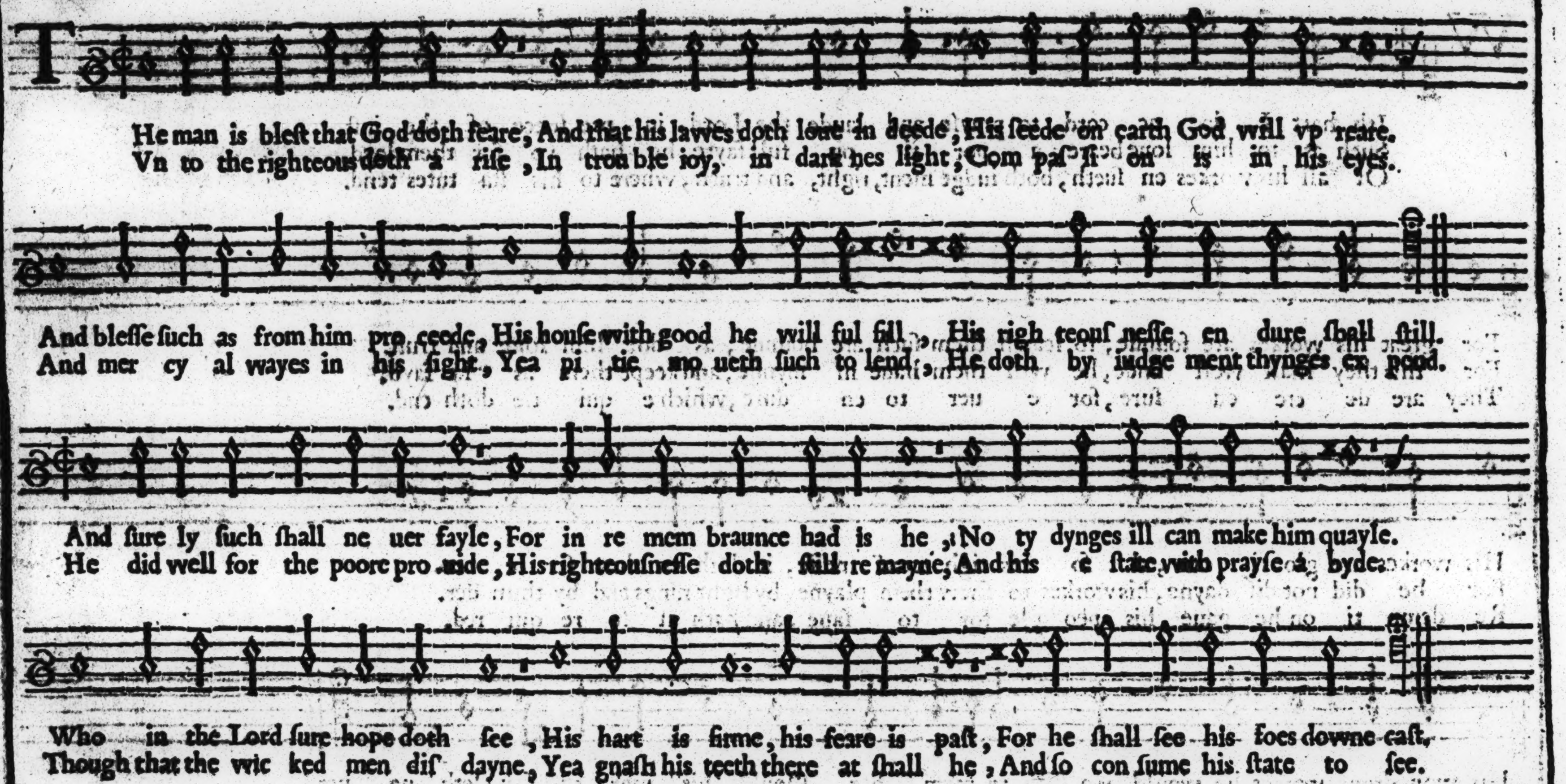
The Ciiij. Pſalme.

Treble.


My ſoule prayſe the Lord, ſpeake good of his name: O Lord our great God how doeſt thou appeare.
His chamber beames lye, in the cloudes full ſure, Which as his charet are made him to beare.
He grounded the earth, ſo firmely and faſt: That it once to moue none ſhall haue ſuch power.
So paſſing in glory, that great is thy fame: Honour and maieſtie in thee ſhyne moſt cleare.
And there with much ſwiftneſ, his courſe doth endure: Vpon the winges riding of wynde in the ayre.
The deepe a fayre couering, for it made thou haſt: Which by his owne nature the hils would deuoure.
With light as a robe, thou haſt thee beclad: Whereby all the earth thy greatneſſe may ſee.
He maketh his ſpirites, as Heraldes to goe: And lightnynges to ſerue we ſee, all ſo preſt.
But at thy rebuke, the waters doe flee: And ſo geue due place thy word to obey.
The heauens in ſuch ſort, thou alſo haſt ſpread: That it to a curtaine compared may be.
His will to accompliſh, they turne to and fro: To ſaue or conſume thynges as ſeemeth him beſt.
At the voyce of thunder, ſo feareful they be: That in their great raging they haſt ſoone away.

The .Cxi. Pſalme.

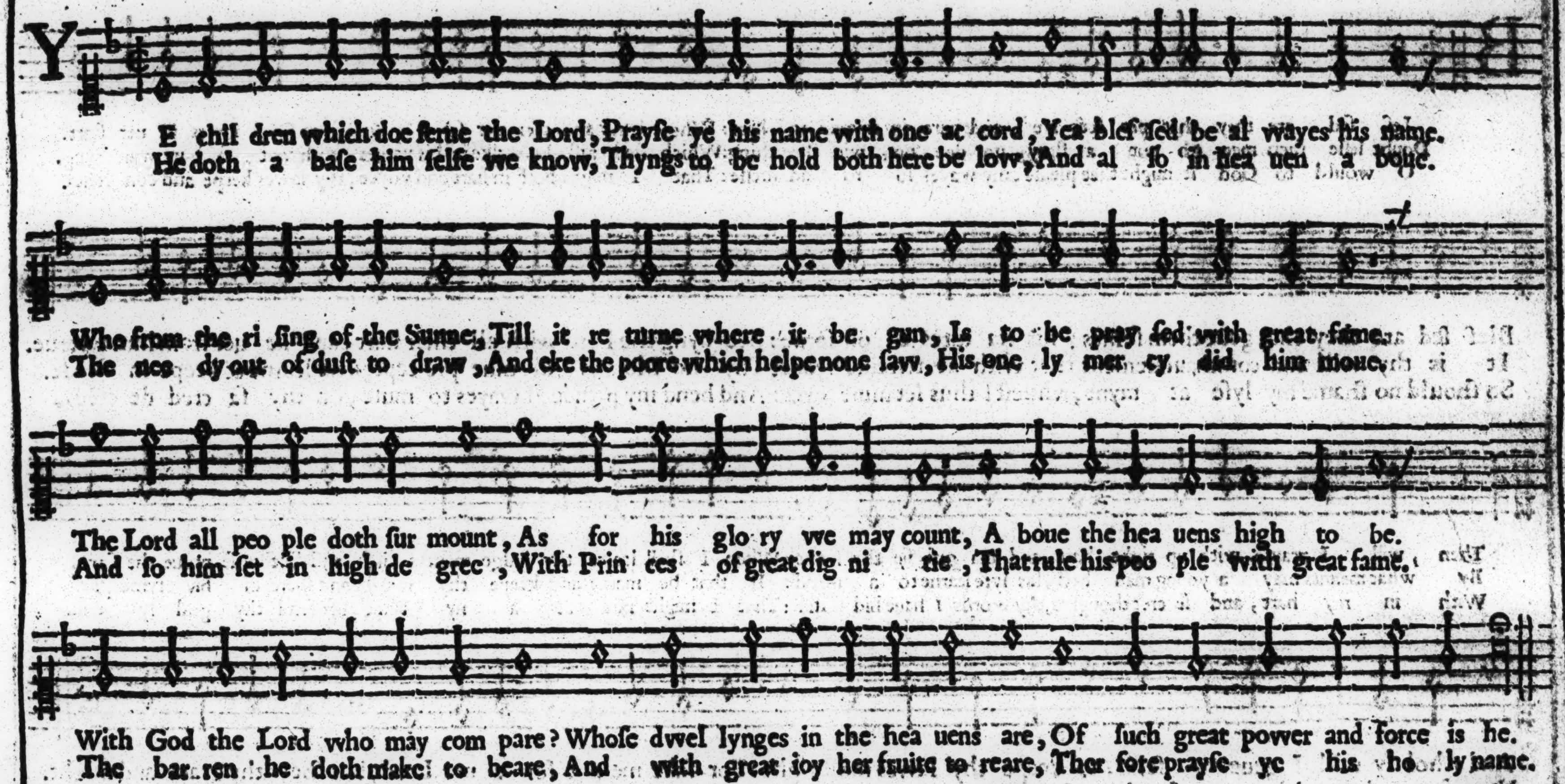

W
Ith hart I doe ac cord, to prayſe and laude the Lord, in pre ſence of the iuſt.
Such as to him loue beare, a por ti on full fayre, he hath vp for them layd.
Of all his workes en ſueth, both iudge ment, right, and truth, where to his ſta tutes tend.
For great his workes are founde, to ſearch them ſuch are bounde, as doe him loue and truſt.
For this they ſhall well finde, he will them haue in mynde, and keepe them as he ſayd.
They are de cre ed ſure, for e uer to en dure, which e qui tie doth end.
His workes are glo ri ous, al ſo his righ teouſ neſſe, it doth en dure for e uer.
For he did not diſ dayne, his workes to ſhevv them playne, by light nings and by thun der.
Re demp ti on he gaue, his peo ple for to ſaue, and hath al ſo re qui red.
His won drous workes he would, we ſtill re mem ber ſhould, his mer cy fay leth ne uer.
When he the Hea thens land, did geue vn to their hand, where they be held his won ders.
His pro miſe not to fayle, but al wayes to pre uayle, his ho ly name be fea red.

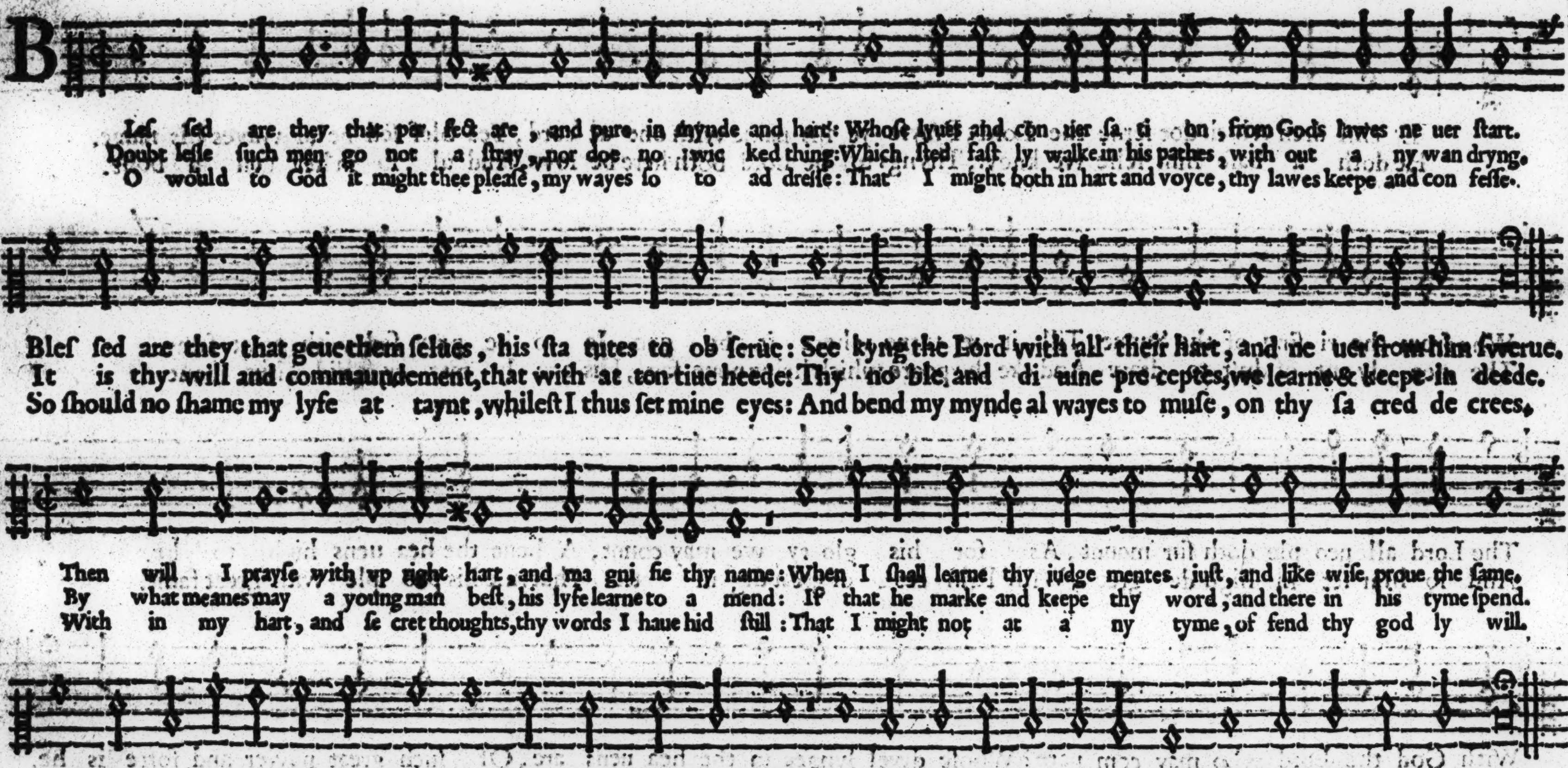

THe man is bleſt that God doth feare, And that his lawes doth loue in deede, His ſeede on earth God will vp reare.
Vn to the righteous doth a riſe, In trou ble ioy, in dark nes light, Com pa ſſi on is in his eyes.
And bleſſe ſuch as from him pro ceede, His houſe with good he will ful fill, His righ teouſ neſſe en dure ſhall ſtill.
And mer cy al wayes in his ſight, Yea pi tie mo ueth ſuch to lend, He doth by iudge ment thynges ex pend.
And ſure ly ſuch ſhall ne uer fayle, For in re mem braunce had is he, No ty dynges ill can make him quayle.
He did well for the poore pro uide, His righteouſneſſe doth ſtill re mayne, And his e ſtate with prayſe a byde.
Who in the Lord ſure hope doth ſee, His hart is firme, his feare is paſt, For he ſhall ſee his foes downe caſt.
Though that the wic ked men diſ dayne, Yea gnaſh his teeth there at ſhall he, And ſo con ſume his ſtate to ſee.

Ye

The Cxiij. Pſalme.

Treble.


Y
E chil dren which doe ſerue the Lord, Prayſe ye his name with one ac cord, Yea bleſ ſed be al wayes his name.
He doth a baſe him ſelfe we know, Thyngs to be hold both here be low, And al ſo in hea uen a boue.
Who from the ri ſing of the Sunne, Till it re turne where it be gun, Is to be pray ſed with great fame.
The nee dy out of duſt to draw, And eke the poore which helpe none ſaw, His one ly mer cy did him moue.
The Lord all peo ple doth ſur mount, As for his glo ry we may count, A boue the hea uens high to be.
And ſo him ſet in high de gree, With Prin ces of great dig ni tie, That rule his peo ple with great fame.
With God the Lord who may com pare? Whoſe dwel lynges in the hea uens are, Of ſuch great power and force is he.
The bar ren he doth make to beare, And with great ioy her fruite to reare, Ther fore prayſe ye his ho ly name.



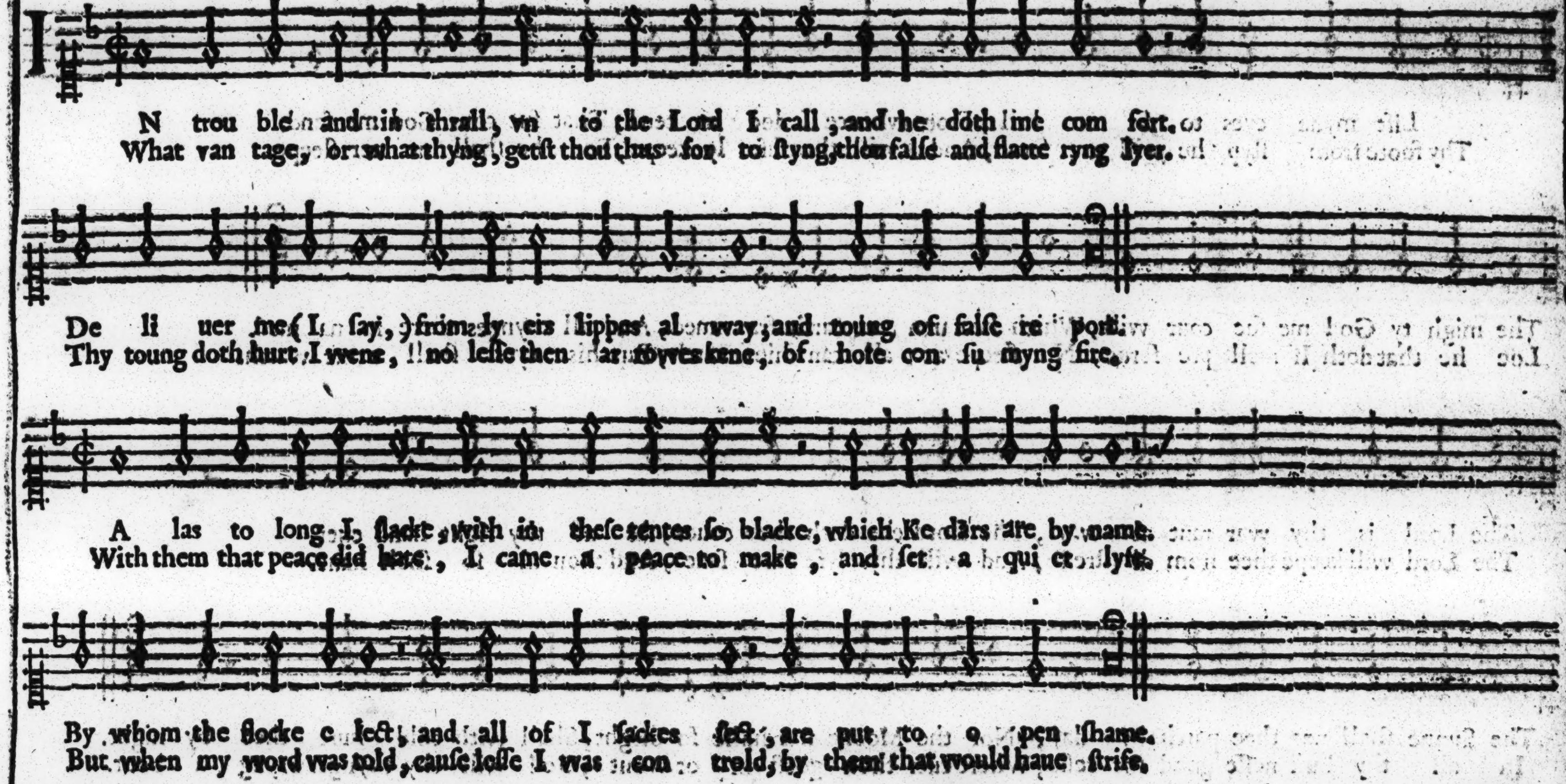
Bleſ ſed are they that per fect are, and pure in mynde and hart: Whoſe lyues and con uer ſa ti on, from Gods lawes ne uer ſtart.
Doubt leſſe ſuch men go not a ſtray, nor doe no wic ked thing: Which ſted faſt ly walke in his pathes, with out a ny wan dryng.
O would to God it might thee pleaſe, my wayes ſo to ad dreſſe: That I might both in hart and voyce, thy lawes keepe and con feſſe.

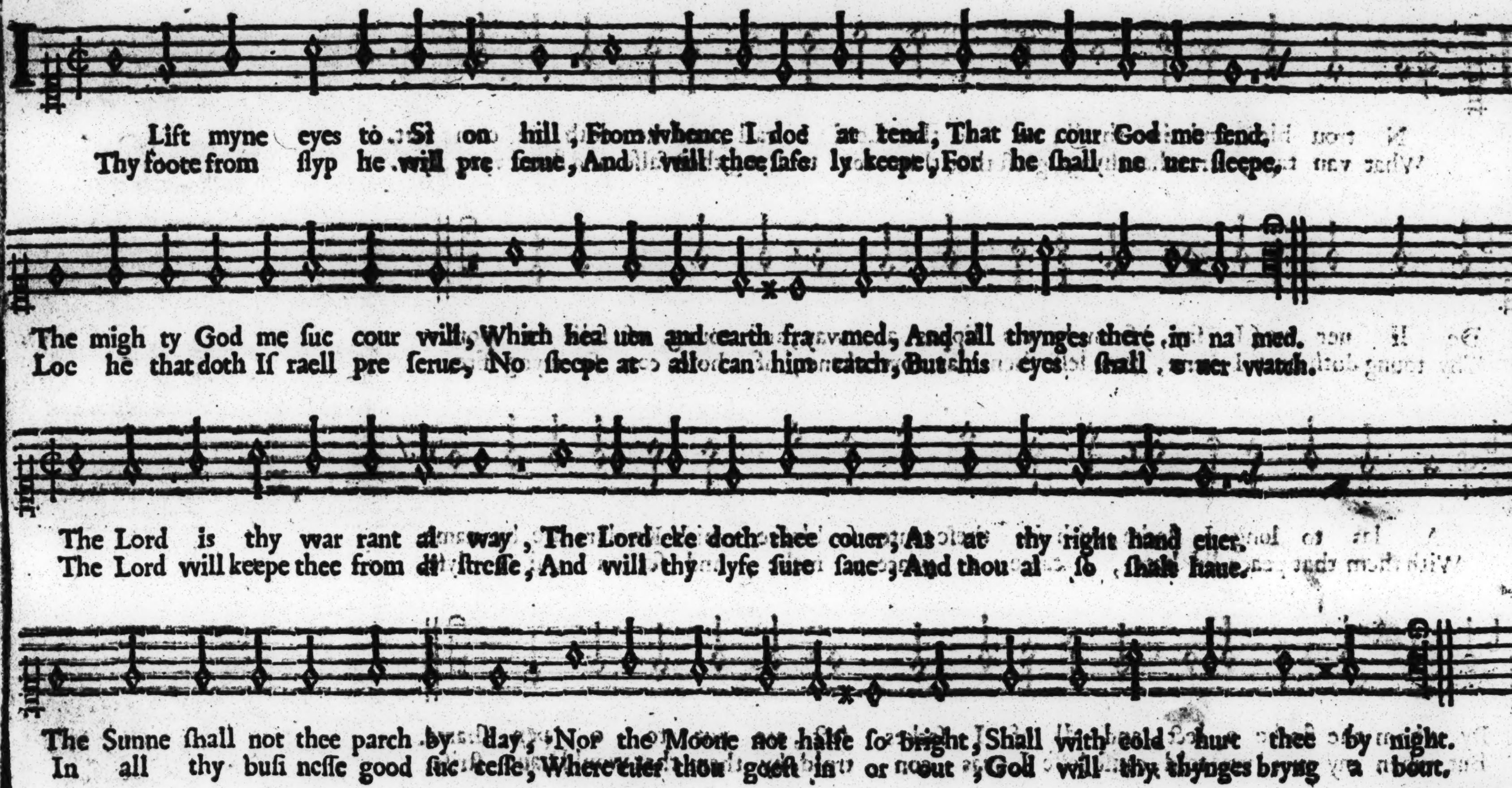
Bleſ ſed are they that geue them ſelues, his ſta tutes to ob ſerue: See kyng the Lord with all their hart, and ne uer from him ſwerue.
It is thy will and commaundement, that with at ten tiue heede: Thy no ble, and di uine pre ceptes, we learne & keepe in deede.
So ſhould no ſhame my lyfe at taynt, whileſt I thus ſet mine eyes: And bend my mynde al wayes to muſe, on thy ſa cred de crees.

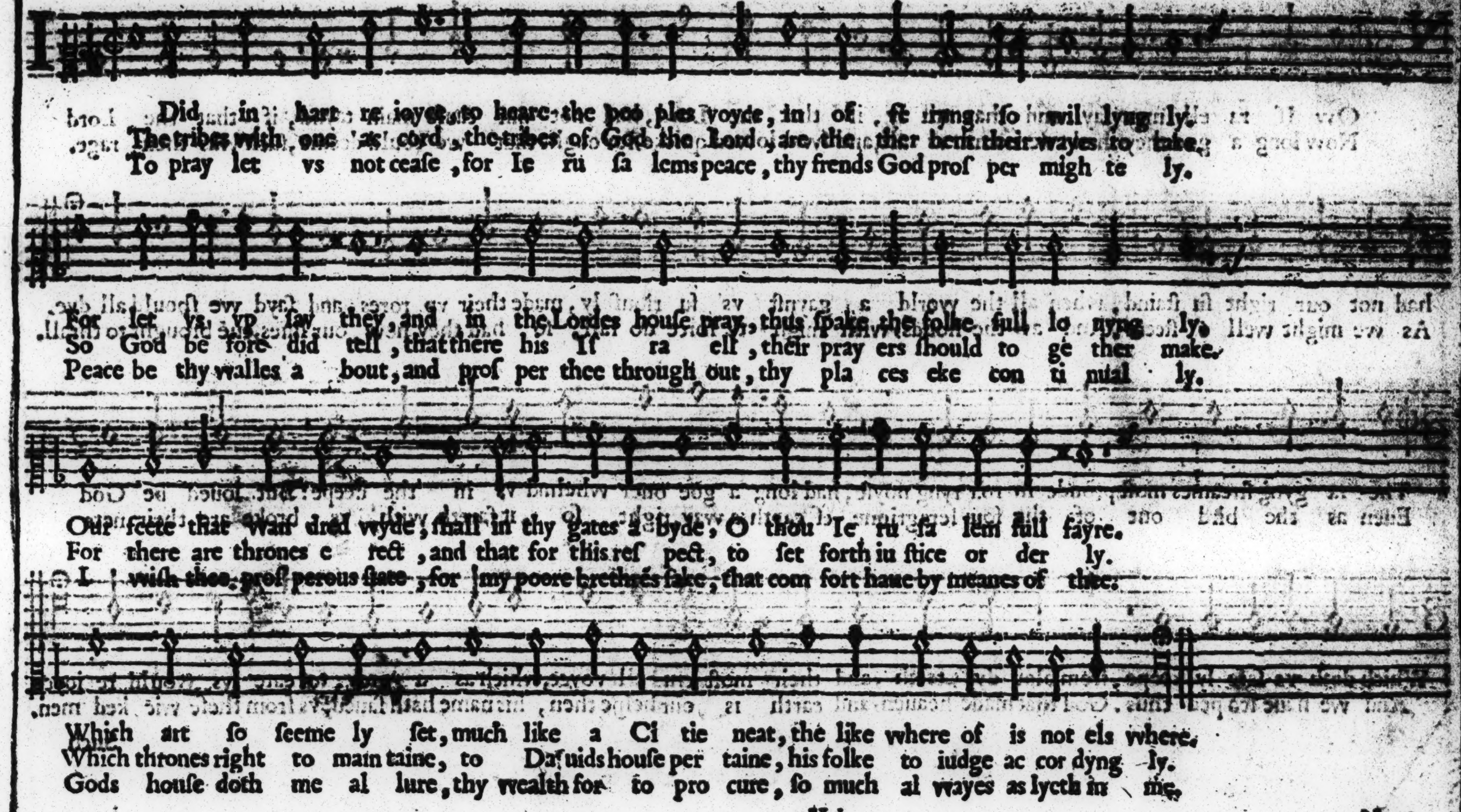
Then will I prayſe with vp right hart, and ma gni fie thy name: When I ſhall learne thy judge mentes juſt, and like wiſe proue the ſame.
By what meanes may a young man beſt, his lyfe learne to a mend: If that he marke and keepe thy word, and there in his tyme ſpend.
With in my hart, and ſe cret thoughts, thy words I haue hid ſtill: That I might not at a ny tyme, of fend thy god ly will.

And whol ly will I geue my ſelfe, to keepe thy lawes moſt right: For ſake me not for e uer Lord, but ſhew thy grace and might.
Vn fay ned ly I haue thee ſought, and thus ſee kyng a byde: Oh ne uer ſuf fer me, O Lord, from thy pre ceptes to ſlyde.
We ma gni fie thy name, O Lord, and prayſe thee e uer more: Thy ſta tutes of moſt worthy fame, (O Lord) teach me ther fore.

In


I
N trou ble and mi ſe ry thrall, vn to the Lord I call, and he doth me com fort.
What van tage, or what thyng, getſt thou thus for to ſtyng, thou falſe and flatte ryng lyer.
De li uer me (I ſay,) from ly ers lippes al way, and toung of falſe re port.
Thy toung doth hurt I wene, no leſſe then ar rowes kene, of hote con ſu myng fire.
A las to long I ſlacke, with in theſe tentes ſo blacke, which Ke dars are by name.
With them that peace did hate, I came a peace to make, and ſet a qui et lyfe.
By whom the flocke e lect, and all of Iſackes ſect, are put to o pen ſhame.
But when my word was told, cauſe leſſe I was con trold, by them that would haue ſtrife.


Lift myne eyes to Si on hill, From whence I do at tend, That ſuc cour God me ſend.
Thy foote from ſlyp he will pre ſerue, And will thee ſafe ly keepe, For he ſhall ne uer ſleepe.
The migh ty God me ſuc cour will, Which hea uen and earth fra med, And all thynges there in na med.
Loe he that doth Iſ raell pre ſerue, No ſleepe at all can him catch, But his eyes ſhall euer watch.
The Lord is thy war rant al way, The Lord eke doth thee couer, At thy right hand euer.
The Lord will keepe thee from di ſtreſſe, And will thy lyfe ſure ſaue, And thou al ſo ſhalt haue.
The Sunne ſhall not thee parch by day, Nor the Moone not halfe ſo bright, Shall with cold hurt thee by night.
In all thy buſi neſſe good ſuc ceſſe, Where euer thou goeſt in or out, God will thy thynges bryng a bout.



I Did in hart reioyce to heare the peoples voyce, in offeryng ſo willyngly.
The tribes with one accord, the tribes of God the Lord, are thether bent their wayes to take.
To pray let vs not ceaſe, for Ieruſalems peace, thy frends God proſper mightely.

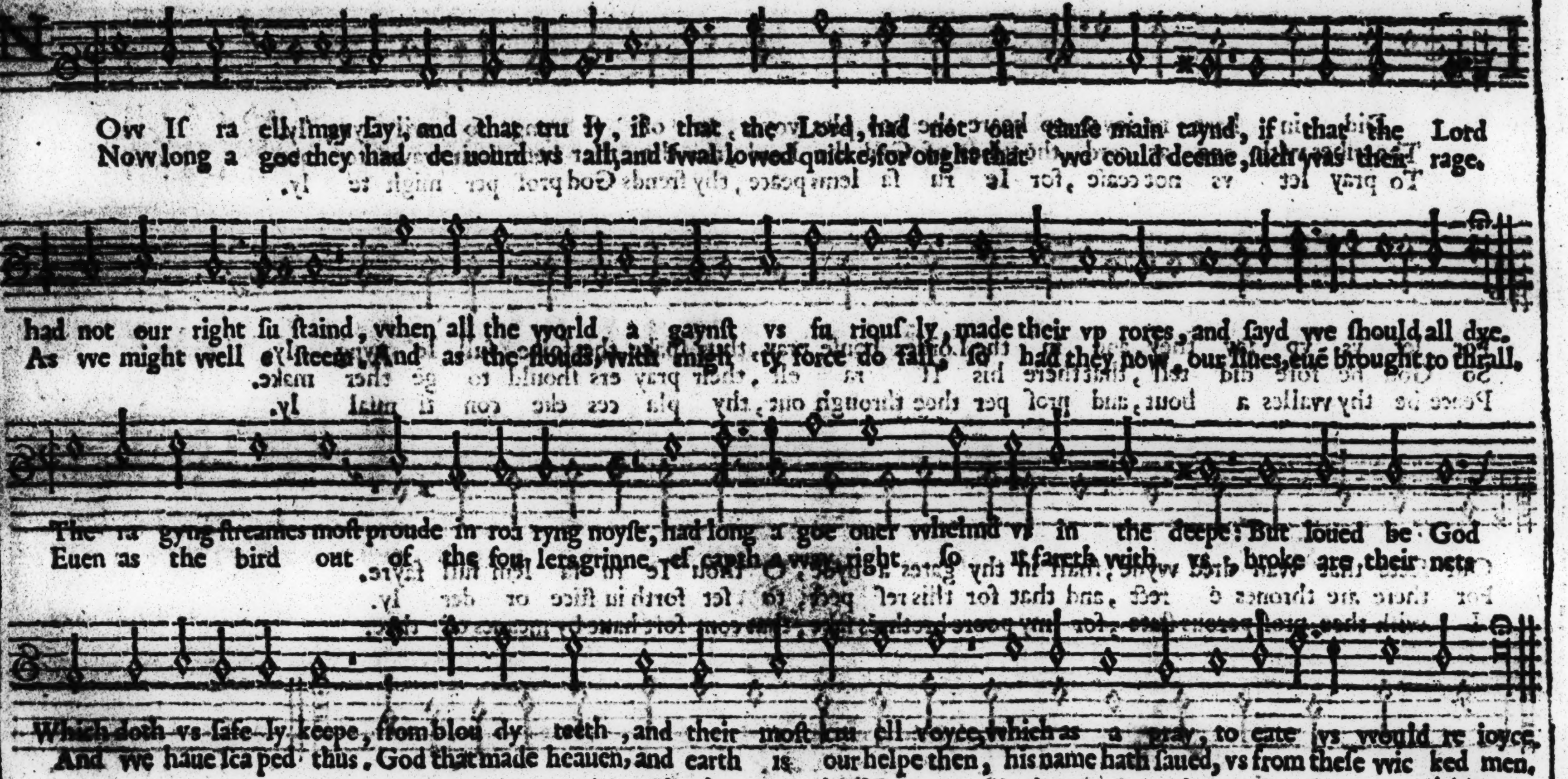
For let vs vp ſay they, and in the Lordes houſe pray, thus ſpake the folke full louyngly.
So God before did tell, that there his Iſraell, their prayers ſhould together make.
Peace be thy walles about, and proſper thee throughout, thy places eke continually.

Our feete that wan dred wyde, ſhall in thy gates abyde, O thou Ieruſalem full fayre.
For there are thrones erect, and that for this reſpect, to ſet forth iuſtice orderly.
I wiſh thee proſperous ſtate, for my poore brethrés ſake, that comfort haue by meanes of thee.

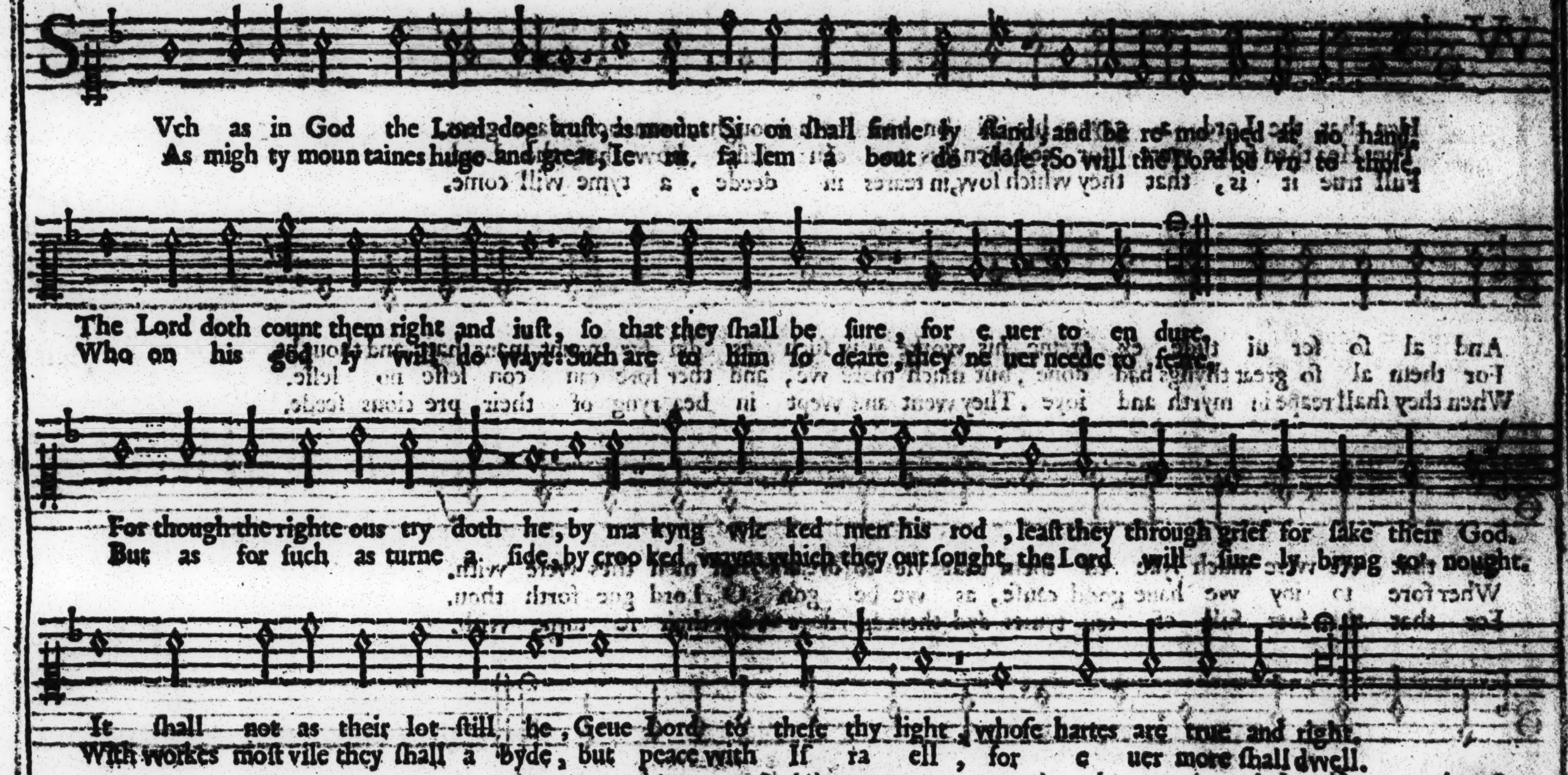
Which art ſo ſeemely ſet, much like a Citie neat, the like whereof is not els where.
Which thrones right to maintaine, to Dauids houſe pertaine, his folke to iudge accordyngly.
Gods houſe doth me allure, thy wealth for to procure, ſo much alwayes as lyeth in me.

G.D.

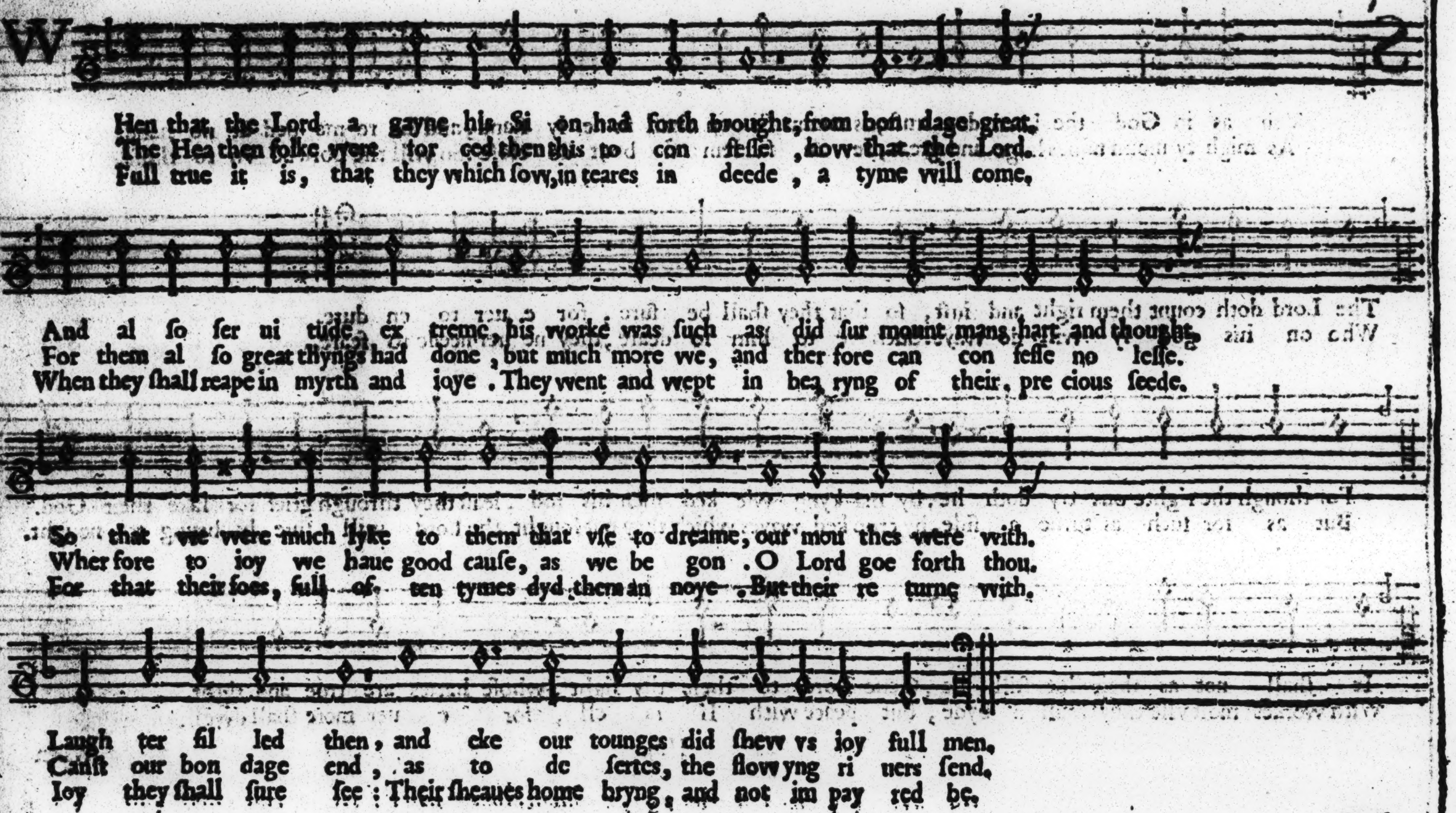
The .cxxiiij. Pſalme.


Now Iſraell may ſay, and that truly, if that the Lord had not our cauſe maintaynd, if that the Lord
Now long agoe they had deuourd vs all, and ſwallowed quicke, for ought that we could deeme, ſuch was their rage.
had not our right ſuſtaind, when all the world againſt vs furiouſly, made their vp rores, and ſayd we ſhould all dye.
As we might well eſteem, And as the flouds with mighty force do fall, ſo had they now, our liues, eue brought to thrall.
The raging ſtreames moſt proude in roaring noyſe, had long agoe ouer whelmd vs in the deepe: But loued be God
Euen as the bird out of the foulers grinne eſcapeth away, right ſo it fareth with vs, broke are their nets
Which doth vs ſafely keepe, from bloudy teeth, and their moſt cruell voyce, which as a pray, to eate vs would reioyce.
And we haue ſcaped thus, God that made heauen, and earth is our helpe then, his name hath ſaued, vs from theſe wicked men.

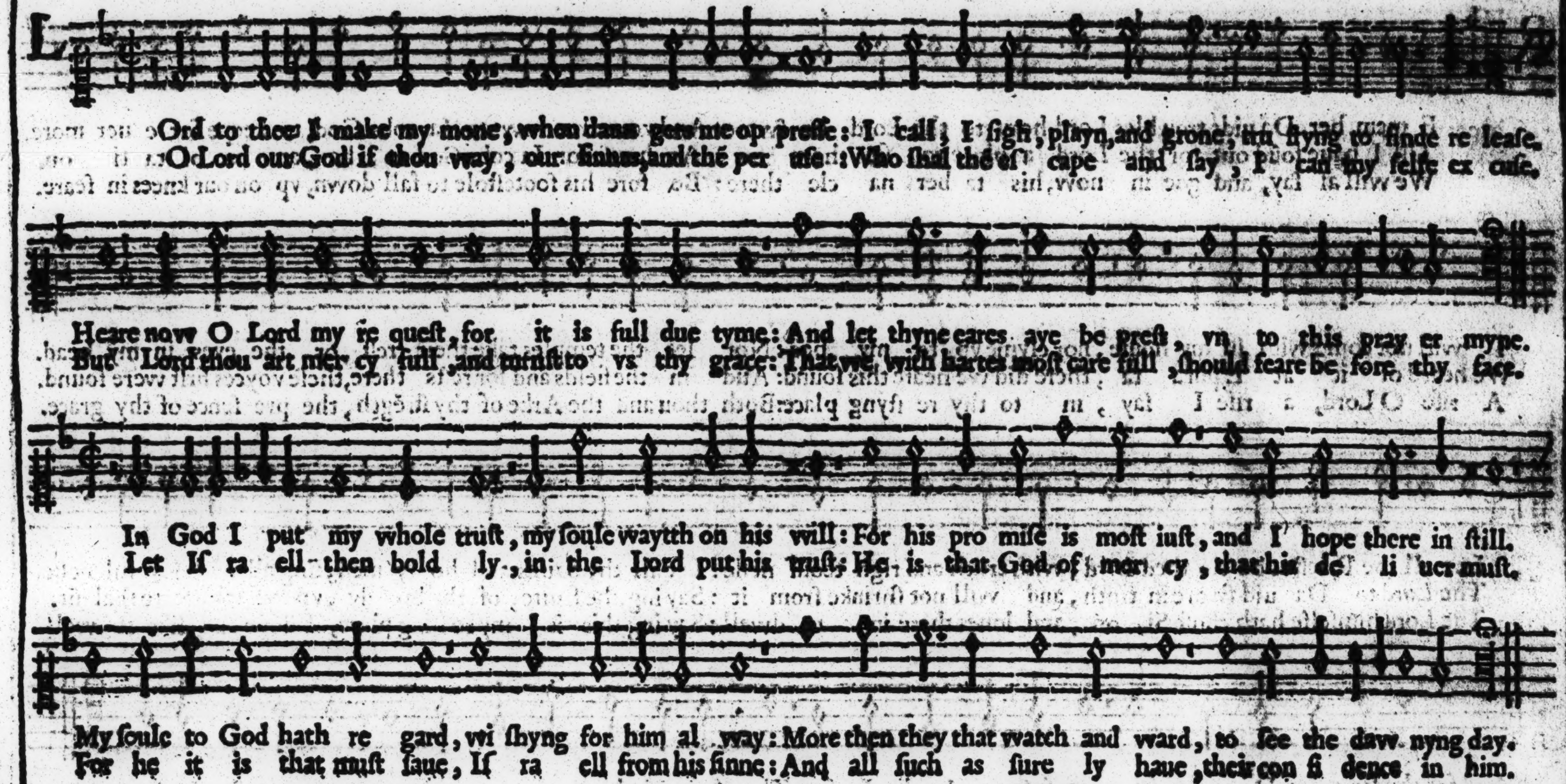
Such

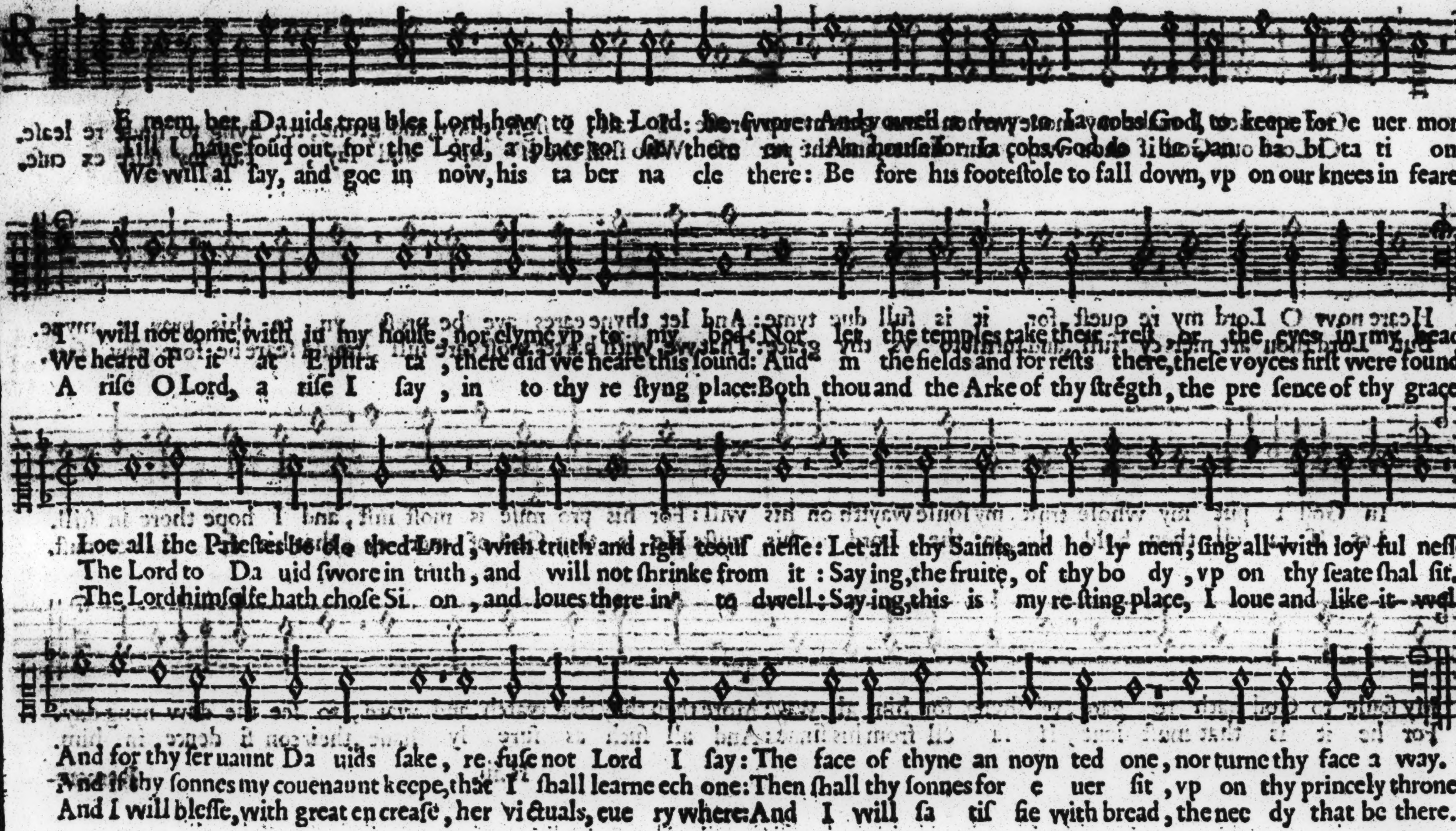

S
Vch as in God the Lord doe truſt, as mount Sion ſhall firme ly ſtand, and be re mo ued at no hand.
As migh ty moun taines huge and great, Ie ru ſa lem a bout do cloſe, So will the Lord be vn to thoſe,
The Lord doth count them right and iuſt, ſo that they ſhall be ſure, for e uer to en dure.
Who on his god ly will do wayt: Such are to him ſo deare, they ne uer neede to feare.
For though the righte ous try doth he, by ma kyng wic ked men his rod, leaſt they through grief for ſake their God.
But as for ſuch as turne a ſide, by croo ked wayes which they out ſought, the Lord will ſure ly bryng to nought.
It ſhall not as their lot ſtill be, Geue Lord to theſe thy light, whoſe hartes are true and right.
With workes moſt vile they ſhall a byde, but peace with Iſ ra ell, for e uer more ſhall dwell.

When


W
Hen that the Lord a gayne his Si on had forth brought, from bon dage great,
The Hea then folke were for ced then this to con feſſe, how that the Lord.
Full true it is, that they which ſovv, in teares in deede, a tyme vvill come,
And al ſo ſer ui tude, ex treme, his worke was ſuch as did ſur mount mans hart and thought.
For them al ſo great thynges had done, but much more we, and ther fore can con feſſe no leſſe.
When they ſhall reape in myrth and ioye. They went and wept in bea ryng of their, pre cious ſeede.
So that we were much lyke to them that vſe to dreame, our mou thes were with.
Wher fore to ioy we haue good cauſe, as we be gon. O Lord goe forth thou.
For that their foes, full of ten tymes dyd them an noye. But their re turne with.
Laugh ter fil led then, and eke our tounges did ſhew vs ioy full men.
Canſt our bon dage end, as to de ſertes, the flowyng ri uers ſend.
Ioy they ſhall ſure ſee: Their ſheaues home bryng, and not im pay red be.

Lord


LOrd to thee I make my mone, when daungers me oppreſſe: I call, I ſigh, playn, and grone, truſtyng to finde releaſe.
O Lord our God if thou way, our ſinnes, and them peruſe: Who ſhal then eſcape and ſay, I can my ſelfe excuſe.
Heare now O Lord my requeſt, for it is full due tyme: And let thyne eares aye be preſt, vnto this prayer myne.
But Lord thou art mercyfull, and turnſt to vs thy grace: That we with hartes moſt carefull, ſhould feare before thy face.
In God I put my whole truſt, my ſoule waytth on his will: For his promiſe is moſt iuſt, and I hope therein ſtill.
Let Iſraell then boldly, in the Lord put his truſt: He is that God of mercy, that his deliuer muſt.
My ſoule to God hath regard, wiſhyng for him alway: More then they that watch and ward, to ſee the dawnyng day.
For he it is that muſt ſaue, Iſraell from his ſinne: And all ſuch as ſurely haue, their confidence in him.



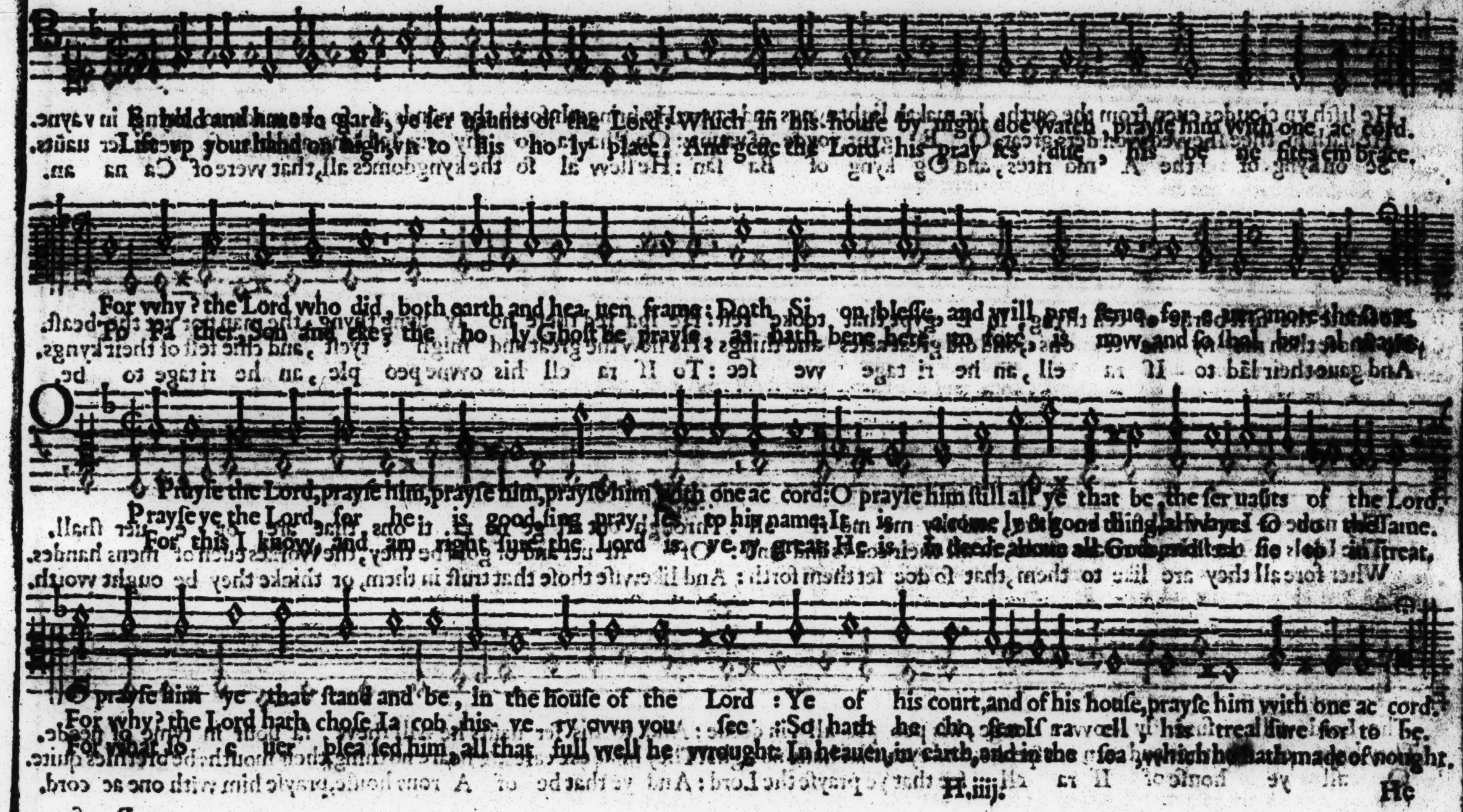
REmem ber Da uids trou bles Lord, how to the Lord: he ſware: And vowd a vow to Iacobs God, to keepe for e uer more.
Till I haue foūd out for the Lord, a place for to dwell there: An houſe for Iacobs God to be, an ha bi ta ti on.
We will al ſay, and goe in now, his ta ber na cle there: Be fore his footeſtole to fall down, vp on our knees in feare.

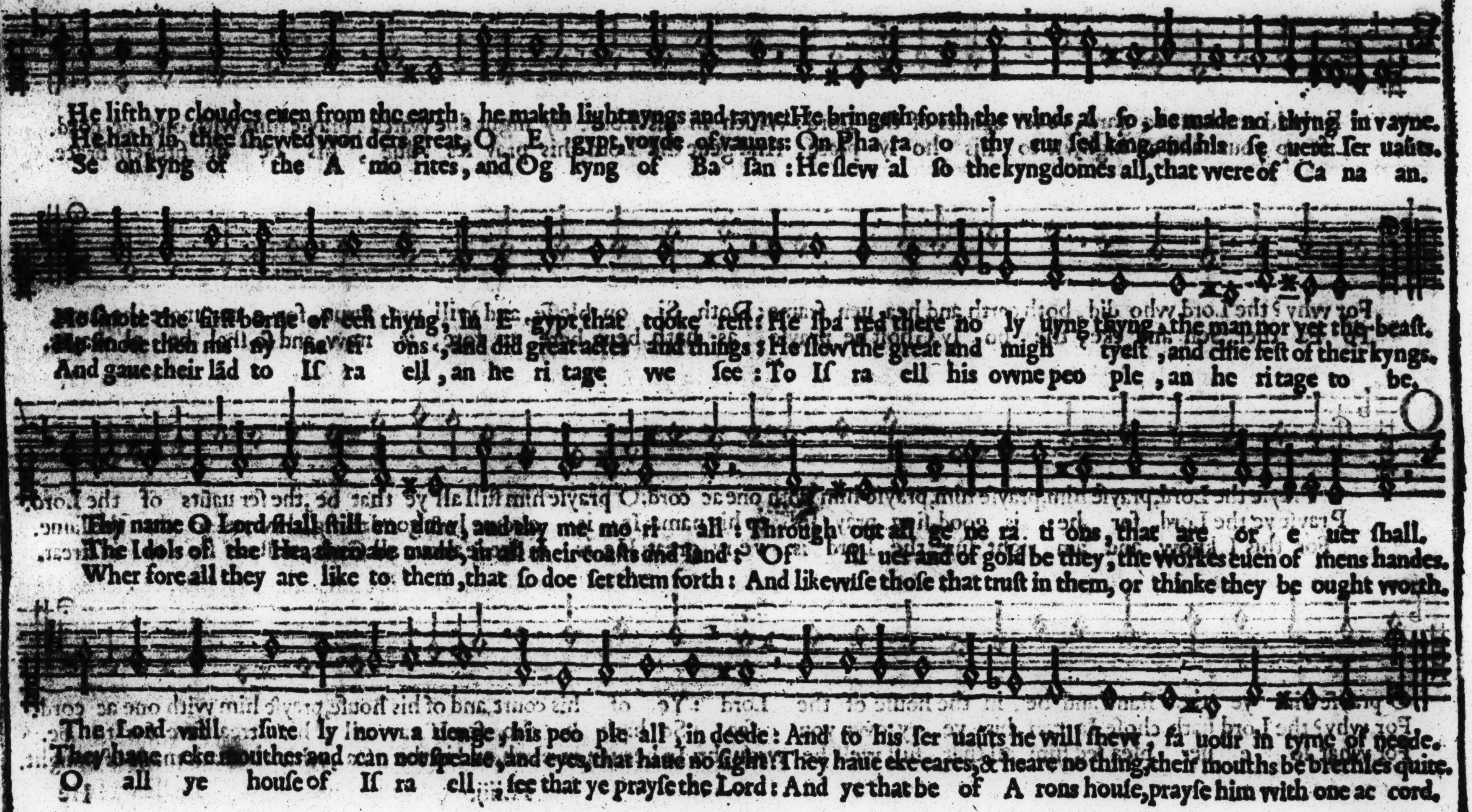
I will not come within my houſe, nor clyme vp to my bed: Nor let the temples take their reſt, or the eyes in my head.
We heard of it at E phra ta, there did we heare this ſound: And in the fields and for reſts there, theſe voyces firſt were found.
A riſe O Lord, a riſe I ſay, in to thy re ſtyng place: Both thou and the Arke of thy ſtrēgth, the pre ſence of thy grace.

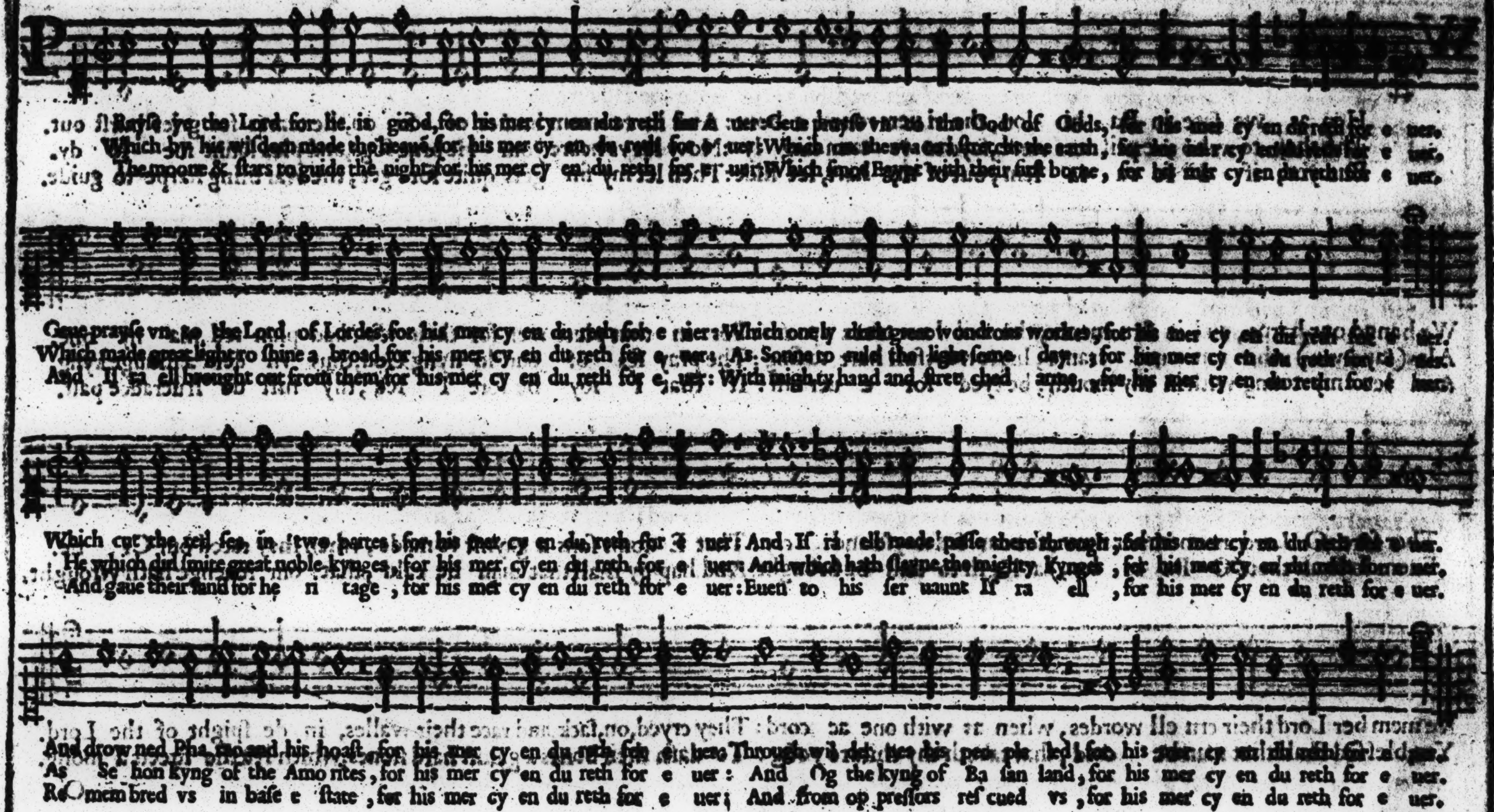
Loe all the Prieſtes be clo thed Lord, with truth and righ teouſ neſſe: Let all thy Saints, and ho ly men, ſing all with ioy ful neſſe.
The Lord to Da uid ſwore in truth, and will not ſhrinke from it: Say ing, the fruite, of thy bo dy, vp on thy ſeate ſhal ſit.
The Lord himſelfe hath choſe Si on, and loues there in to dwell: Say ing, this is my re ſting place, I loue and like it well.

And for thy ſer uaunt Da uids ſake, re fuſe not Lord I ſay: The face of thyne an noyn ted one, nor turne thy face a way.
And if thy ſonnes my couenaunt keepe, that I ſhall learne ech one: Then ſhall thy ſonnes for e uer ſit, vp on thy princely throne.
And I will bleſſe, with great en creaſe, her vi ctuals, eue ry where: And I will ſa tiſ fie with bread, the nee dy that be there.

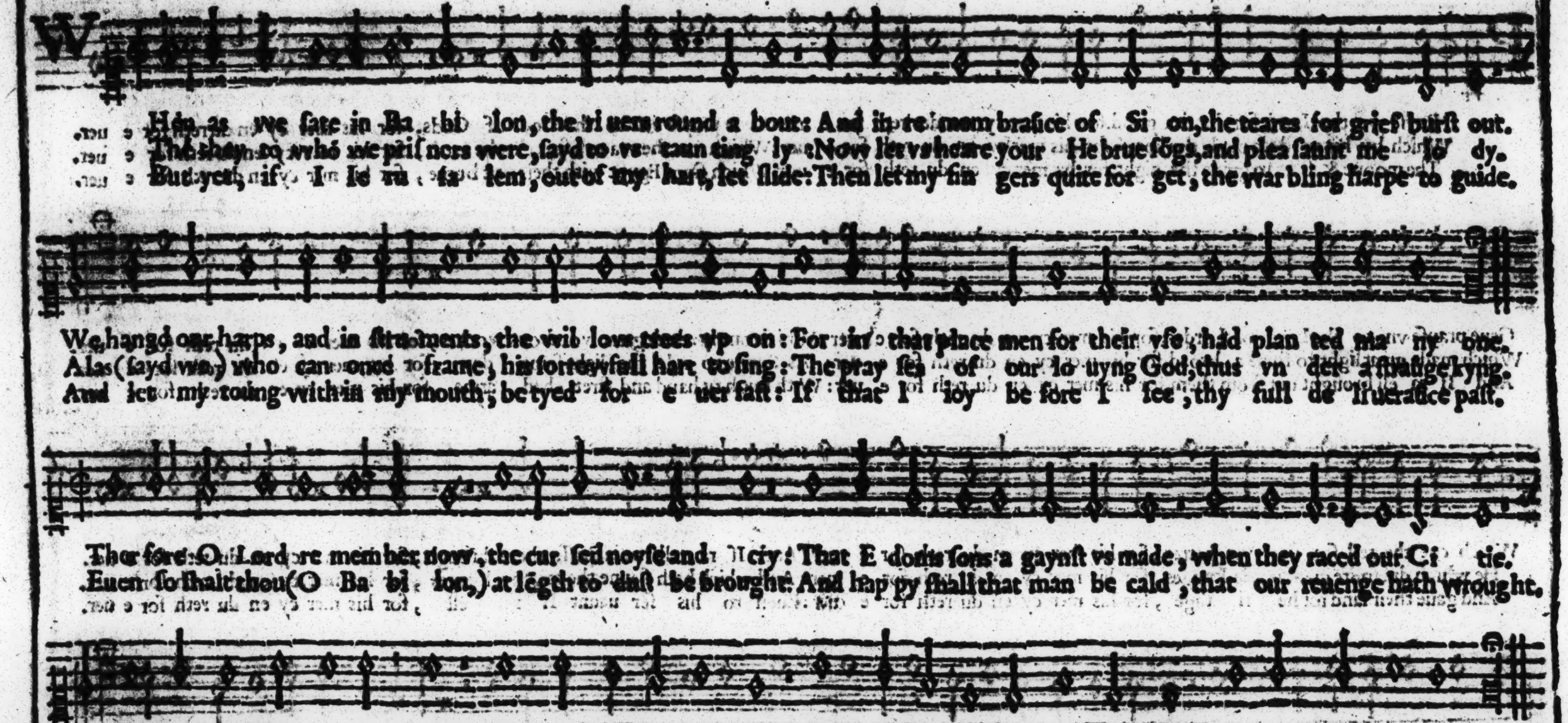
Behold


Behold and haue regard, ye ser uaunts of the Lord: Which in his house by night doe watch, prayse him with one ac cord.
Lift vp your hand on high, vnto his holy place: And geue the Lord his pray ses due, his be ne fites em brace.
For why? the Lord who did, both earth and hea uen frame: Doth Si on blesse, and will pre serue, for e uermore the same.
To Fa ther, Son and eke the ho ly Ghost be prayse, as hath bene here to fore, is now, and so shal be al wayes.
O Prayse the Lord, prayse him, prayse him, prayse him with one ac cord: O prayse him still all ye that be, the ser uaunts of the Lord.
Prayse ye the Lord, for he is good, sing pray ses to his name: It is a comely and good thing, alwayes to do the same.
For this I know, and am right sure, the Lord is ve ry great: He is in deede aboue all Gods, in treat.
O prayse him ye that stand and be, in the house of the Lord: Ye of his court, and of his house, prayse him with one ac cord.
For why? the Lord hath chose Ia cob, his ve ry own you see: So hath he cho sen Is rael, his treasure for to be.
For what so e uer plea sed him, all that full well he wrought: In heauen, in earth, and in the sea, which he hath made of nought.


He lifth vp cloudes euen from the earth, he makth lightnyngs and rayne: He bringeth forth the winds al ſo, he made no thyng in vayne.
He hath in thee ſhewed won ders great, O E gypt voyde of vaunts: On Pha ra o thy cur ſed kyng, and his ſe quele ſer uaũts.
Se on kyng of the A mo rites, and Og kyng of Ba ſan: He ſlew al ſo the kyngdomes all, that were of Ca na an.
He ſmote the firſt borne of eche thyng, in E gypt that tooke reſt: He ſpa red there no ly uyng thyng, the man nor yet the beaſt.
He ſmote then ma ny na ti ons, and did great actes and things: He ſlew the great and migh tyeſt, and chiefeſt of their kyngs.
And gaue their lãd to Iſ ra ell, an he ri tage we ſee: To Iſ ra ell his owne peo ple, an he ritage to be.
Thy name O Lord ſhall ſtill en dure, and thy me mo ri all: Through out all ge ne ra ti ons, that are or e uer ſhall.
The Idols of the Hea then are made, in all their coaſts and land: Of ſil uer and of gold be they, the workes euen of mens handes.
Wher fore all they are like to them, that ſo doe ſet them forth: And likewiſe thoſe that truſt in them, or thinke they be ought worth.
The Lord will aſſure ly know a lienge, his peo ple all, in deede: And to his ſer uaũts he will ſhew, fa uour in tyme of neede.
They haue eke mouthes and can not ſpeake, and eyes, that haue no ſight: They haue eke eares, & heare no thing, their mouths be brethles quite.
O all ye houſe of Iſ ra ell, ſee that ye prayſe the Lord: And ye that be of A rons houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.


Prayſe ye the Lord for he is good, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Geue prayſe vnto the God of Gods, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which by his wiſdom made the heauē, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which ouer the waters ſtretcht the earth, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
The moone & ſtars to guide the night, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which ſmot Egypt with their firſt borne, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Geue prayſe vn to the Lord of Lordes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which onely doth great wondrous workes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which made great light to ſhine a broad, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: As Sonne to rule the light ſome day, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And Iſ ra ell brought out from them, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: With mighty hand and ſtret ched arme, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which cut the red ſea in two partes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And Iſ ra ell made paſſe there through, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
He which did ſmite great noble kynges, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And which hath ſlayne the mighty Kynges, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And gaue their land for he ri tage, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Euen to his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And drow ned Pha rao and his hoaſt, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Through wil der nes his peo ple led, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
As Se hon kyng of the Amo rites, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And Og the kyng of Ba ſan land, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Re mem bred vs in baſe e ſtate, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And from op preſſors reſ cued vs, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.

The Cxxxvij. Pſalme.



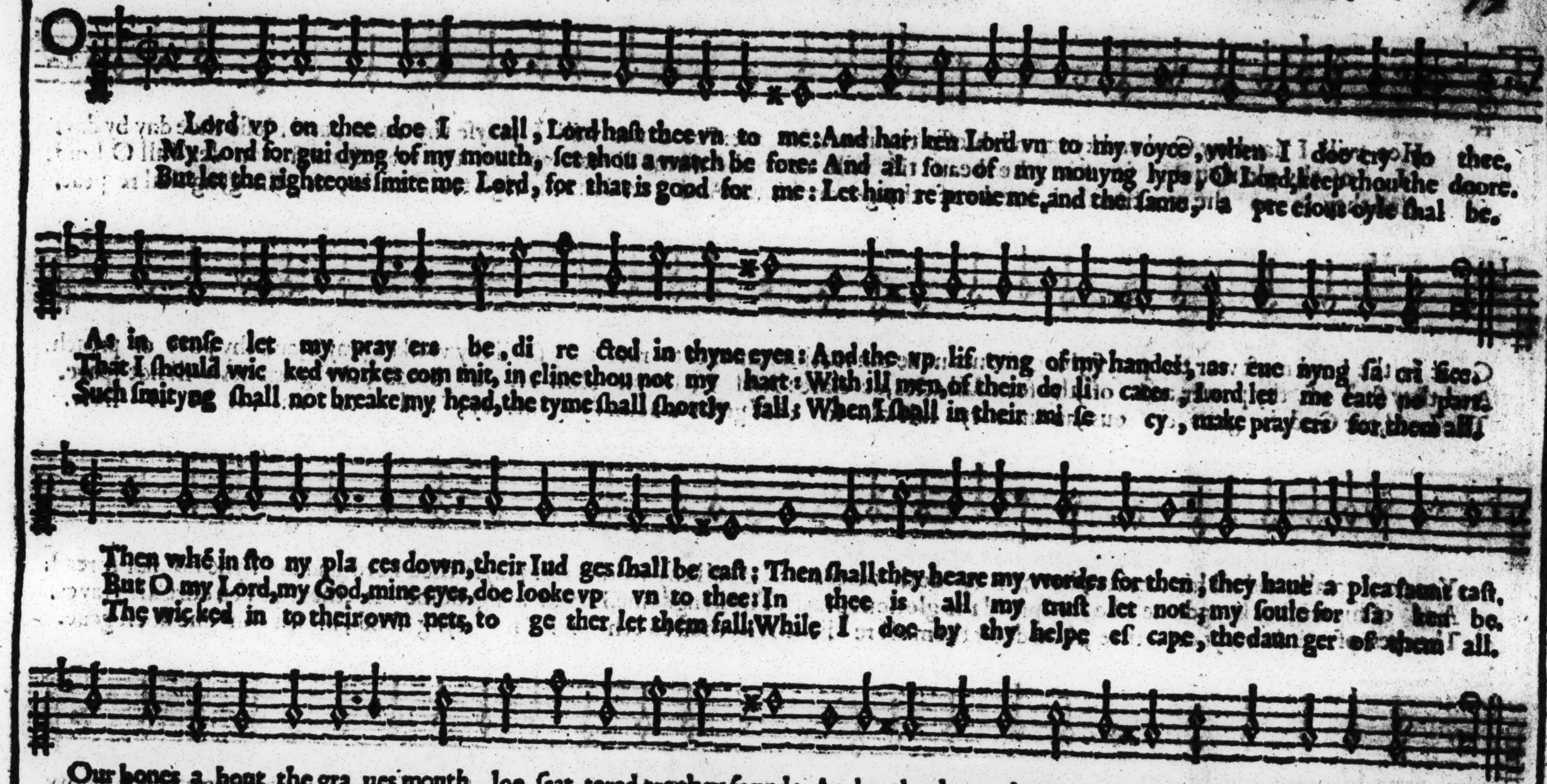
WHen as we ſate in Babylon, the riuers round about: And in remembrãce of Sion, the teares for griefe burſt out.
Then they to whõ we priſoners were, ſayd to vs tauntingly: Now let vs heare your Hebrue ſõgs, and pleaſant melody.
But yet, if I Ieruſalem, out of my hart, let ſlide: Then let my fingers quite forget, the warbling harpe to guide.

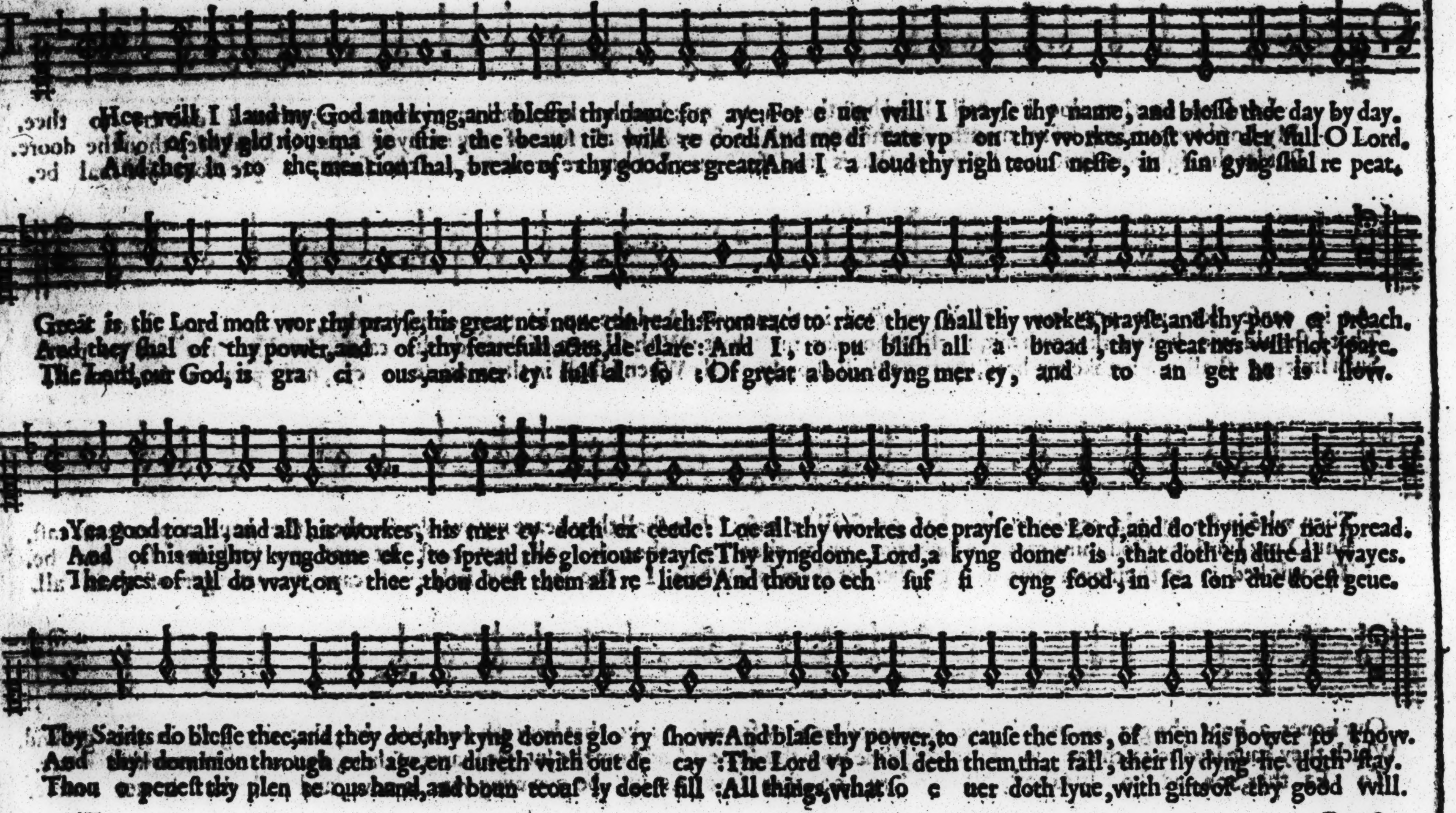
We hangd our harps, and inſtruments, the willow trees vpon: For in that place men for their vſe, had planted many one.
Alas (ſayd we) who can once frame, his ſorrowfull hart to ſing: The prayſes of our louing God, thus vnder a ſtrange kyng.
And let my toung within my mouth, be tyed for euer faſt: If that I ioy before I ſee, thy full deliuerãce paſt.

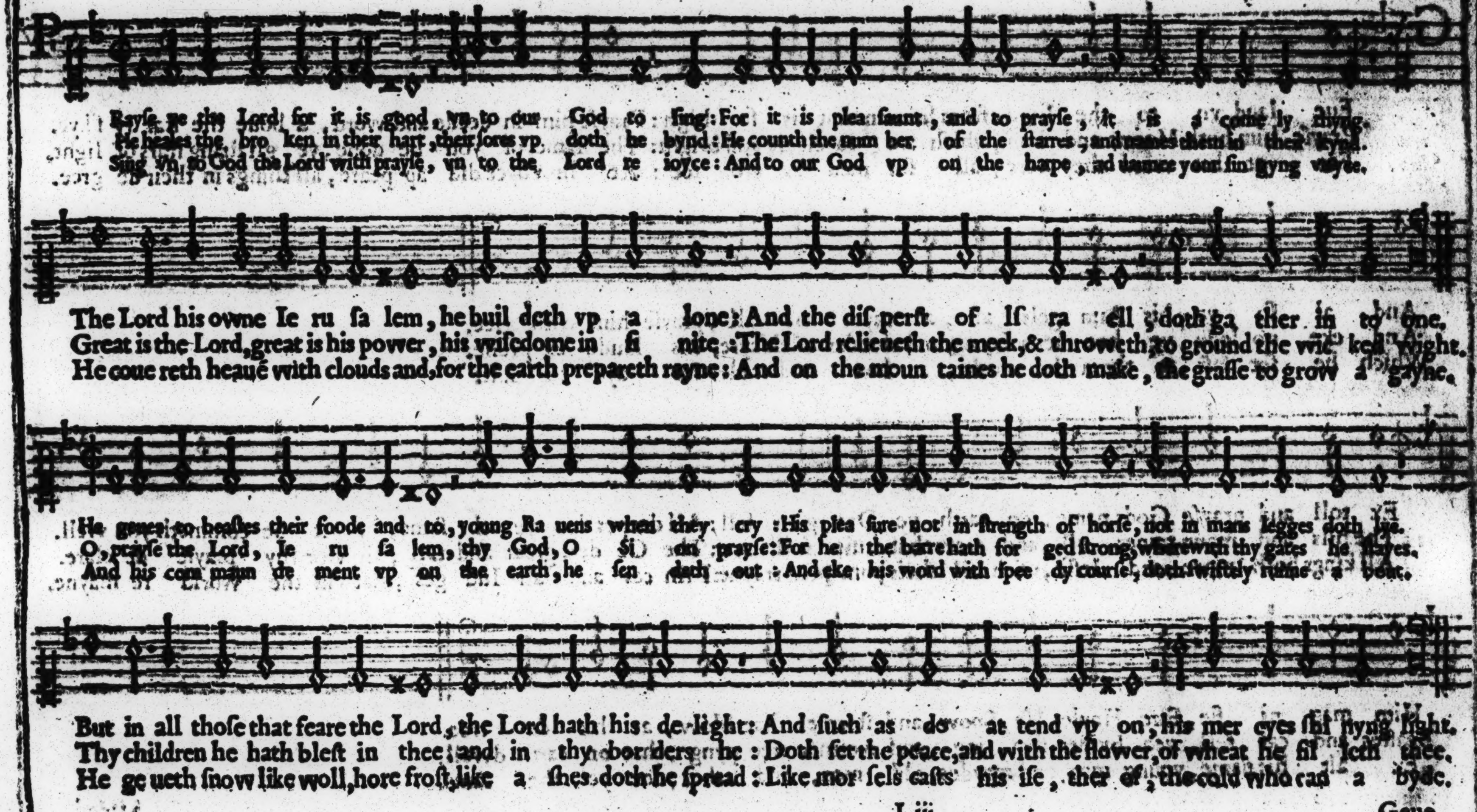
Therfore O Lord remember now, the curſed noyſe and cry: That Edoms ſons againſt vs made, when they raced our Citie.
Euen ſo ſhalt thou (O Babilon,) at lẽgth to duſt be brought: And happy ſhall that man be cald, that our reuẽge hath wrought.

Remember Lord their cruell wordes, when as with one accord: They cryed, on, ſack, and race their walles, in deſpight of the Lord.
Yea, bleſſed ſhall that man be cald, that taketh thy childrẽ yõg: To daſh their bones againſt hard ſtones, which lye the ſtreets among.

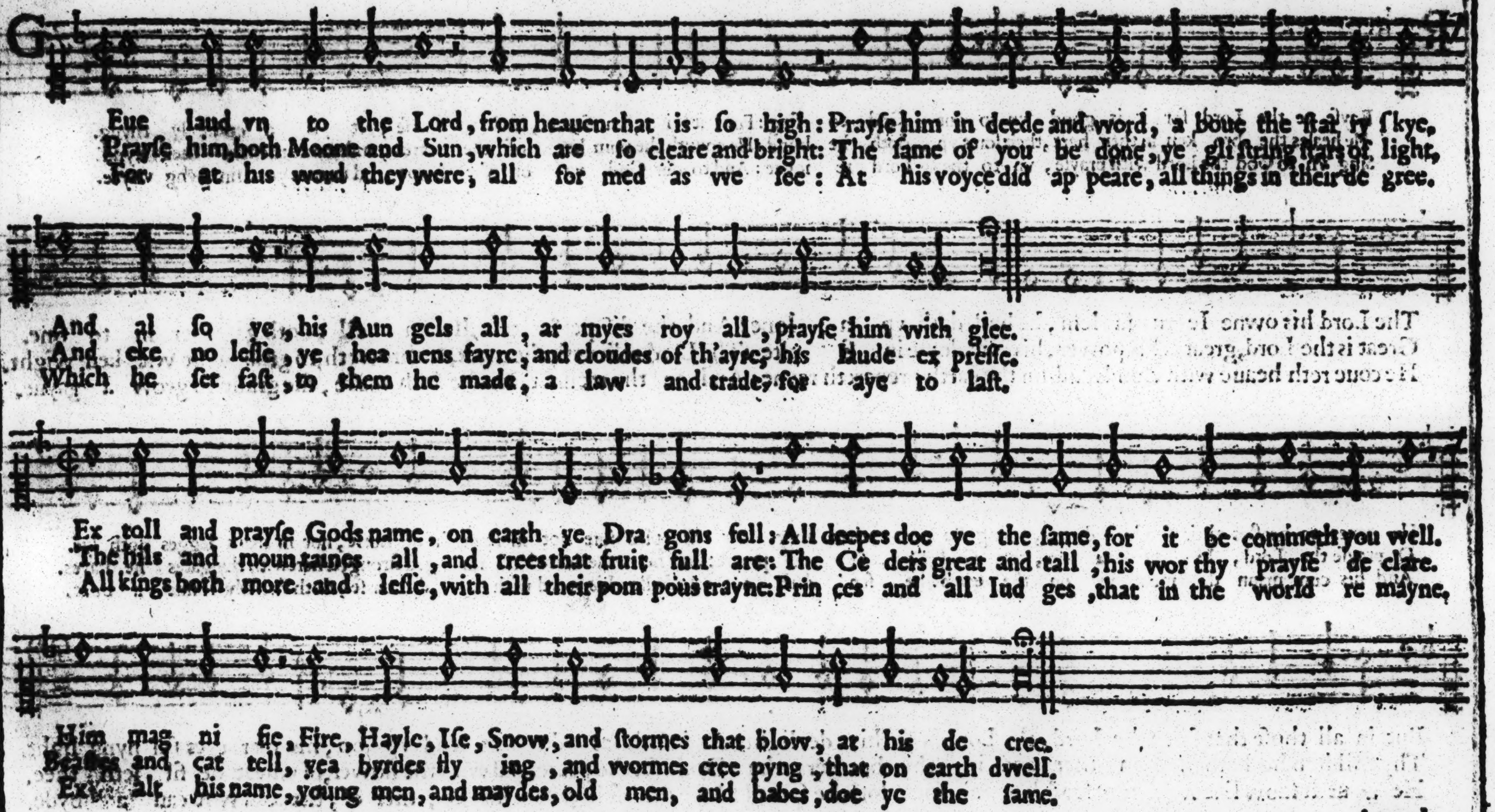
The Cxli. Pſalme.


Lord vp on thee doe I call, Lord haſt thee vn to me: And har ken Lord vn to my voyce, when I doe cry to thee.
My Lord for gui dyng of my mouth, ſet thou a watch be fore: And al ſo of my mouyng lyps, O Lord, keep thou the doore.
But let the righteous ſmite me Lord, for that is good for me: Let him re proue me, and the ſame, a pre cious oyle ſhal be.
As in cenſe let my pray ers be di re cted in thyne eyes: And the vp lif tyng of my handes, as eue nyng ſa cri fice.
That I ſhould wic ked workes com mit, in cline thou not my hart: With ill men, of their de li cates, Lord let me eate no part.
Such ſmityng ſhall not breake my head, the tyme ſhall ſhortly fall; When I ſhall in their mi ſe ry, make pray ers for them all.
Then whē in ſto ny pla ces down, their Iud ges ſhall be caſt; Then ſhall they heare my wordes for then, they haue a plea ſaunt taſt.
But O my Lord, my God, mine eyes, doe looke vp vn to thee: In thee is all my truſt let not, my ſoule for ſa ken be.
The wic ked in to their own nets, to ge ther let them fall; While I doe by thy helpe eſ cape, the daun ger of them all.
Our bones a bout the gra ues mouth, loe ſcat tered are they found: As he that hew eth wood or he, that dig geth in the ground.
Which they haue layd to catch me in, Lord keepe me from the ſnare: And from the ſut tle ſnares of them, that wic ked wor kers are.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be for euer more.


Thee will I laud my God and kyng, and bleſſe thy name for aye: For e uer will I prayſe thy name, and bleſſe thee day by day.
Of thy glo rious ma ieſtie, the beau tie will re cord: And me di tate vp on thy workes, moſt won der full O Lord.
And they in to the men tion ſhal, breake of thy goodnes great: And I a loud thy righ teouſ neſſe, in ſin gyng ſhal re peat.
Great is the Lord moſt wor thy prayſe, his great nes none can reach: From race to race they ſhall thy workes, prayſe, and thy pow er preach.
And they ſhal of thy power, and of, thy fearefull actes, de clare: And I, to pu bliſh all a broad, thy great nes will not ſpare.
The Lord, our God, is gra ci ous, and mer cy full al ſo: Of great a boun dyng mer cy, and to an ger he is ſlow.
Yea good to all, and all his workes, his mer cy doth ex ceede: Loe all thy workes doe prayſe thee Lord, and do thy ho nor ſpread.
And of his mighty kyngdome eke, to ſpread the glorious prayſe: Thy kyngdome, Lord, a kyng dome is, that doth en dure al wayes.
The eyes of all do wayt on thee, thou doeſt them all re lieue: And thou to ech ſuf fi cyng food, in ſea ſon due doeſt geue.
Thy Saints do bleſſe thee, and they doe, thy kyng domes glo ry ſhow: And blaſe thy power, to cauſe the ſons, of men his power to know.
And thy dominion through ech age, en dureth with out de cay: The Lord vp hol deth them that fall, their fly dyng he doth ſtay.
Thou o peneſt thy plen te ous hand, and boun teouſ ly doeſt fill: All things, what ſo e uer doth lyue, with gifts of thy good will.


Rayſe ye the Lord for it is good, vn to our God to ſing: For it is plea ſaunt, and to prayſe, it is a come ly thyng.
He heales the bro ken in their hart, their ſores vp. doth he bynd: He counth the num ber of the ſtarres, and names them in their kynd.
Sing vn to God the Lord with prayſe, vn to the Lord re ioyce: And to our God vp on the harpe, ad daunce your ſin gyng voyce.
The Lord his owne Ie ru ſa lem, he buil deth vp a lone: And the diſ perſt of Iſ ra ell, doth ga ther in to one.
Great is the Lord, great is his power, his wiſedome in fi nite: The Lord relieueth the meek, & throweth, to ground the wic ked wight.
He coue reth heauē with clouds and, for the earth prepareth rayne: And on the moun taines he doth make, the graſſe to grow a gayne.
He geues to beaſtes their foode and to, young Ra uens when they cry: His plea ſure not in ſtrength of horſe, not in mans legges doth lye.
O, prayſe the Lord, Ie ru ſa lem, thy God, O Si on prayſe: For he the barre hath for ged ſtrong, wherewith thy gates he ſtayes.
And his com maun de ment vp on the earth, he ſen deth out: And eke his word with ſpee dy courſe, doth ſwiftely runne a bout.
But in all thoſe that feare the Lord, the Lord hath his de light: And ſuch as do at tend vp on, his mer cyes ſhi nyng light.
Thy children he hath bleſt in thee, and in thy bor ders he: Doth ſet the peace, and with the flower, of wheat he fil leth thee.
He ge ueth ſnow like woll, hore froſt, like a ſhes doth he ſpread: Like mor ſels caſts his iſe, ther of, the cold who can a byde.

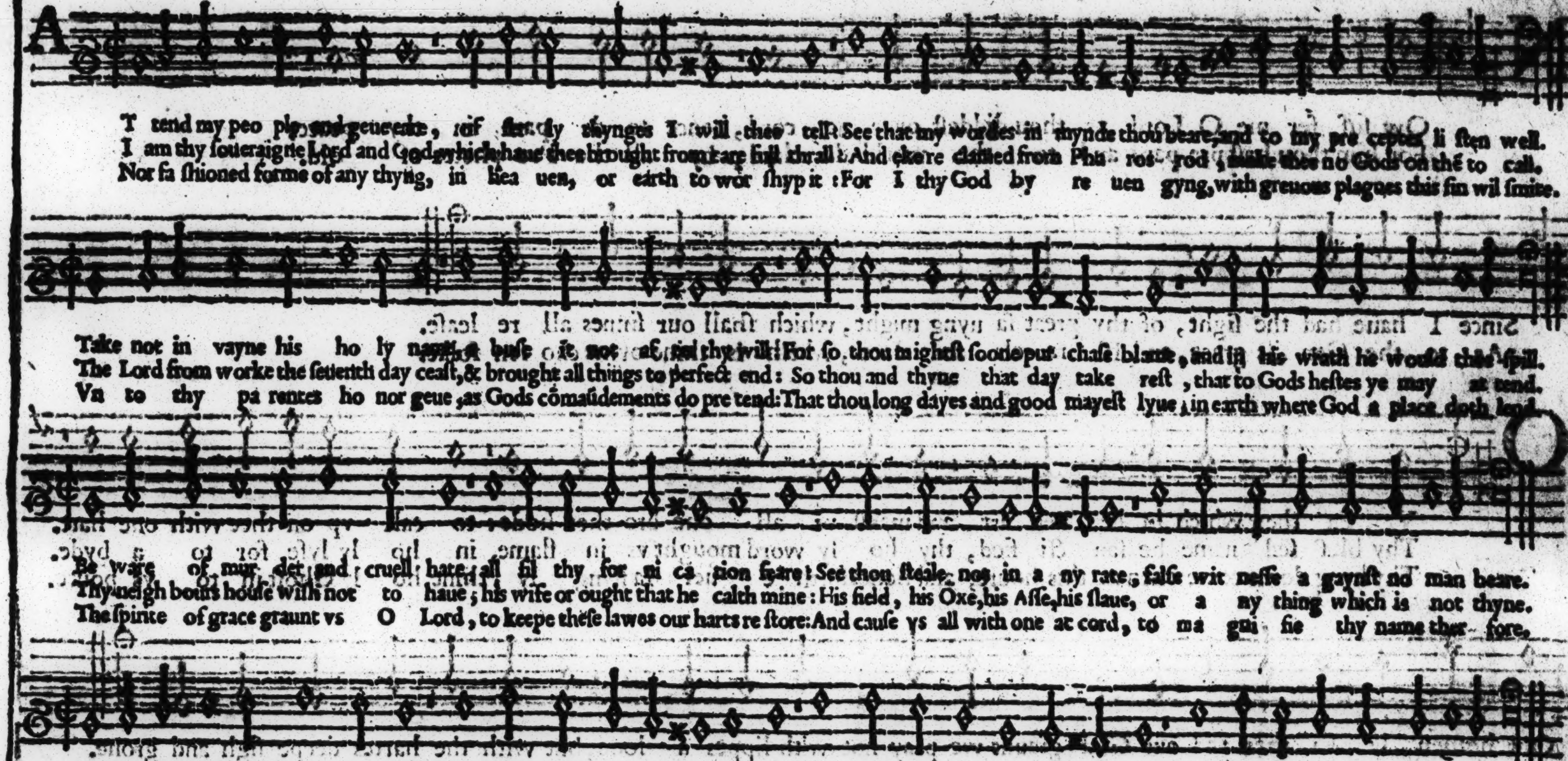
The Cxlviij. Pſalme.


Eue laud vn to the Lord, from heauen that is ſo high: Prayſe him in deede and word, a boue the ſtar ry ſkye,
Prayſe him, both Moone and Sun, which are ſo cleare and bright: The ſame of you be done, ye gli ſtring ſtars of light,
For at his word they were, all for med as we ſee: At his voyce did ap peare, all things in their de gree.
And al ſo ye, his Aun gels all, ar myes roy all, prayſe him with glee.
And eke no leſſe, ye hea uens fayre, and cloudes of th'ayre, his laude ex preſſe.
Which he ſet faſt, to them he made, a law and trade, for aye to laſt.
Ex toll and prayſe Gods name, on earth ye Dra gons fell: All deepes doe ye the ſame, for it be commeth you well.
The hils and moun taines all, and trees that fruit full are: The Ce ders great and tall, his wor thy prayſe de clare.
All kings both more and leſſe, with all their pom pous trayne: Prin ces and all Iud ges, that in the world re mayne,
Him mag ni fie, Fire, Hayle, Iſe, Snow, and ſtormes that blow, at his de cree.
Beaſtes and cat tell, yea byrdes fly ing, and wormes cree pyng, that on earth dwell.
Ex alt his name, young men, and maydes, old men, and babes, doe ye the ſame.

Attend

¶ The end of the Pſalmes.

The x. Commaundementes.

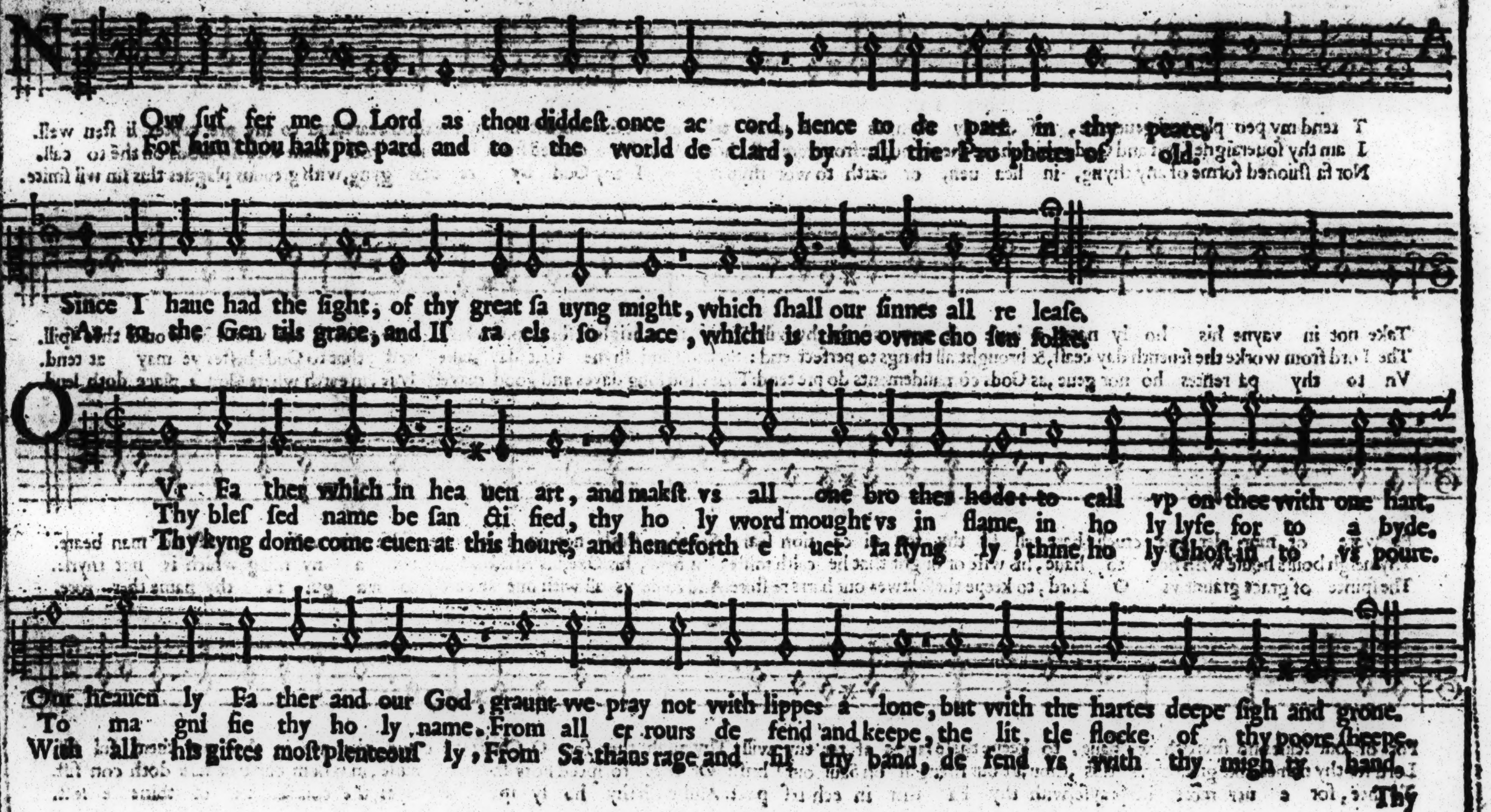


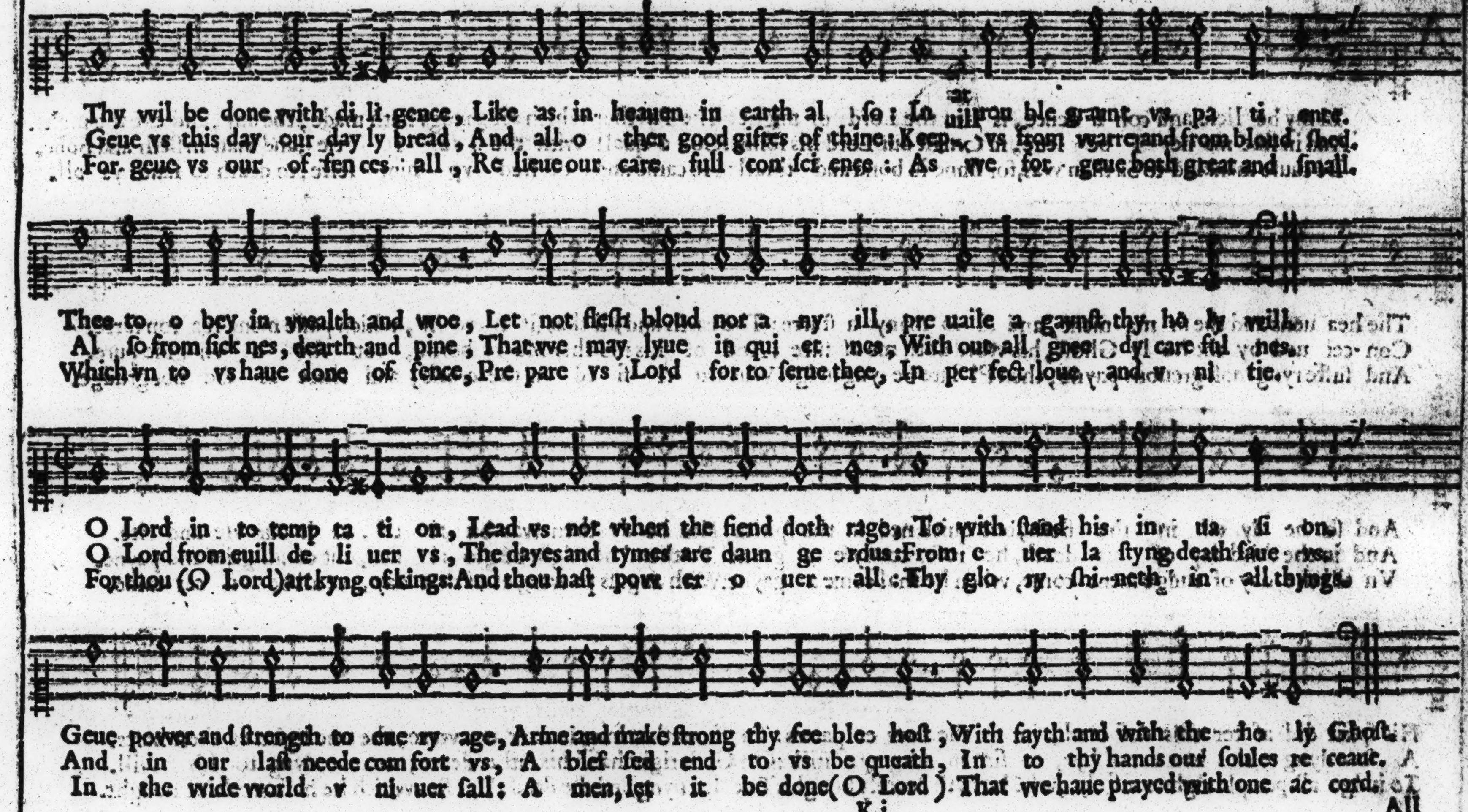
AT tend my peo ple, and geue eare, of fer ly thynges I will thee tell: See that my wordes in mynde thou beare, and to my pre ceptes li ſten well.
I am thy ſoueraigne Lord and God, which haue thee brought from care full thrall: And eke re claimed from Pha rao god, make thee no Gods on the to call.
Nor fa ſhioned forme of any thyng, in hea uen, or earth to wor ſhyp it: For I thy God by re uen gyng, with greuous plagues this ſin wil ſmite.

Take not in vayne his ho ly name, a buſe it not af ter thy will: For ſo thou mighſt ſoone pur chaſe blame, and in his wrath he would thee ſpill.
The Lord from worke the ſeuenth day ceaſt, & brought all things to perfect end: So thou and thyne that day take reſt, that to Gods heſtes ye may at tend.
Vn to thy pa rentes ho nor geue, as Gods cõmaũdements do pre tend: That thou long dayes and good mayeſt lyue, in earth where God a place doth lend.

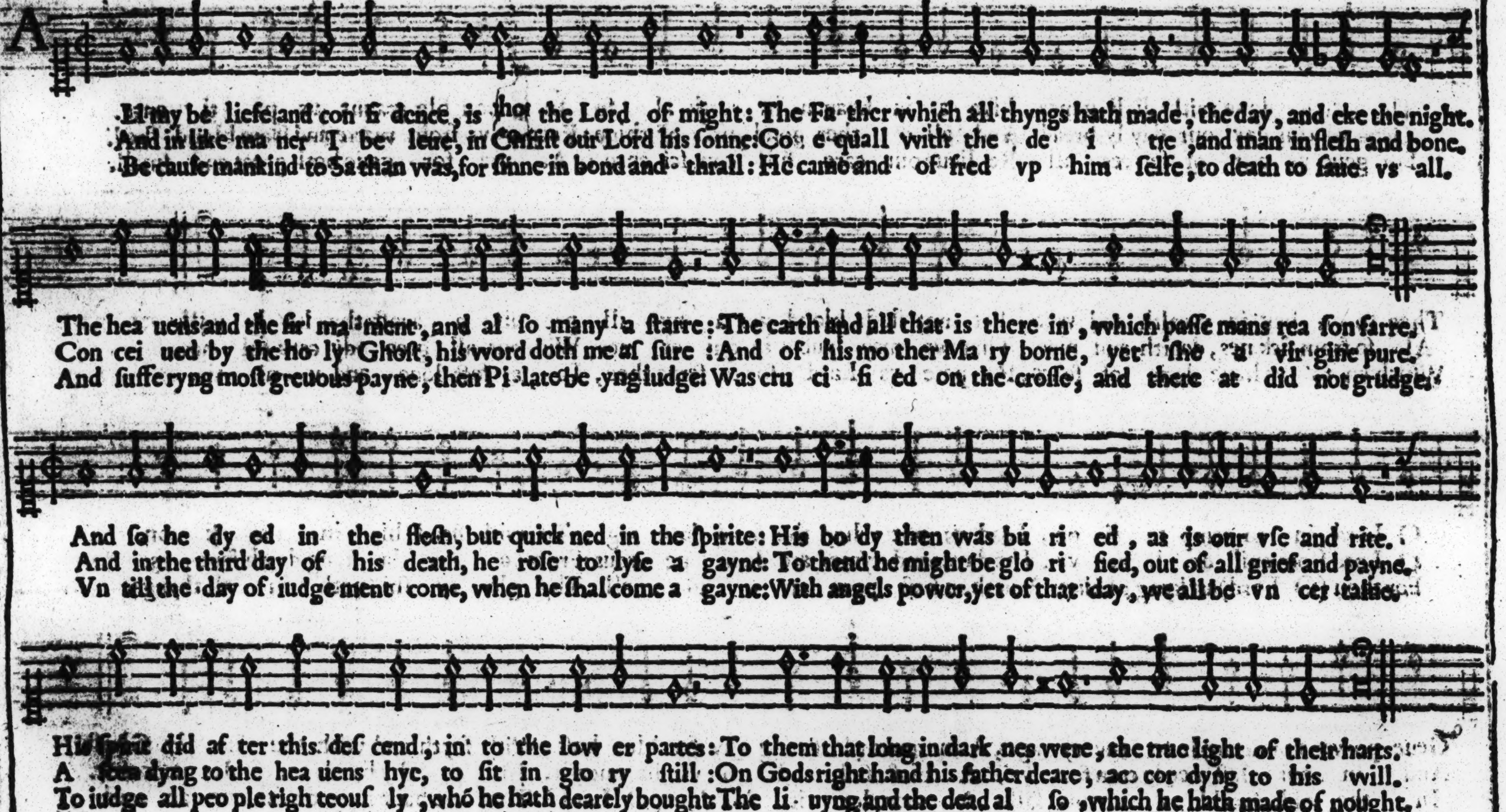
Be ware of mur der and cruell hate, all fil thy for ni ca tion feare: See thou ſteale not in a ny rate, falſe wit neſſe a gaynſt no man beare.
Thy neigh bours houſe wiſh not to haue, his wife or ought that he calth mine: His field, his Oxe, his Aſſe, his ſlaue, or a ny thing which is not thyne.
The ſpirite of grace graunt vs O Lord, to keepe theſe lawes our harts re ſtore: And cauſe vs all with one ac cord, to ma gni fie thy name ther fore.

For of our ſelues no ſtrength we haue, to keepe theſe lawes af ter thy will: Thy might ther fore O Chriſt we craue, that we in thee may them ful fill.
Lord for thy names ſake graunt vs this, thou art our ſtrength oh Saui our Chriſt: Of thee to ſpeed how ſhould we miſſe, in whom our trea ſure doth con ſiſt.
To thee, for e uer more be prayſe, with thy Fa ther in ech reſ pect: And with thy ho ly ſpirite al wayes, the com for ter of thine e lect.

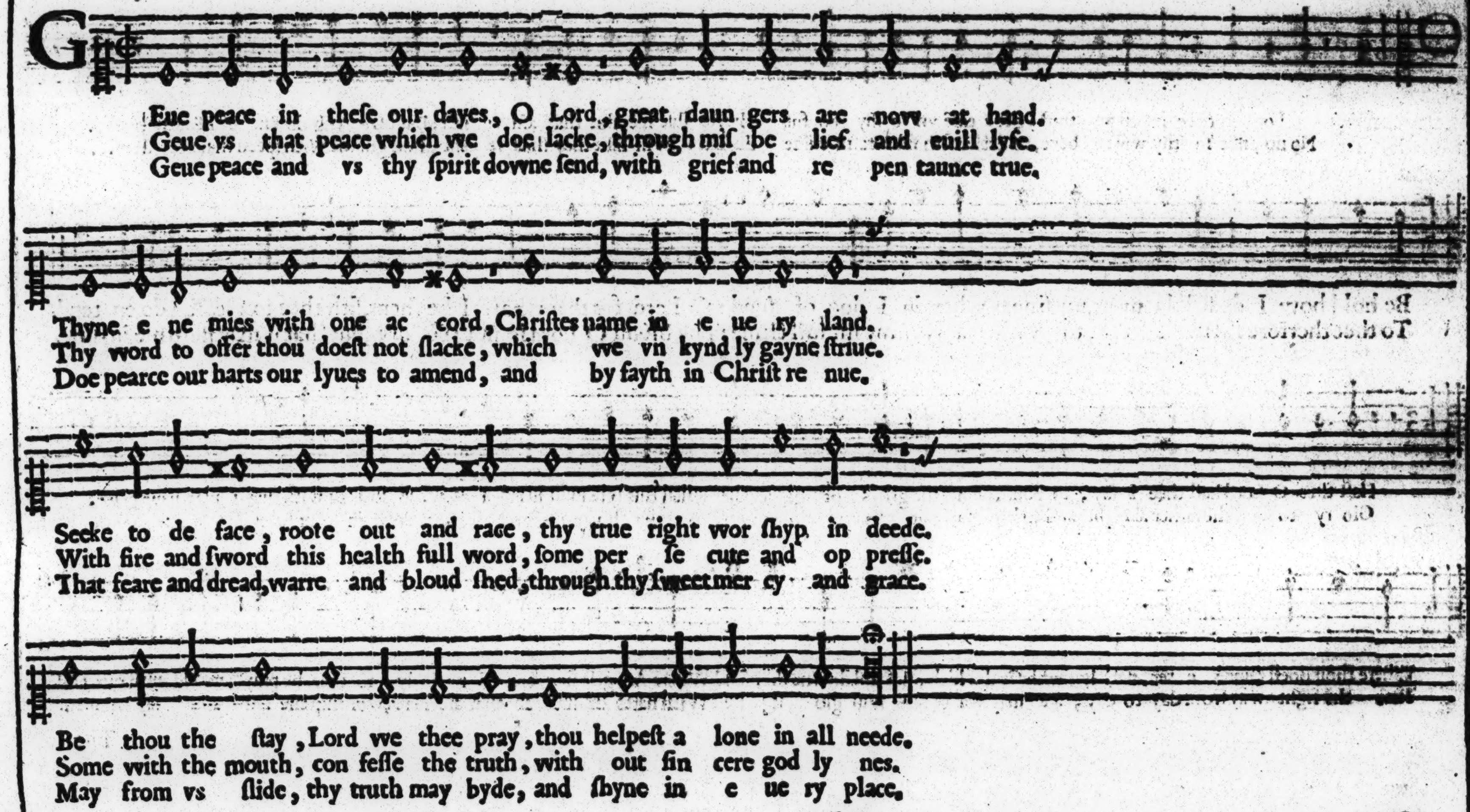

N
Ow ſuf fer me O Lord as thou diddeſt once ac cord, hence to de part in thy peace,
For him thou haſt pre pard and to the world de clard, by all the Pro phetes of old.
Since I haue had the ſight, of thy great ſa uyng might, which ſhall our ſinnes all re leaſe.
As to the Gen tils grace, and Iſ ra els ſo lace, which is thine owne cho ſen folke.
O
Vr Fa ther which in hea uen art, and makſt vs all one bro ther hode: to call vp on thee with one hart.
Thy bleſ ſed name be ſan cti fied, thy ho ly word mought vs in flame, in ho ly lyfe for to a byde.
Thy kyng dome come euen at this houre, and henceforth e uer ſa ſtyng ly, thine ho ly Ghoſt in to vs poure.
Our heauen ly Fa ther and our God, graunt we pray not with lippes a lone, but with the hartes deepe ſigh and grone.
To ma gni fie thy ho ly name. From all er rours de fend and keepe, the lit tle flocke of thy poore ſheepe.
With all his giftes moſt plenteouſ ly, From Sa thans rage and fil thy band, de fend vs with thy migh ty hand.
Thy

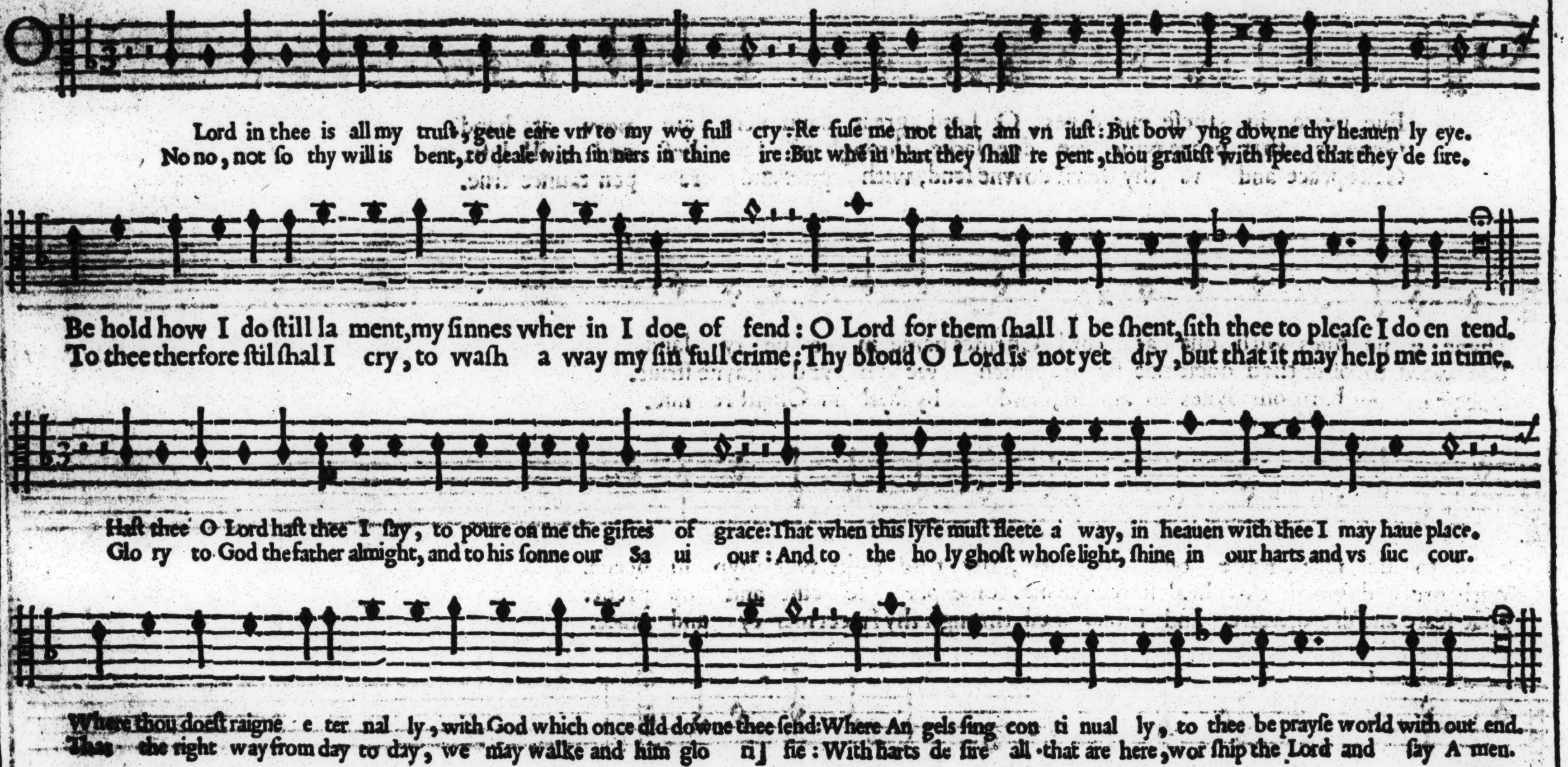

Thy wil be done with di li gence, Like as in heauen in earth al ſo: In trou ble grant vs pa ti ence.
Geue vs this day our day ly bread, And all o ther good giftes of thine: Keep vs from warre and from bloud ſhed.
For geue vs our of fen ces all, Re lieue our care full con ſci ence: As we for geue both great and ſmall.
Thee to o bey in wealth and woe, Let not fleſh bloud nor a ny ill, pre uaile a gaynſt thy ho ly will.
Al ſo from ſick nes, dearth and pine; That we may lyue in qui et nes, With out all gree dy care ful nes.
Which vn to vs haue done of fence, Pre pare vs Lord for to ſerue thee, In per fect loue and v ni tie.
O Lord in to temp ta ti on, Lead vs not when the fiend doth rage, To with ſtand his in ua ſi on.
O Lord from euill de li uer vs, The dayes and tymes are daun ge rous: From e uer la ſtyng death ſaue vs.
For thou (O Lord) art kyng of kings: And thou haſt pow er o uer all: Thy glo ry ſhi neth in all thyngs.
Geue power and ſtrength to e ue ry age, Arme and make ſtrong thy fee ble hoſt, With fayth and with the ho ly Ghoſt.
And in our laſt neede com fort vs, A bleſ ſed end to vs be queath, In to thy hands our ſoules re ceaue.
In the wide world v ni uer ſall: A men, let it be done (O Lord) That we haue prayed with one ac cord.

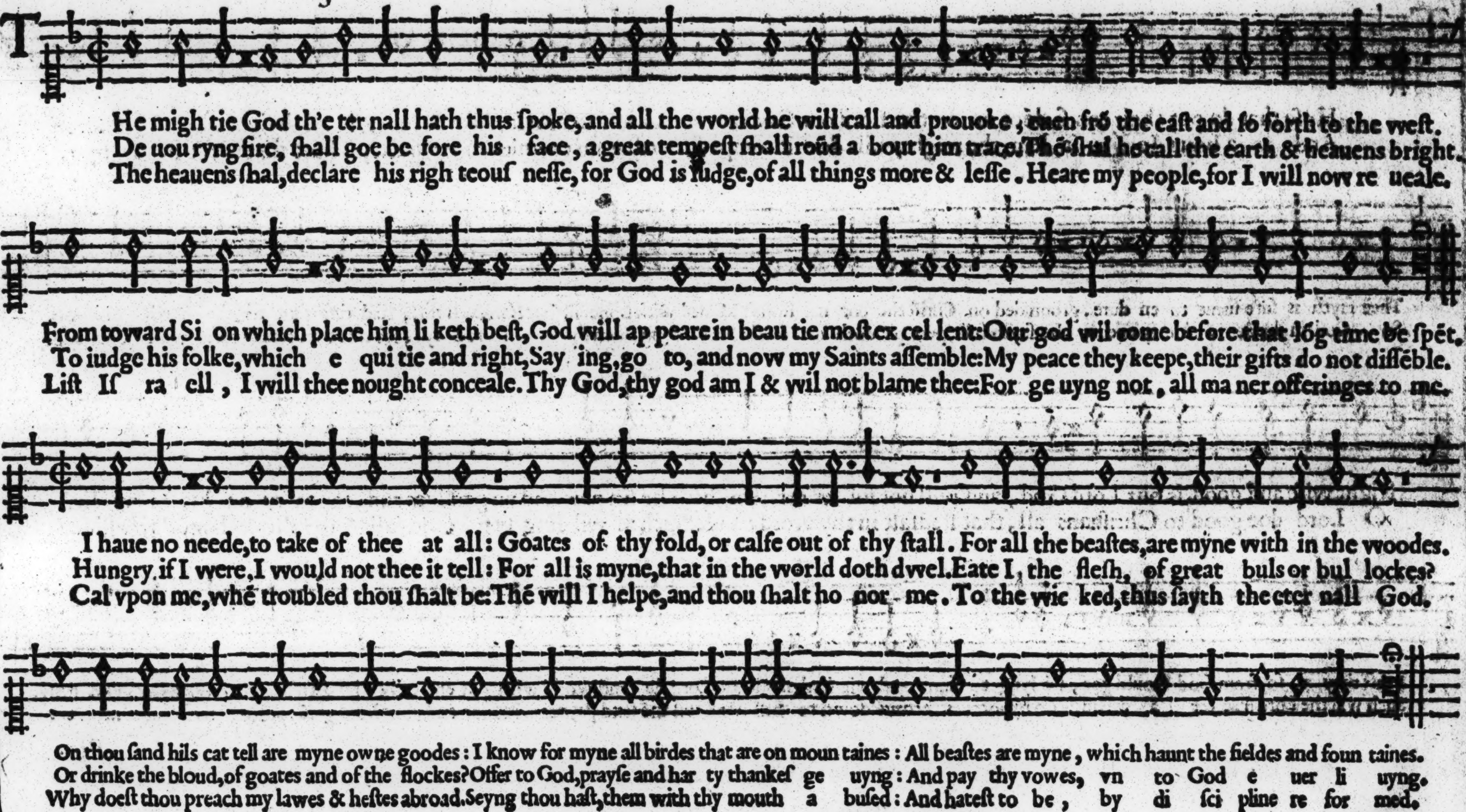
G.D. The xij. Articles of Christian fayth. *Treble.*


A
LL my be liefe and con fi dence, is in the Lord of might: The Fa ther which all thyngs hath made, the day, and eke the night.
And in like ma ner I be leue, in Chriſt our Lord his ſonne: Co e quall with the de i tie, and man in fleſh and bone.
Be cauſe mankind to Sa than was, for ſinne in bond and thrall: He came and of fred vp him ſelfe, to death to ſaue vs all.
The hea uens and the fir ma ment, and al ſo many a ſtarre: The earth and all that is there in, which paſſe mans rea ſon farre.
Con cei ued by the ho ly Ghoſt, his word doth me aſ ſure: And of his mo ther Ma ry borne, yet ſhe a vir gine pure.
And ſuffe ryng moſt greuous payne, then Pi late be yng iudge: Was cru ci fi ed on the croſſe, and there at did not grudge.
And ſo he dy ed in the fleſh, but quick ned in the ſpirite: His bo dy then was bu ri ed, as is our vſe and rite.
And in the third day of his death, he roſe to lyfe a gayne: To thend he might be glo ri fied, out of all grief and payne.
Vn till the day of iudge ment come, when he ſhal come a gayne: With angels power, yet of that day, we all be vn cer taine.
His ſpirit did af ter this deſ cend, in to the low er partes: To them that long in dark nes were, the true light of their harts.
A ſcen dyng to the hea uens hye, to ſit in glo ry ſtill: On Gods right hand his father deare, ac cor dyng to his will.
To iudge all peo ple righ teouſ ly, whō he hath dearely bought: The li uyng and the dead al ſo, which he hath made of nought.

Da pacem Domine.


GEue peace in theſe our dayes, O Lord, great daun gers are now at hand.
Geue vs that peace which we doe lacke, through miſ be lief and euill lyfe.
Geue peace and vs thy ſpirit downe ſend, with grief and re pen taunce true.
Thyne e ne mies with one ac cord, Chriſtes name in e ue ry land.
Thy word to offer thou doeſt not ſlacke, which we vn kynd ly gayne ſtriue.
Doe pearce our harts our lyues to amend, and by fayth in Chriſt re nue.
Seeke to de face, roote out and race, thy true right wor ſhyp in deede.
With fire and ſword this health full word, ſome per ſe cute and op preſſe.
That feare and dread, warre and bloud ſhed, through thy ſweet mer cy and grace.
Be thou the ſtay, Lord we thee pray, thou helpeſt a lone in all neede.
Some with the mouth, con feſſe the truth, with out ſin cere god ly nes.
May from vs ſlide, thy truth may byde, and ſhyne in e ue ry place.


Lord in thee is all my truſt, geue eare vnto my wo full cry: Re fuſe me not that am vn iuſt: But bow yng downe thy heauen ly eye.
No no, not ſo thy will is bent, to deale with ſin ners in thine ire: But when in hart they ſhall re pent, thou grauntſt with ſpeed that they de ſire.
Be hold how I do ſtill la ment, my ſinnes wher in I doe of fend: O Lord for them ſhall I be ſhent, ſith thee to pleaſe I do en tend.
To thee therfore ſtil ſhal I cry, to waſh a way my ſin full crime: Thy bloud O Lord is not yet dry, but that it may help me in time.
Haſt thee O Lord haſt thee I ſay, to poure on me the giftes of grace: That when this lyfe muſt fleete a way, in heauen with thee I may haue place.
Glo ry to God the father almight, and to his ſonne our Sa ui our: And to the ho ly ghoſt whoſe light, ſhine in our harts and vs ſuc cour.
Where thou doeſt raigne e ter nal ly, with God which once did downe thee ſend: Where An gels ſing con ti nual ly, to thee be prayſe world with out end.
Then the right way from day to day, we may walke and him glo ri fie: With harts de ſire all that are here, wor ſhip the Lord and ſay A men.



T

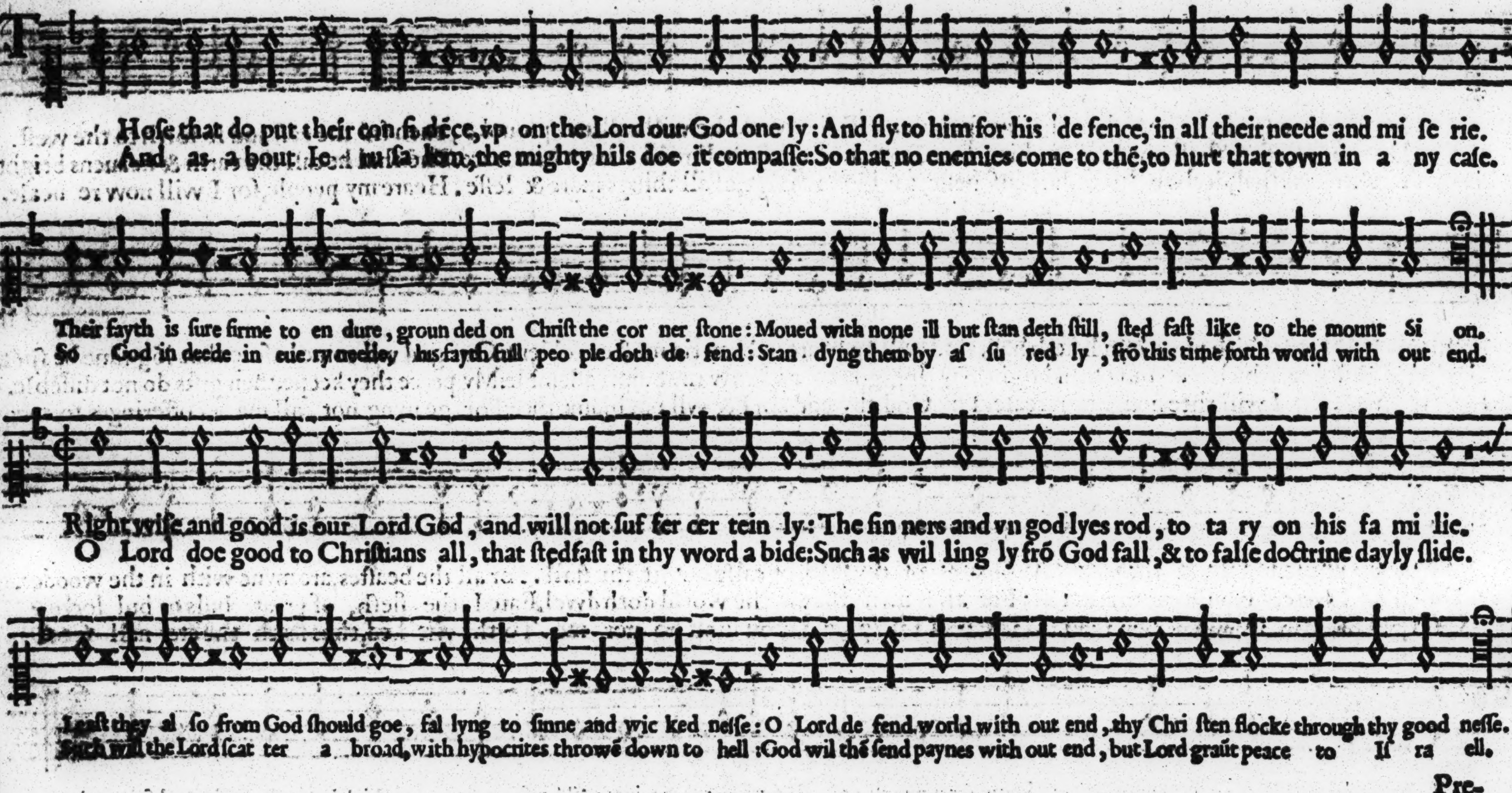
He mightie God th'eternall hath thus ſpoke, and all the world he will call and prouoke, euen frō the eaſt and ſo forth to the weſt.
Deuouryng fire, ſhall goe before his face, a great tempeſt ſhall roūd about him trace. Thē ſhal he call the earth & heauens bright.
The heauens ſhal, declare his righteouſneſſe, for God is iudge, of all things more & leſſe. Heare my people, for I will now reueale.

From toward Sion which place him liketh beſt, God will appeare in beautie moſt excellent: Our god wil come before that lōg time be ſpēt.
To iudge his folke, which equitie and right, Saying, go to, and now my Saints aſſemble: My peace they keepe, their gifts do not diſſēble.
Liſt Iſraell, I will thee nought conceale. Thy God, thy god am I & wil not blame thee: For geuyng not, all maner offeringes to me.

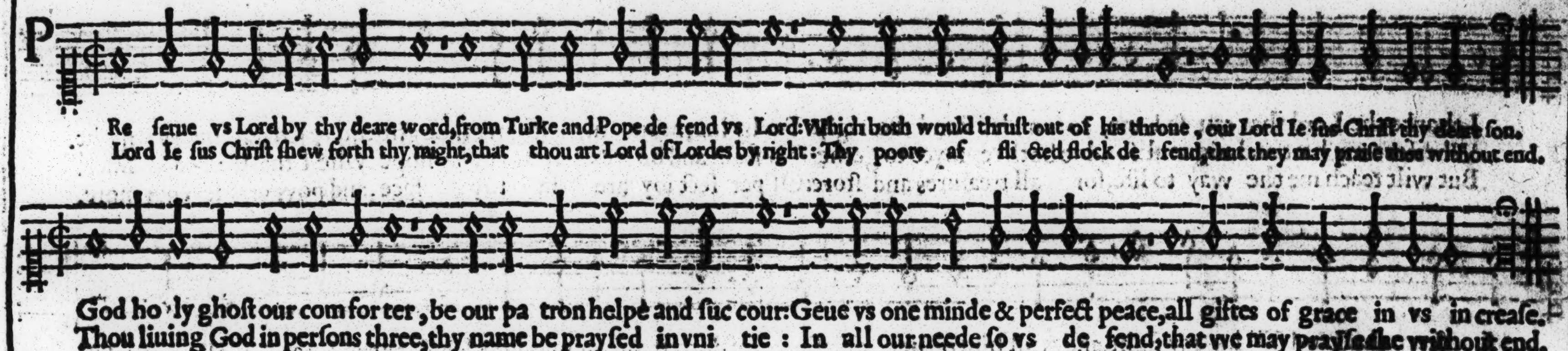
I haue no neede, to take of thee at all: Goates of thy fold, or calfe out of thy ſtall. For all the beaſtes, are myne within the woodes.
Hungry if I were, I would not thee it tell: For all is myne, that in the world doth dwel. Eate I, the fleſh, of great buls or bullockes?
Cal vpon me, whē troubled thou ſhalt be: Thē will I helpe, and thou ſhalt honor me. To the wicked, thus ſayth the eternall God.

On thouſand hils cattell are myne owne goodes: I know for myne all birdes that are on mountaines: All beaſtes are myne, which haunt the fieldes and fountaines.
Or drinke the bloud, of goates and of the flockes? Offer to God, prayſe and harty thankeſ geuyng: And pay thy vowes, vnto God euer liuyng.
Why doeſt thou preach my lawes & heſtes abroad. Seyng thou haſt, them with thy mouth abuſed: And hateſt to be, by diſcipline reformed.

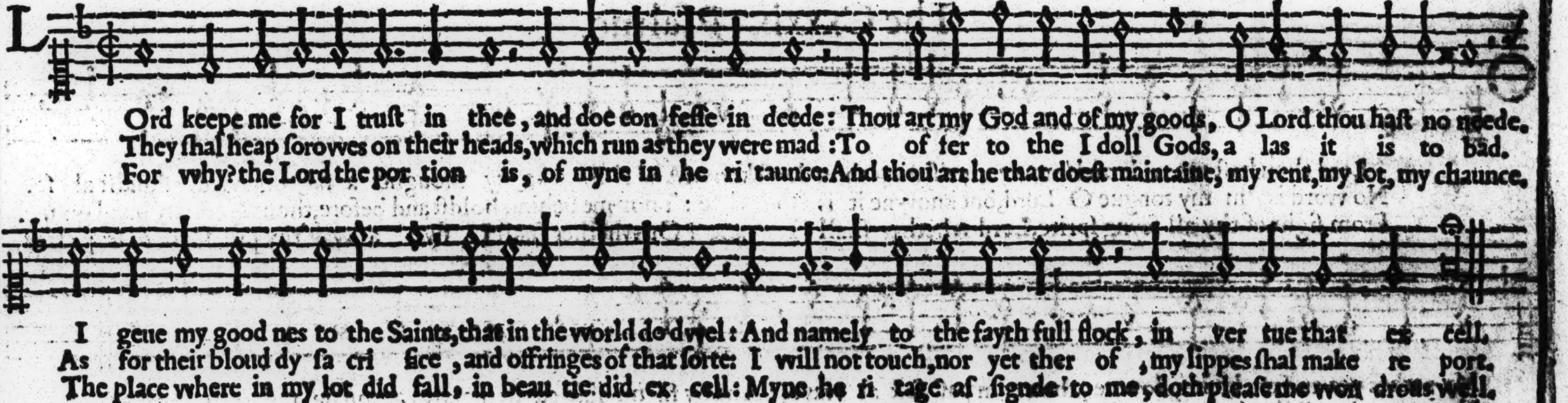
G.D. Qui confidunt in Domino. Pſalme. Cxxv. Treble.


T
Hoſe that do put their con fi déce, vp on the Lord our God one ly: And fly to him for his de fence, in all their neede and mi ſe rie.
And as a bout Ie ru ſa lem, the mighty hils doe it compaſſe: So that no enemies come to thé, to hurt that town in a ny caſe.
Their fayth is ſure firme to en dure, groun ded on Chriſt the cor ner ſtone: Moued with none ill but ſtan deth ſtill, ſted faſt like to the mount Si on.
So God in deede in eue ry neede, his fayth full peo ple doth de fend: Stan dyng them by aſ ſu red ly, frõ this time forth world with out end.
Right wiſe and good is our Lord God, and will not ſuf fer cer tein ly: The ſin ners and vn god lyes rod, to ta ry on his fa mi lie.
O Lord doe good to Chriſtians all, that ſtedfaſt in thy word a bide: Such as wil ling ly frō God fall, & to falſe doctrine dayly ſlide.
Leaſt they al ſo from God ſhould goe, fal lyng to ſinne and wic ked neſſe: O Lord de fend world with out end, thy Chri ſten flocke through thy good neſſe.
Such will the Lord ſcat ter a broad, with hypocrites throwẽ down to hell: God wil thẽ ſend paynes with out end, but Lord graũt peace to Iſ ra ell.

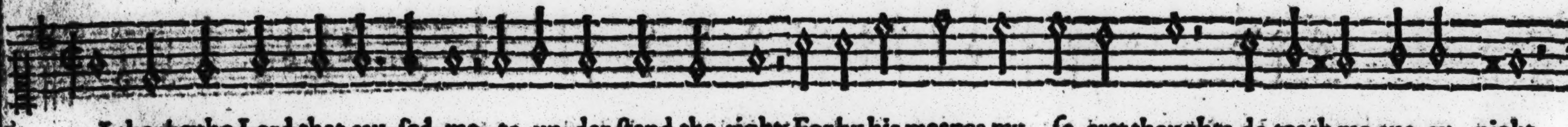
Pre-


P
Re ſerue vs Lord by thy deare word, from Turke and Pope de fend vs Lord: Which both would thruſt out of his throne, our Lord Ie ſus Chriſt thy deare ſon.
Lord Ie ſus Chriſt ſhew forth thy might, that thou art Lord of Lordes by right: Thy poore af fli cted flock de fend, that they may praiſe thee without end.
God ho ly ghoſt our com for ter, be our pa tron helpe and ſuc cour: Geue vs one minde & perfect peace, all giftes of grace in vs in creaſe.
Thou liuing God in perſons three, thy name be prayſed in vni tie: In all our neede ſo vs de fend, that we may prayſe the without end.

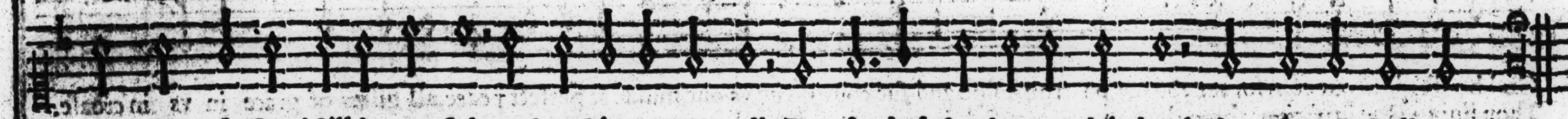
The xvi. Pſalme.


L
Ord keepe me for I truſt in thee, and doe con feſſe in deede: Thou art my God and of my goods, O Lord thou haſt no neede.
They ſhal heap ſorowes on their heads, which run as they were mad: To of fer to the I doll Gods, a las it is to bad.
For why? the Lord the por tion is, of myne in he ri taunce: And thou art he that doeſt maintaine, my rent, my lot, my chaunce.
I geue my good nes to the Saints, that in the world do dwel: And namely to the fayth full flock, in ver tue that ex cell.
As for their bloud dy ſa cri fice, and offringes of that ſorte: I will not touch, nor yet ther of, my lippes ſhal make re port.
The place where in my lot did fall, in beau tie did ex cell: Myne he ri tage aſ ſignde to me, doth pleaſe me won drous well.

G.D. The xvi. and Cxxxix. Pſalme. *Treble.*

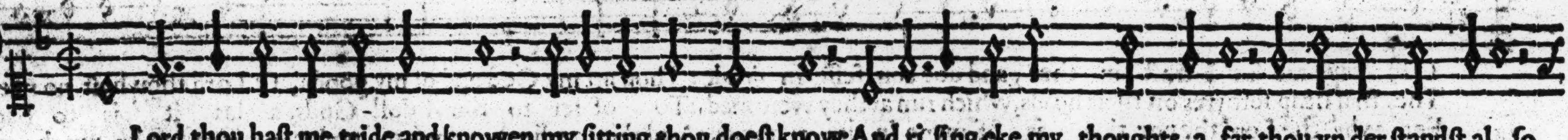


I thanke the Lord that cauſed me, to vnderſtand the right: For by his meanes my ſecret thoughts, do teach me euery night.
Wherfore my hart and tõgue alſo, doe both reioyce together: My fleſh and body reſt in hope, whẽ I this thing conſider.
But wilt teach me the way to life, for all treaſures and ſtore: Of perfect ioy are in thy face, and power for euermore.

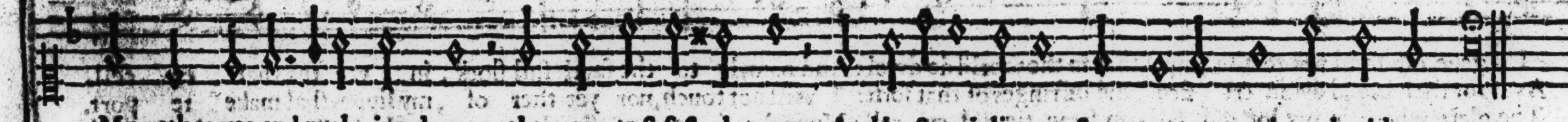


I ſet the Lord ſtill in my ſight, and truſt him ouer all: For he doth ſtand on my right hand, therfore I ſhall not fall.
Thou wilt not leaue my ſoule in graue, for Lord thou loueſt me: Nor yet wilt geue thine holy one, corruption for to ſee.
Now bleſſed be the father firſt, and bleſſed be the ſon: And bleſſed be the holy ghoſt, by whom all things were done.

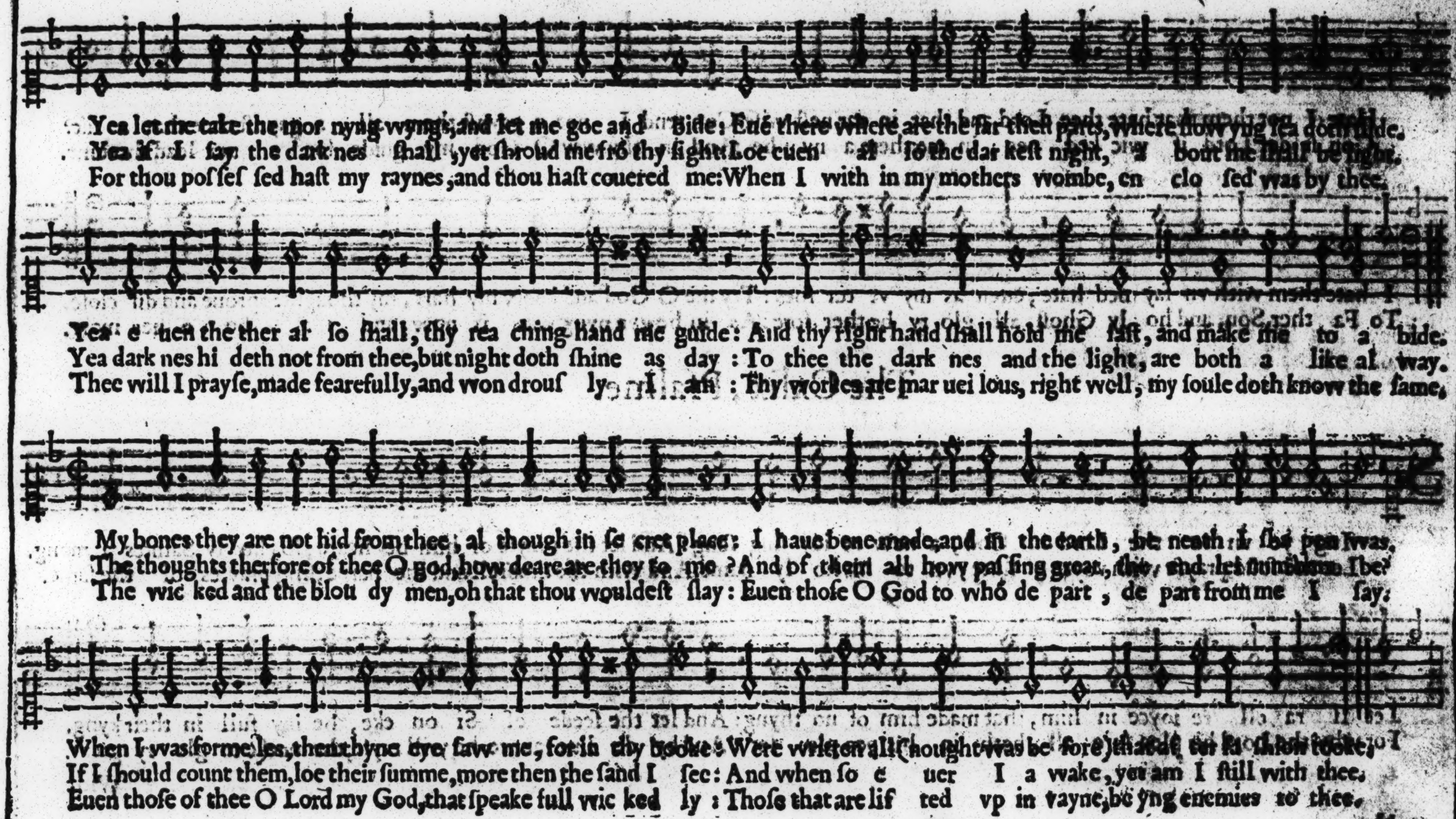
The Cxxxix. Pſalme.

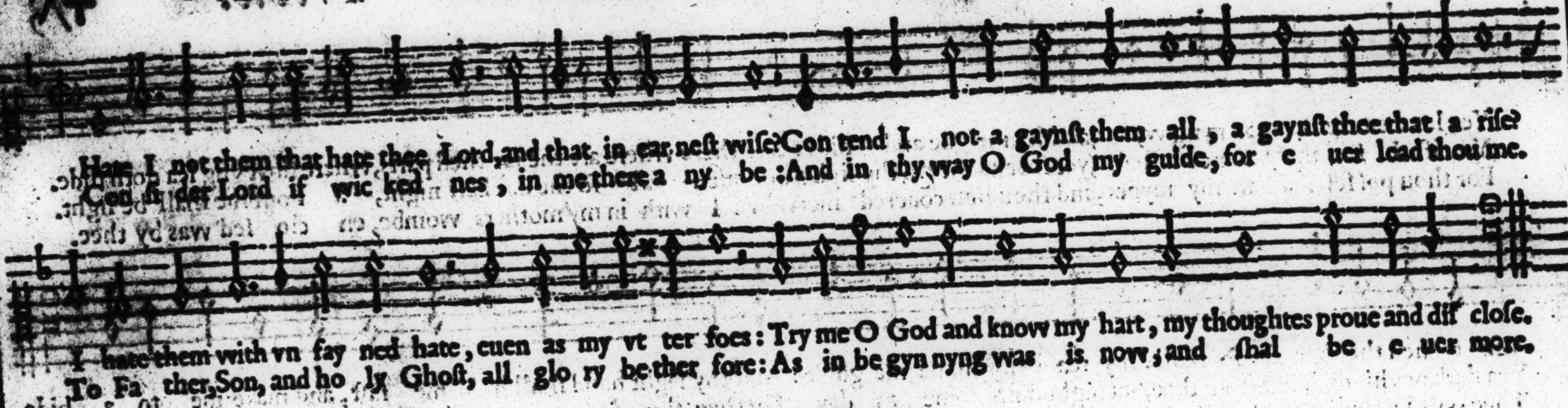


O Lord thou haſt me tride and knowen, my ſitting thou doeſt know: And riſing eke, my thoughts afar, thou vnderſtandſt alſo.
No word is in my tongue O Lord, but knowne it is to thee: Thou me behind holdſt and before, thou layeſt thy hand on me.
From ſight of thy all ſeyng ſprite, Lord whether ſhall I goe? Or whether ſhall I flye away, thy preſence to ſcape frõ?

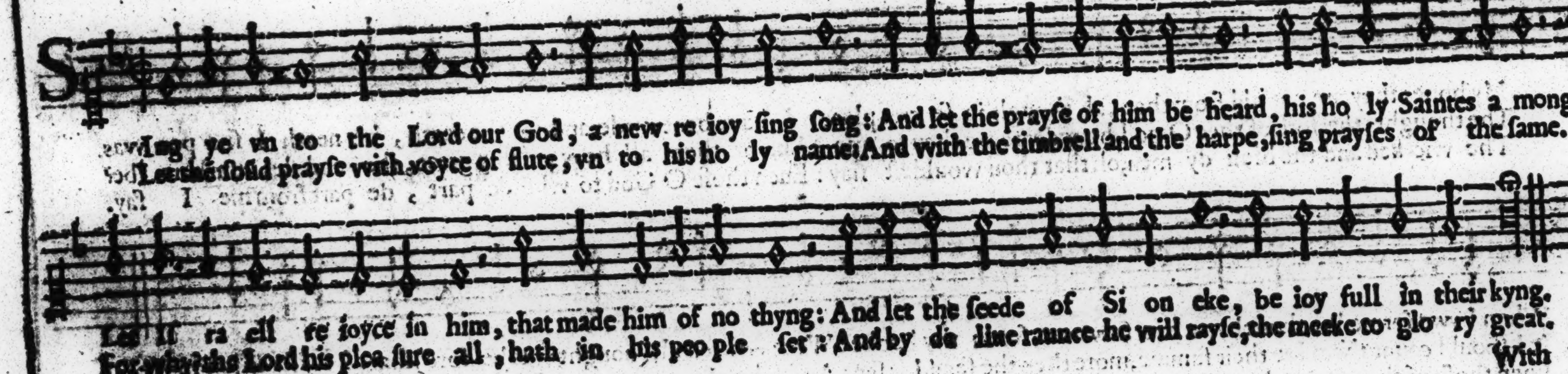


My pathes yea and my lying downe, thou compaſſeſt alwayes: And by familiar cuſtome art, acquainted with my wayes.
To wonderfull aboue my reach, Lord is thy cunnyng ſkill: It is ſo hye that I the ſame can not attayne vntill.
To heauen if I mount aloft, loe thou art preſent there: In hell if I lye down below, euẽ there thou doeſt appeare.

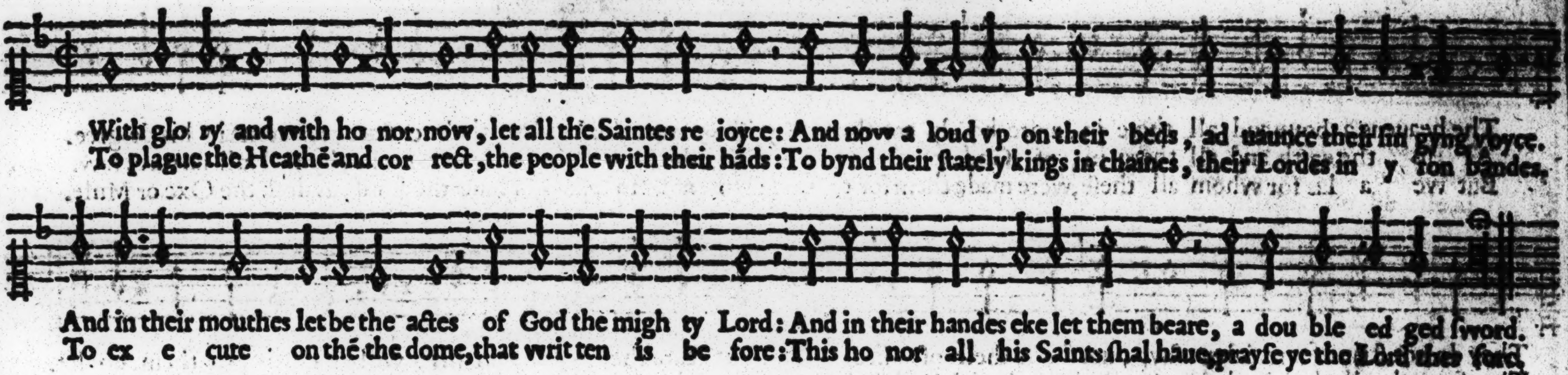

Yea let me take the mor nyng wyngs, and let me goe and bide: Eue there where are the far theſt parts, where flowyng ſea doth ſlide.
Yea if I ſay the dark nes ſhall, yet ſhroud me frō thy ſight: Loe euen al ſo the dar keſt night, a bout me ſhall be light.
For thou poſ ſeſ ſed haſt my raynes, and thou haſt couered me: When I with in my mothers wombe, en clo ſed was by thee.
Yea e uen the ther al ſo ſhall, thy rea ching hand me guide: And thy right hand ſhall hold me faſt, and make me to a bide.
Yea dark nes hi deth not from thee, but night doth ſhine as day: To thee the dark nes and the light, are both a like al way.
Thee will I prayſe, made fearefully, and won drouſ ly I am: Thy workes are mar uei lous, right well, my ſoule doth know the ſame,
My bones they are not hid from thee, al though in ſe cret place: I haue bene made, and in the earth, be neath I ſha pen was,
The thoughts therfore of thee O god, how deare are they to me? And of them all how paſ ſing great, the end les num ber be?
The wic ked and the blou dy men, oh that thou wouldeſt ſlay: Euen thoſe O God to whō de part, de part from me I ſay.
When I was forme les, then thyne eye ſaw me, for in thy booke: Were writen all (nought was be fore) that af ter ſhould be tooke.
If I ſhould count them, loe their ſumme, more then the ſand I ſee: And when ſo e uer I a wake, yet am I ſtill with thee.
Euen thoſe of thee O Lord my God, that ſpeake full wic ked ly: Thoſe that are lif ted vp in vayne, be yng enemies to thee.


Hate I not them that hate thee Lord, and that in ear neſt wiſe? Con tend I not a gaynſt them all, a gaynſt thee that a riſe?
Con ſi der Lord if wic ked nes, in me there a ny be: And in thy way O God my guide, for e uer lead thou me.
I hate them with vn fay ned hate, euen as my vt ter foes: Try me O God and know my hart, my thoughtes proue and diſ cloſe.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

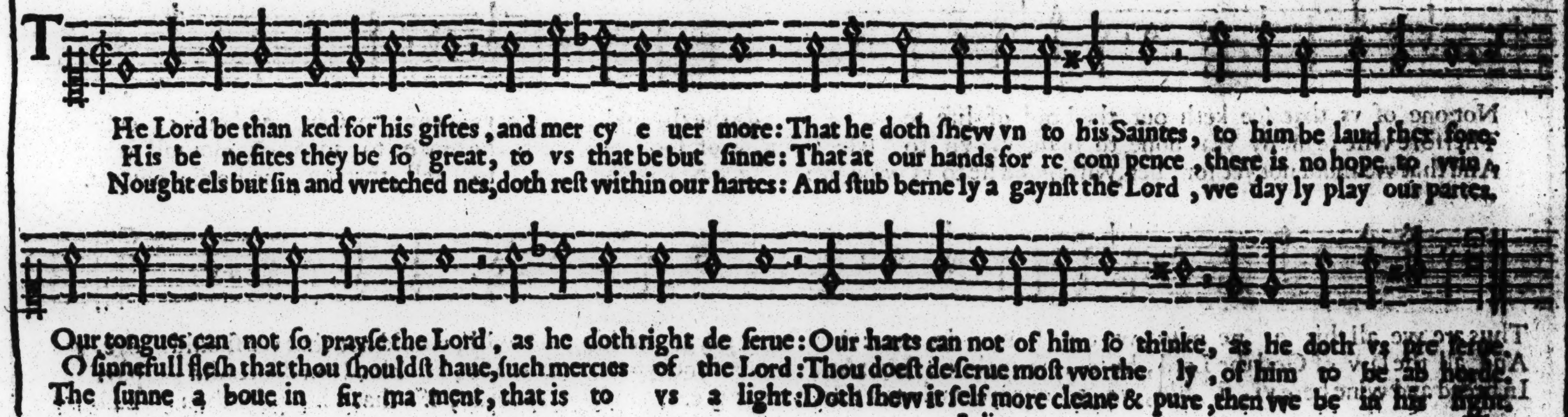
The Cxlix. Pſalme.


Sing ye vn to the Lord our God, a new re ioy ſing ſong: And let the prayſe of him be heard, his ho ly Saintes a mong.
Let them ſound prayſe with voyce of flute, vn to his ho ly name: And with the timbrell and the harpe, ſing prayſes of the ſame.
Let Iſ ra ell re ioyce in him, that made him of no thyng: And let the ſeede of Si on eke, be ioy full in their kyng.
For why the Lord his plea ſure all, hath in his peo ple ſet: And by de liue raunce he will rayſe, the meeke to glo ry great.

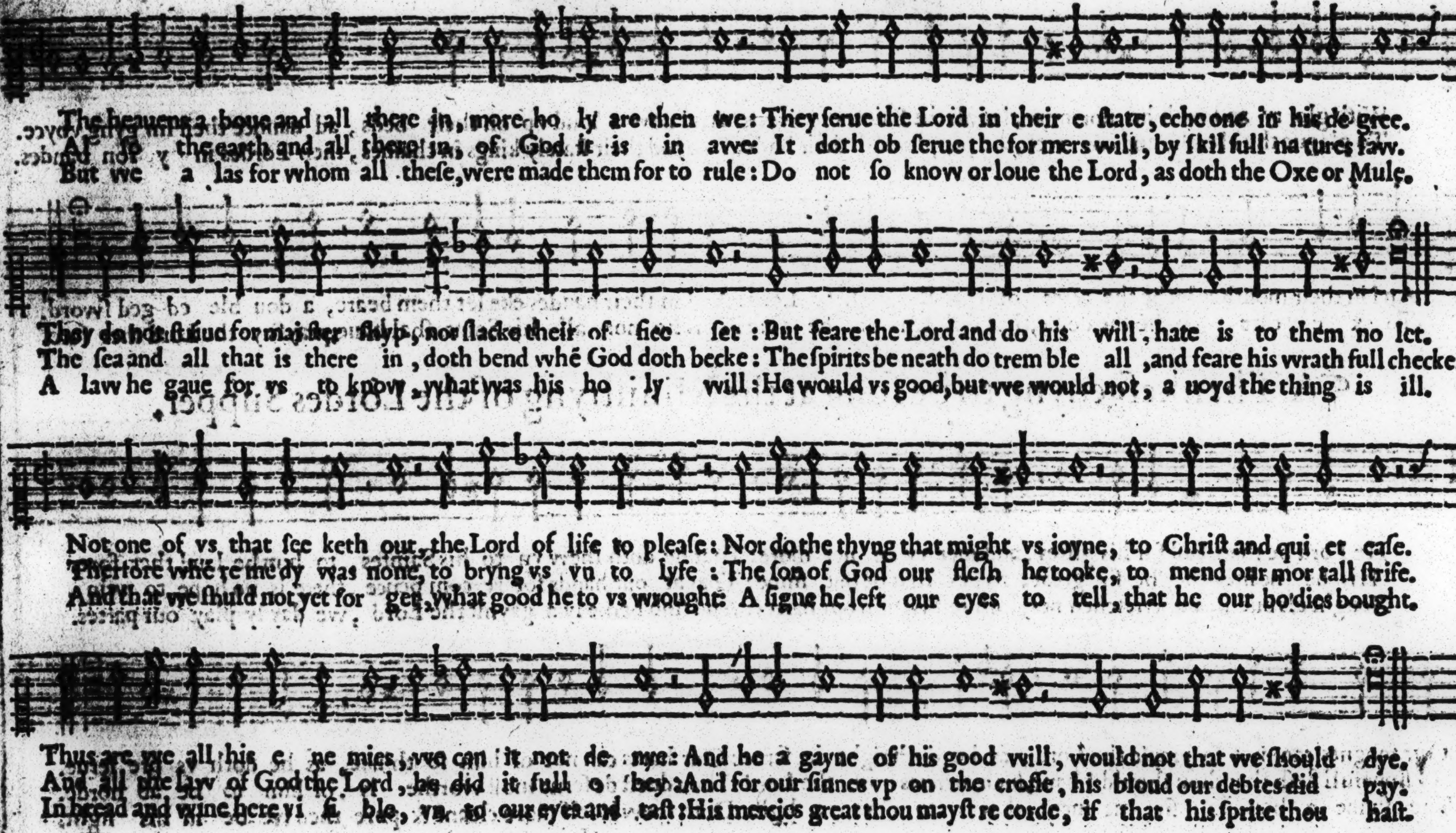
A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.


With glory and with honor now, let all the Saintes reioyce: And now aloud vpon their beds, aduaunce their ſingyng voyce.
To plague the Heathē and correct, the people with their hādes: To bynd their ſtately kings in chaines, their Lordes in yron bandes.
And in their mouthes let be the actes of God the mighty Lord: And in their handes eke let them beare, a double edged ſword.
To execute on thē the dome, that written is before: This honor all his Saints ſhal haue, prayſe ye the Lord therfore.

¶A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.

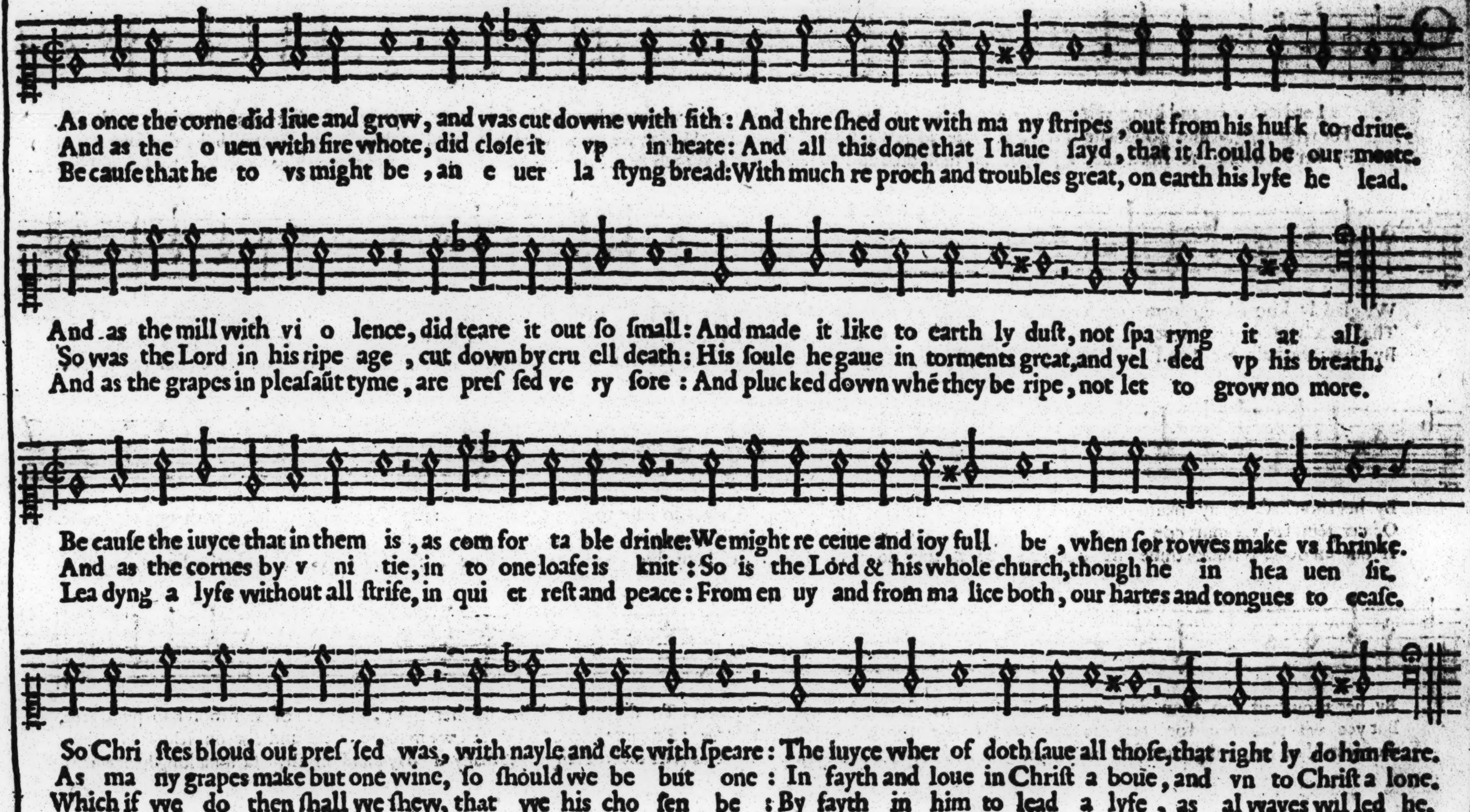

THe Lord be thanked for his giftes, and mercy euermore: That he doth ſhew vnto his Saintes, to him be laud therfore.
His benefites they be ſo great, to vs that be but ſinne: That at our hands for recompence, there is no hope to win.
Nought els but ſin and wretchednes, doth reſt within our hartes: And ſtubbernely agaynſt the Lord, we dayly play our partes.
Our tongues can not ſo prayſe the Lord, as he doth right deſerue: Our harts can not of him ſo thinke, as he doth vs preſerue.
O ſinnefull fleſh that thou ſhouldſt haue, ſuch mercies of the Lord: Thou doeſt deſerue moſt worthely, of him to be abhorde.
The ſunne aboue in firmament, that is to vs a light: Doth ſhew it ſelf more cleane & pure, then we be in his ſight.

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.


The heauens a boue and all there in, more ho ly are then we: They ſerue the Lord in their e ſtate, eche one in his de gree.
As ſo the earth and all there in, of God it is in awe: It doth ob ſerue the for mers will, by ſkil full na tures law.
But we a las for whom all theſe, were made them for to rule: Do not ſo know or loue the Lord, as doth the Oxe or Mule.
They do not ſtriue for maj ſter ſhyp, nor ſlacke their of fice ſet: But feare the Lord and do his will, hate is to them no let.
The ſea and all that is there in, doth bend whē God doth becke: The ſpirits be neath do trem ble all, and feare his wrath full checke.
A law he gaue for vs to know, what was his ho ly will: He would vs good, but we would not, a uoyd the thing is ill.
Not one of vs that ſee keth out, the Lord of life to pleaſe: Nor do the thyng that might vs ioyne, to Chriſt and qui et eaſe.
Therfore whe re me dy was none, to bryng vs vn to lyfe: The ſon of God our fleſh he tooke, to mend our mor tall ſtrife.
And that we ſhuld not yet for get, what good he to vs wrought: A ſigne he left our eyes to tell, that he our bo dies bought.
Thus are we all his e ne mies, we can it not de nye: And he a gayne of his good will, would not that we ſhould dye.
And all the law of God the Lord, he did it full o bey: And for our ſinnes vp on the croſſe, his bloud our debtes did pay.
In bread and wine here vi ſi ble, vn to our eyes and taſt: His mercies great thou mayſt re corde, if that his ſprite thou haſt.

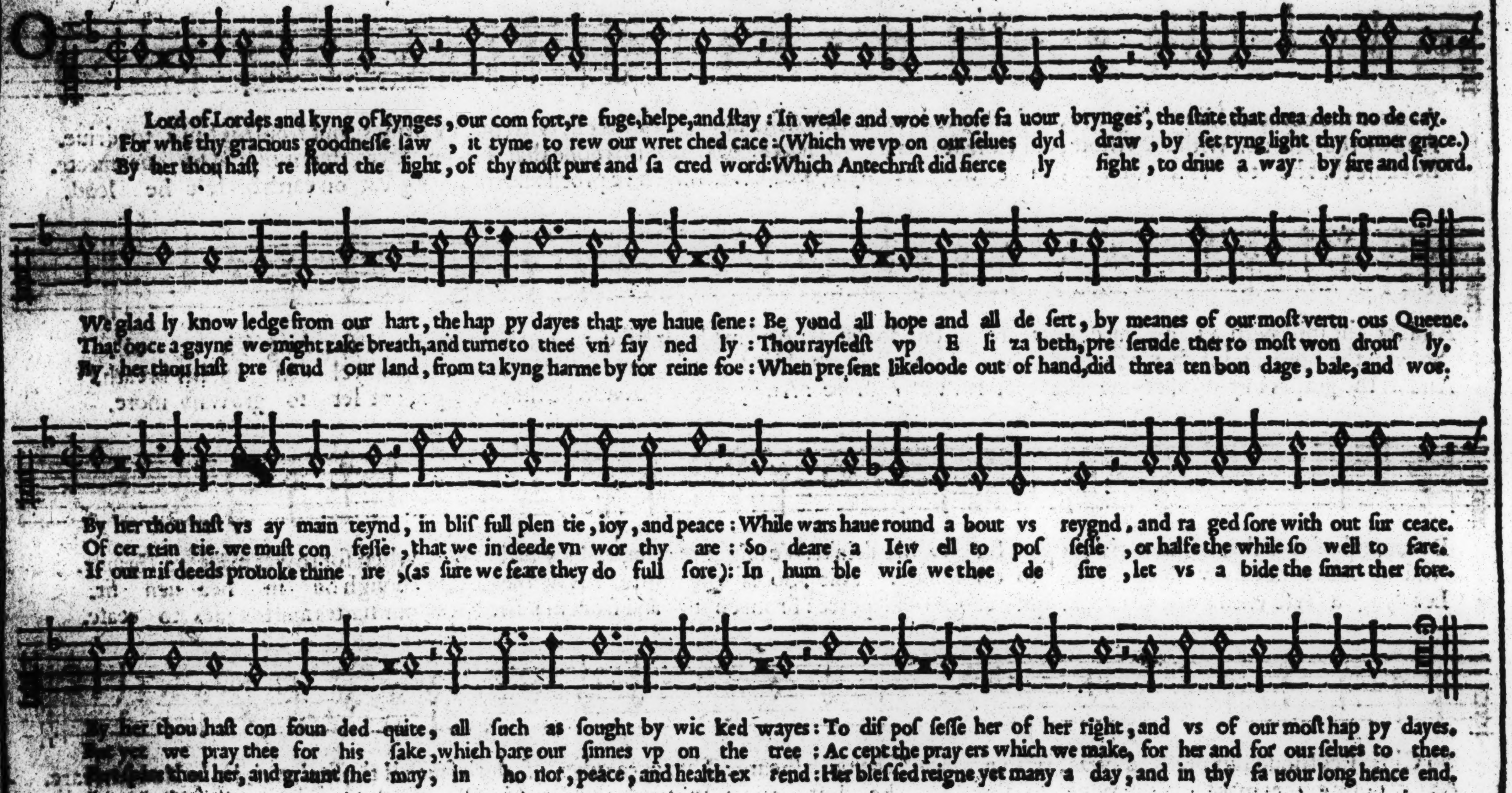
As

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.

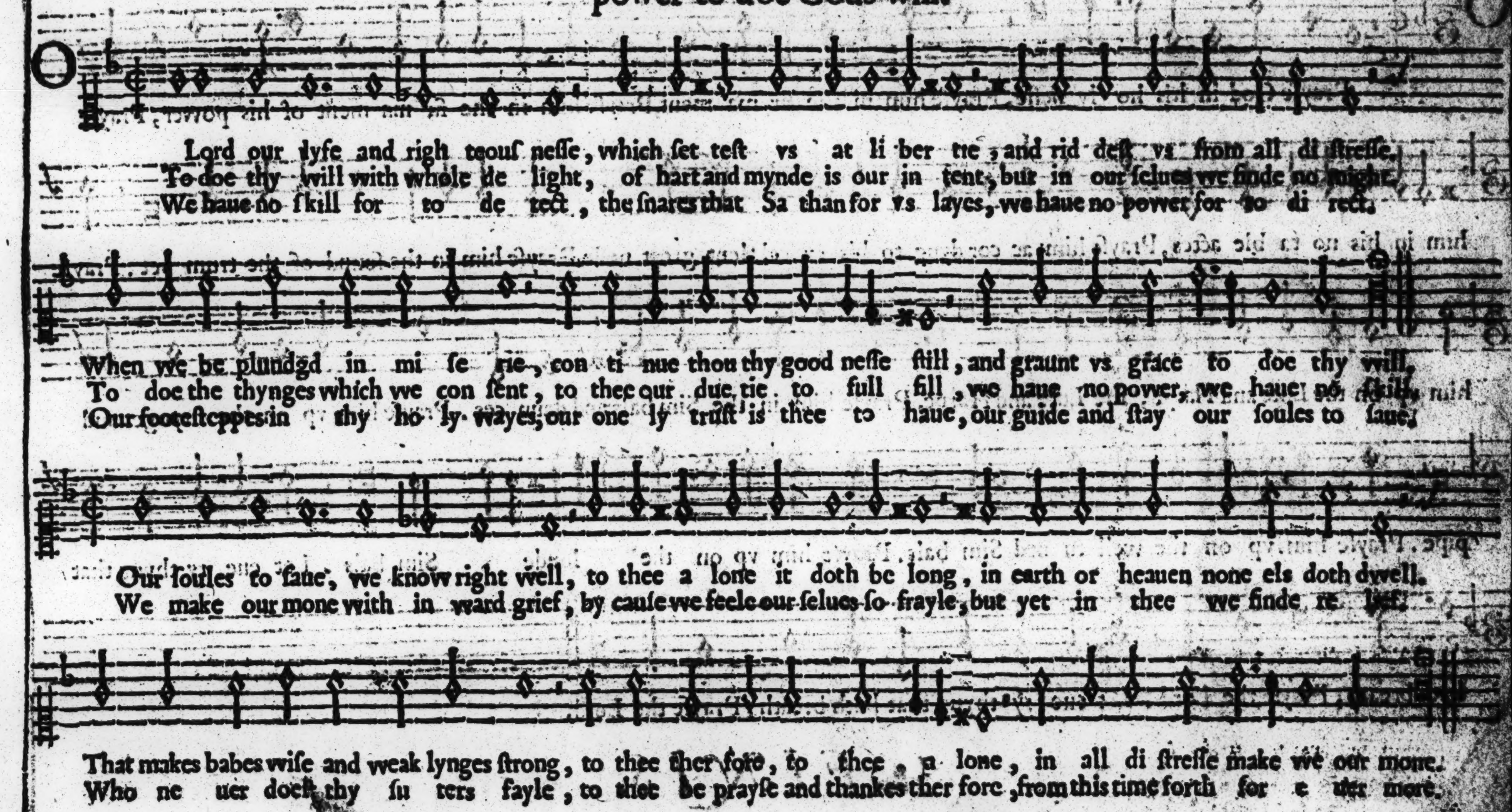

As once the corne did liue and grow, and was cut downe with ſith: And threſhed out with ma ny ſtripes, out from his huſk to driue.
And as the o uen with fire whote, did cloſe it vp in heate: And all this done that I haue ſayd, that it ſhould be our meate.
Be cauſe that he to vs might be, an e uer la ſtyng bread: With much re proch and troubles great, on earth his lyfe he lead.
And as the mill with vi o lence, did teare it out ſo ſmall: And made it like to earth ly duſt, not ſpa ryng it at all.
So was the Lord in his ripe age, cut down by cru ell death: His ſoule he gaue in torments great, and yel ded vp his breath.
And as the grapes in pleaſaũt tyme, are preſ ſed ve ry ſore: And plucked down whẽ they be ripe, not let to grow no more.
Be cauſe the iuyce that in them is, as com for ta ble drinke: We might re ceiue and ioy full be, when ſor rowes make vs ſhrinke.
And as the cornes by v ni tie, in to one loafe is knit: So is the Lord & his whole church, though he in hea uen ſit.
Lea dyng a lyfe without all ſtrife, in qui et reſt and peace: From en uy and from ma lice both, our hartes and tongues to ceaſe.
So Chri ſtes bloud out preſ ſed was, with nayle and eke with ſpeare: The iuyce wher of doth ſaue all thoſe, that right ly do him feare.
As ma ny grapes make but one wine, ſo ſhould we be but one: In fayth and loue in Chriſt a boue, and vn to Chriſt a lone.
Which if we do then ſhall we ſhew, that we his cho ſen be: By fayth in him to lead a lyfe, as al wayes willed he.

G.D.

A Prayer and thankeſgeuyng to God for the Queenes Maieſtie.

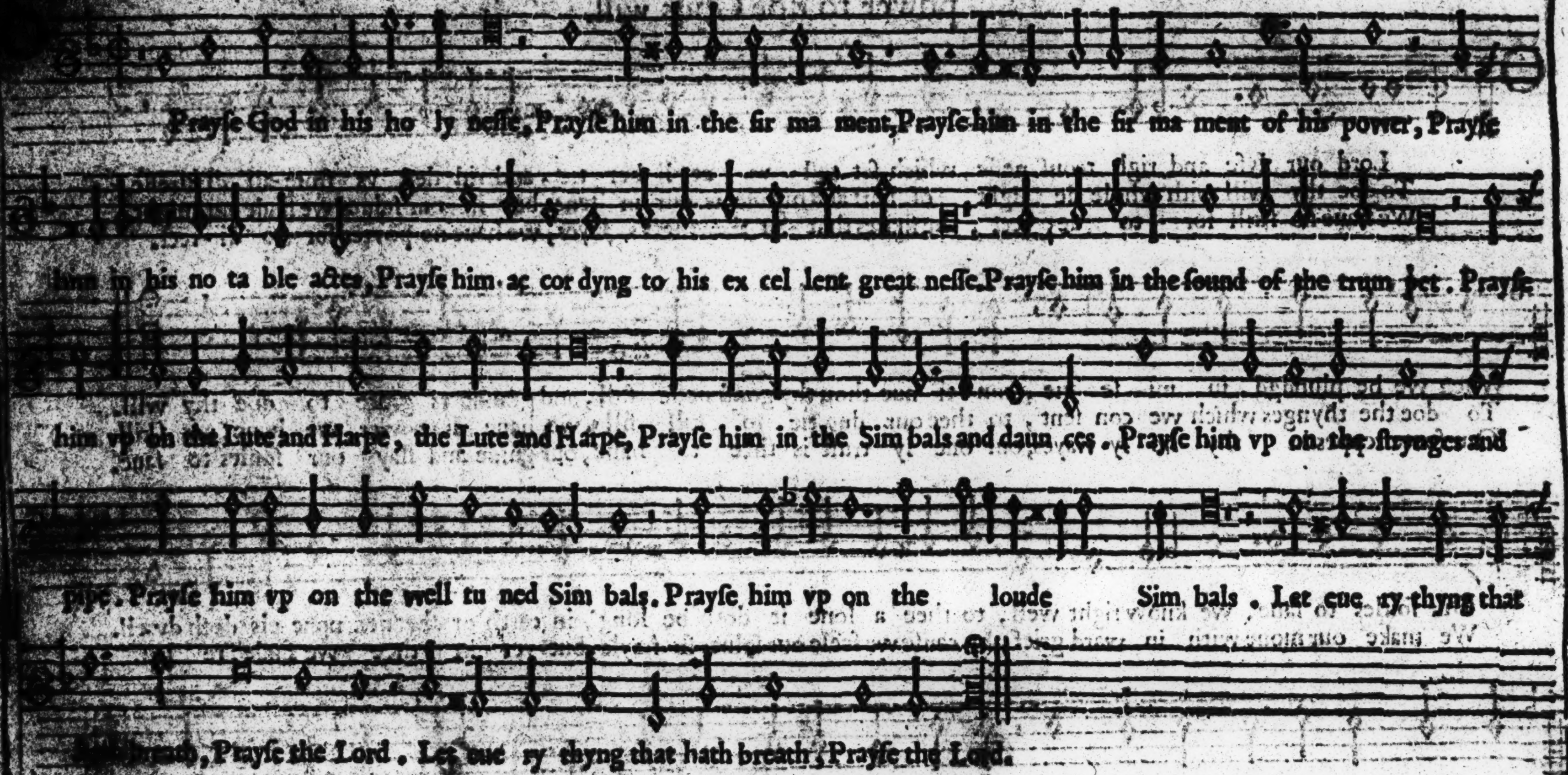

Lord of Lordes and kyng of kynges , our com fort, re fuge, helpe, and ſtay : In weale and woe whoſe fa uour brynges , the ſtate that drea deth no de cay.
For whē thy gracious goodneſſe ſaw , it tyme to rew our wret ched cace :(Which we vp on our ſelues dyd draw , by ſet tyng light thy former grace.)
By her thou haſt re ſtord the light , of thy moſt pure and ſa cred word: Which Antechriſt did fierce ly fight , to driue a way by fire and ſword.
We glad ly know ledge from our hart , the hap py dayes that we haue ſene : Be yond all hope and all de ſert , by meanes of our moſt vertu ous Queene.
That once a gayne we might take breath, and turne to thee vn fay ned ly : Thou rayſedſt vp E li za beth, pre ſerude ther to moſt won drouſ ly.
By her thou haſt pre ſerud our land , from ta kyng harme by for reine foe : When pre ſent likeloode out of hand, did threa ten bon dage , bale, and woe.
By her thou haſt vs ay main teynd , in bliſ full plen tie , ioy , and peace : While wars haue round a bout vs reygnd , and ra ged ſore with out ſur ceace.
Of cer tein tie we muſt con feſſe , that we in deede vn wor thy are : So deare a Iew ell to poſ ſeſſe , or halfe the while ſo well to fare.
If our miſ deeds prouoke thine ire ,(as ſure we feare they do full ſore): In hum ble wiſe we thee de ſire , let vs a bide the ſmart ther fore.
By her thou haſt con foun ded quite , all ſuch as ſought by wic ked wayes : To diſ poſ ſeſſe her of her right , and vs of our moſt hap py dayes.
But yet we pray thee for his ſake , which bare our ſinnes vp on the tree : Ac cept the pray ers which we make , for her and for our ſelues to thee.
Preſerue thou her, and graunt ſhe may, in ho nor, peace, and health ex tend : Her bleſ ſed reigne yet many a day , and in thy fa uour long hence end.

A Prayer for mercy wiſedome and power to doe Gods will.


Lord our lyfe and righ teouſ neſſe, which ſet teſt vs at li ber tie, and rid deſt vs from all di ſtreſſe.
To doe thy will with whole de light, of hart and mynde is our in tent, but in our ſelues we finde no might.
We haue no ſkill for to de tect, the ſnares that Sa than for vs layes, we haue no power for to di rect.
When we be plundgd in mi ſe rie, con ti nue thou thy good neſſe ſtill, and graunt vs grace to doe thy will.
To doe the thynges which we con ſent, to thee our due tie to full fill, we haue no power, we haue no ſkill.
Our footeſteppes in thy ho ly wayes, our one ly truſt is thee to haue, our guide and ſtay our ſoules to ſaue.
Our ſoules to ſaue, we know right well, to thee a lone it doth be long, in earth or heauen none els doth dwell.
We make our mone with in ward grief, by cauſe we feele our ſelues ſo frayle, but yet in thee we finde re lief.
That makes babes wiſe and weak lynges ſtrong, to thee ther fore, to thee a lone, in all di ſtreſſe make we our mone.
Who ne uer doeſt thy ſu ters fayle, to thee be prayſe and thankes ther fore, from this time forth for e uer more.

L.iiij.

The CL. Pſalme. *Treble.*


Prayſe God in his ho ly neſſe, Prayſe him in the fir ma ment, Prayſe him in the fir ma ment of his power, Prayſe
him in his no ta ble actes, Prayſe him ac cor dyng to his ex cel lent great neſſe. Prayſe him in the ſound of the trum pet. Prayſe
him vp on the Lute and Harpe, the Lute and Harpe, Prayſe him in the Sim bals and daun ces. Prayſe him vp on the ſtrynges and
pype. Prayſe him vp on the well tu ned Sim bals. Prayſe him vp on the loude Sim bals. Let eue ry thyng that
hath breath, Prayſe the Lord. Let eue ry thyng that hath breath, Prayſe the Lord.

FINIS.

[illegible] Hake Gent. vpon the [illegible]
Pſalmes in meter, to the Reader.

Like as by ſondry good lawes and conſtitutions politicall, ſome thinges, which [illegible] proprietie priuate [illegible] of poſſeſsion which men haue in the ſame, [illegible] their vſe publicque, and to retaine them, is oftentymes perillous and at all tymes [illegible]ous: For example whereas by the lawes of this Realme, ſondry men hauing lands [illegible] poſſeſsions hereditary, if there happe to be diſcouered within the ſame any mynes [illegible]cious, or any thyng whatſoeuer, which the Lawyers comprehend vnder the title of *Treaſure troue.* Theſe thynges ſo found, albeit they may thought priuate, and the propertie thereof to appertaine to the Finder, or at the leaſt, to thoſe onely to whom the Freehold or poſſeſsiō of the Soyle belõgeth, yet are they in deede publicque, as apperteinyng to the [illegible] publicque perſone, to the vſe I meane of our ſoueraigne by reaſon of her Prerogatiue.

Euen ſo (good Reader) by compariſon not altogether vnapt, it ſtandeth with the giftes and qualities of the mynde beyng diſcouered and brought to light by the induſtry of man: Which, albeit they may ſeeme to be at the priuate deuotiō and free diſpoſition of the partie from whom they proceeded: Yet if they be ſuch as either the Church of God or the cōmon wealth may take profite by, they forthwith ceaſe to be priuate, and are become (as I may ſay) *Deodands*, to weete, thynges to be ſacrificed to the Lord, whether they be to the good vſe of his Church or to the profitable vſe of the common wealth.

Which premiſſes duely conſidered, (in the application thereof) after that by priuate meanes and for priuate delite, the publiſher of theſe Pſalmes *John Bull* Citezen and Goldſmith of London, had by [illegible] meanes gotten and gathered together frō the fertile Soyle of his honeſt frēd *Guilielmus Damon* one of her Maieſties Muſitions, ſuch fruites as not meanely ingēdred and increaſed in him ſelfe ſpeciall coſolation, and [illegible]

[illegible]all.

tions aſwell ſpirituall as corporall:He thought his bonde in this behalfe no whit more eaſie,nor his poſſeſſiõ more priuate thẽ hath bene declared in the caſes premiſed:And therfore with a ſingle regarde of diſcharging his duety therin,(the Author of the Sõges neuer intẽdyng the publiſhing of the ſame)he haſted forthwith of him ſelf,with the onely good and godly forwardnes of the Printer(who to his well deſerued prayſe, hath ſpared neither charges nor trauaile herein) to commit the ſame to the Preſſe, leaſt he might haue ſeemed by lõg detayning and dayly vſing of them to his priuate delite,to haue fared with his brethren as wretched Myſers of this world are wont to do in the diſpoſition of their goodes, which whẽ they may no lõger keepe by reaſon that by death or by other meanes they are to be ſeparated frõ them,then doe they(and not before)diſtribute and diſpoſe thẽ to the benefite of others: Or rather as vnprofitable wantons, who when they haue had their full pleaſures of the thynges they delited in, of very lothſomnes doe then deliuer them ouer to the world,or to ſuch as to whom(before tymes)they affoorded not one iote for their comfort.

And now, touchyng matter of commendation to be thought vpon, as due to both perſons and cauſe: This I ſay:that to commend either the ſayd Publiſher or Printer,in the godly accompliſhment of this good worke, or to commende the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes,whether for the excellencie of the Harmony,or for the ſkilfull handlyng therof: Theſe thinges I muſt leaue to be done by thoſe, whoſe commendations ſhall ſtand for allowable Cenſures, which I confeſſe(eſpecially in the matter of Muſicke) may in no wiſe be attributed to any Iudgement of myne.

But yet thus farre I am to aduertiſe all thoſe that ſhall yeeld any Cẽſure hereupon: to weete, that the author and compoſer of the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes neuer ment thẽ to the vſe of any learned and cunnyng Muſition, but altogether reſpected the pleaſuryng of his priuate frend, who in deede profeſſed nought els in him ſelfe ſaue onely a fauour and ſingular good likyng of Muſicke. Agayne, touchyng the Author: He

being tyed (as is knowē to the learned) altogether to the part of the Tenors, or common tunes: what ſcope or libertie could he haue to ſet forth within the compaſſe of ſo ſmall a limite, any thing profound to the delectation of the learned?

Laſtly, to thruſt my penne into the large fieldes of prayſes and due commendations of Muſicke in generall, whether they ſtand to be made by the Iudgement of reaſon, or by the Cenſure of the holy Ghoſt deliuered in the word: This I doubt not, I might eaſely begyn, yea and plētyfully proceede in, but how or where I ſhould make an end (authorities and places in that behalfe beyng ſo infinite) truely truely I know not. I leaue Muſicke therfore to be commended by and of her ſelfe, and the warraunt of Muſickes commendation, I leaue to God and to Nature, who ſhall mightyly, nay, gloriouſly yeeld forth the ſame to all ſuch as will aſke and enquire therof. *Read. 1. Sam. 16. 23. 2 Kyng. 3. 15. Ephe. 5. 19. 1. Cor. 14. 15.*

Neuertheleſſe in any thyng by me here written, I haue not meant to defende any the abuſes of Muſicke whatſoeuer committed in the Church of God, or rather the prophanyng of Gods diuine ſeruice by Muſicke (as in tyme of Popery) namely by ouer curious, yea, and as I may ſay ouer tragicall diſmembryng not onely of wordes but of letters and ſillables in the holy Pſalmes and Anthemes appointed to the prayſing of God: For what hath either Muſicke or any thing els betwene heauen and earth to be commended for, farther, then that it ſhall ſerue to ſet forth the glory and comfort of the eternall word? which thyng whenſoeuer it ſhall ceaſe to doe, and ſhall aduaunce it ſelfe aboue or before the ſence thereof, it is not onely not to be allowed of, but alſo with all force of law to be thruſt out of the Church. But this our Muſicke well imployed vpon theſe Pſalmes, is altogether free from ſuch abuſes. God graunt we may vſe it to our comfort and to the prayſes of his name. Amen.

Edward Hake.

FINIS.

¶A Table of all the Pſalmes ſet forth by Guilielmo Daman, one of her Maieſties Muſitions, in foure partes conteined in this Booke.

95. Pſal. O Come let vs ſing.
¶Veni Creator Spiritus.
Come holy Ghoſt eternall God. 1
100. pſal. All people that on earth do dwell. 2
O Lord of whom I doe depend. 2
¶Te Deum Laudamus.
We prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee. 4
¶The ſong of the three children.
O all ye workes of God the Lord. 5
¶Benedictus Dominus.
The onely Lord of Iſraell. 6
¶Magnificat anima mea.
My ſoule doth magnifie the Lord. 7
¶Nunc dimittis ſeruum tuum.
O Lord becauſe my harts deſire. 8
¶Quicunque Vult.
What man ſoeuer he be that. 9
¶The Lamentation of a Sinner.
O Lord turne not away thy face. 10
¶The Lordes Prayer.
Our Father which in heauen art. 11
¶The ten Commaundementes.
Harke Iſraell and what I ſay. 12
¶The complaint of a Sinner.
Where righteouſneſſe doth ſay. 13

¶These are at the beginnyng.
1. Pſal. The man is bleſt, that hath not bent. 14
3. pſal. O Lord how are my foes increaſe. 15
14. pſal. There is no God as fooliſh men. 16
18. pſal. O God my ſtrength and fortitude. 17
21. pſal. O Lord how ioyfull is the kyng. 18
23. pſal. My ſhepheard is the liuyng Lord. 19
25. pſal. I lift myne hart to thee, my God. 20
26. pſal. Lord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt. 21
30. pſal. All laud and prayſe with hart. 22
33. pſal. Ye righteous in the Lord reioyce. 23
41. pſal. The man is bleſt that carefull is. 24
44. pſal. Our eares haue heard our Fathers tell. 25
45. pſal. My hart doth take in hand, ſome godly. 26
46. pſal. The Lord is our defence and ayde. 27
50. pſal. The God of Gods the Lord. 28
51. pſal. O Lord conſider my diſtreſſe. 29
52. pſal. Why doeſt thou tyraunt boaſt abroad. 30
59. pſal. Send ayde and ſaue me from my foes. 31
65. pſal. Regard O Lord for I counplayne. 32
68. pſal. Let God ariſe and then his foes. 33
69. pſal. Saue me O God and that. 34
72. pſal. Lord geue thy Iudgementes. 35
77. pſal. I with my voyce to God doe cry. 36
78. pſal. Attend my people to my law. 37
81. pſal. Be light and glad in God reioyce. 38
88. pſal. Lord God of health the hope. 39
95. pſal. O come let vs lift vp our voyce. 40
103 pſal. My ſoule geue laud vnto the Lord. 41
104 pſal. My ſoule prayſe the Lord. 42

The Table of the Pſalmes.

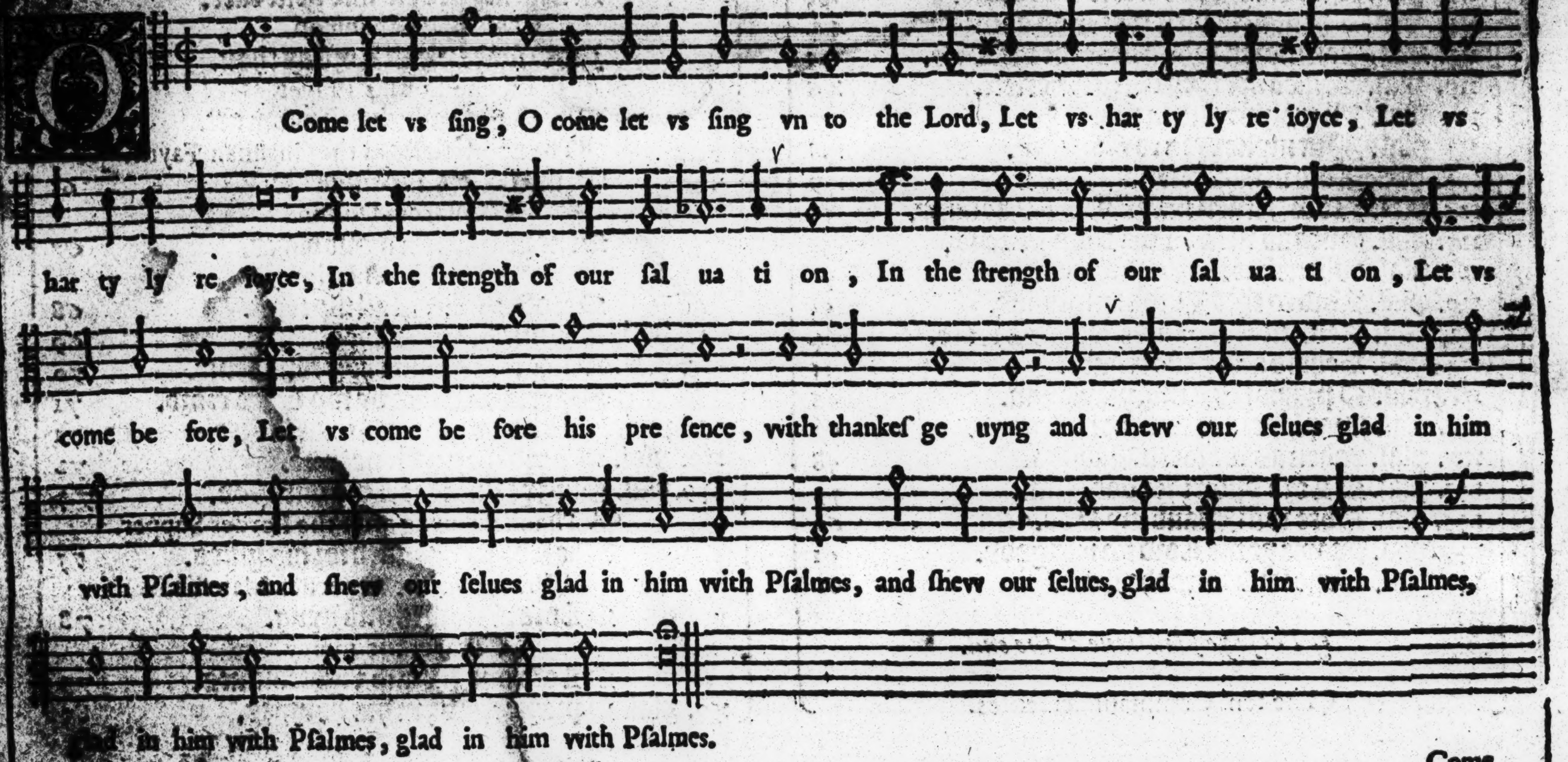
111 pſal. With hart I doe accord, to prayſe. 43
112. pſal. The man is bleſt that God doth feare. 44
113. pſal. Ye children which do ſerue the Lord. 45
119. pſal. Bleſſed are they that are perfect. 46
120. pſal. In trouble and in thrall. 47
121. pſal. I lift myne eyes to Sion hill. 48
122. pſal. I did in hart reioyce, to heare. 49
124. pſal. Now Iſraell may ſay, and that truly. 50
125. pſal. Such as in God the Lord do truſt. 51
126. pſal. When that the Lord agayne. 52
130. pſal. Lord to thee I make my mone. 53
132. pſal. Remember Dauids troubles Lord. 54
134. pſal. Behold and haue regard. 55
135. pſal. O prayſe the Lord, prayſe him. 56
136. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for he is good. 57
137. pſal. When as we ſat in Babilon. 58
141. pſal. O Lord vpon thee doe I call. 59
145. pſal. Thee will I laud my God. 60
147. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for it is good. 61
148. pſal. Geue laud vnto the Lord. 62

¶*These ye ſhall haue at the end.*

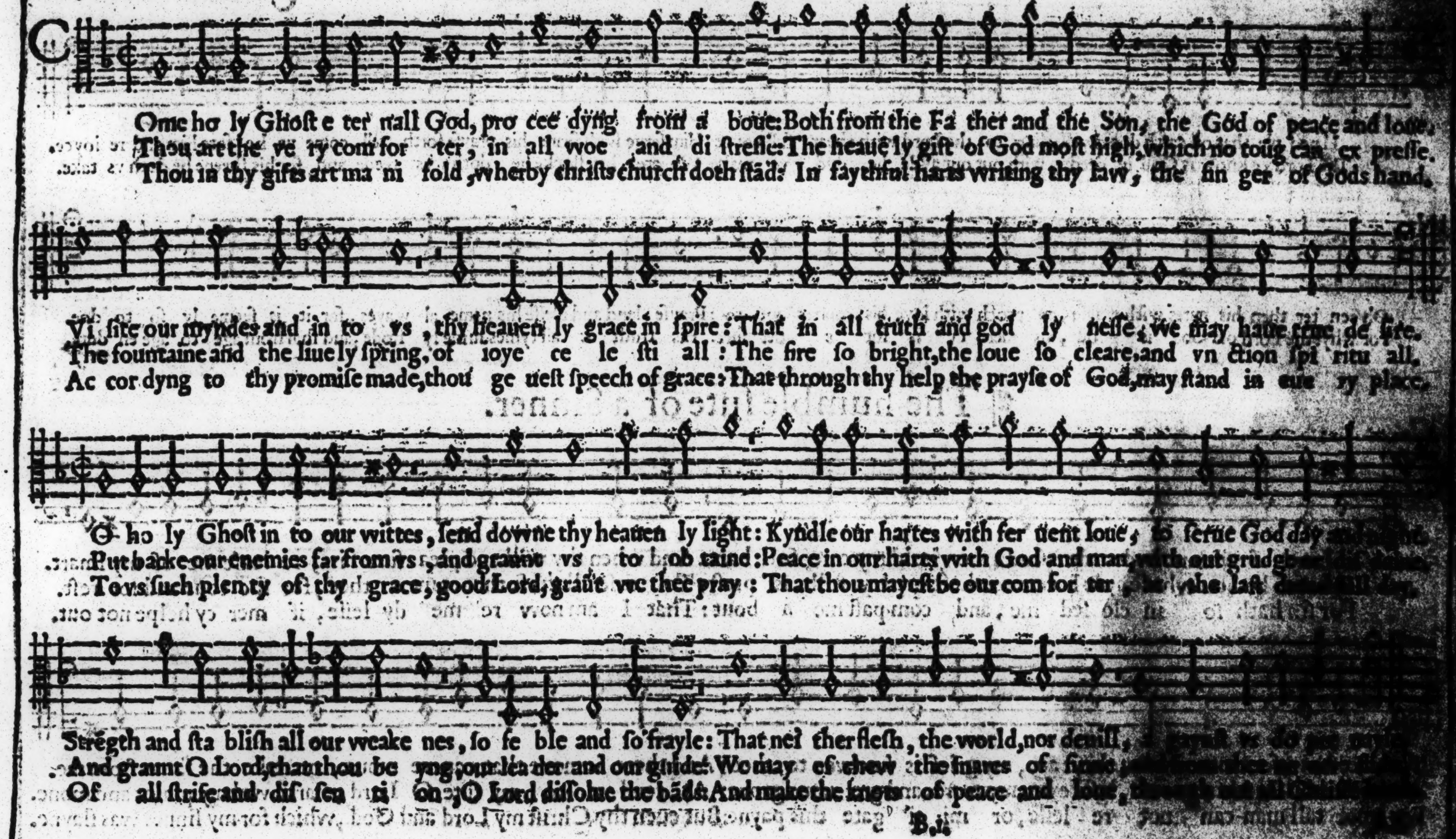
¶The ten Commaundementes.
Attend my people and geue eare.
¶The ſong of Simeon.
Now ſuffer me O Lord as thou.
¶The Lordes Prayer.
Our Father which in heauen art.
¶The xii. Articles of the Chriſtian Fayth.
All my belief and confidence. 65
¶Da Pacem Domine.
Geue peace in theſe our dayes. 67
¶The Lamentation.
O Lord in thee is all my truſt. 68
50. pſal. The mighty God the eternall. 69
125. pſal. Thoſe that do put their confidence. 70
Preſerue vs Lord by thy deare word. 71
16. pſal. Lord keepe me for I truſt in thee. 71
139. pſal. O Lord thou haſt me tryde. 72
149. pſal. Sing ye vnto the Lord our God. 74
¶A Thankeſgeuyng after the Lordes Supper.
The Lord be thanked for his giftes. 75
¶A Prayer for the Queenes Maieſtie.
O Lord of Lordes and kyng. 78
¶A Prayer for mercy.
O Lord our life and righteouſnes. 79
150. pſal. O prayſe God, in his holynes. 80

¶*Here endes the Table.*

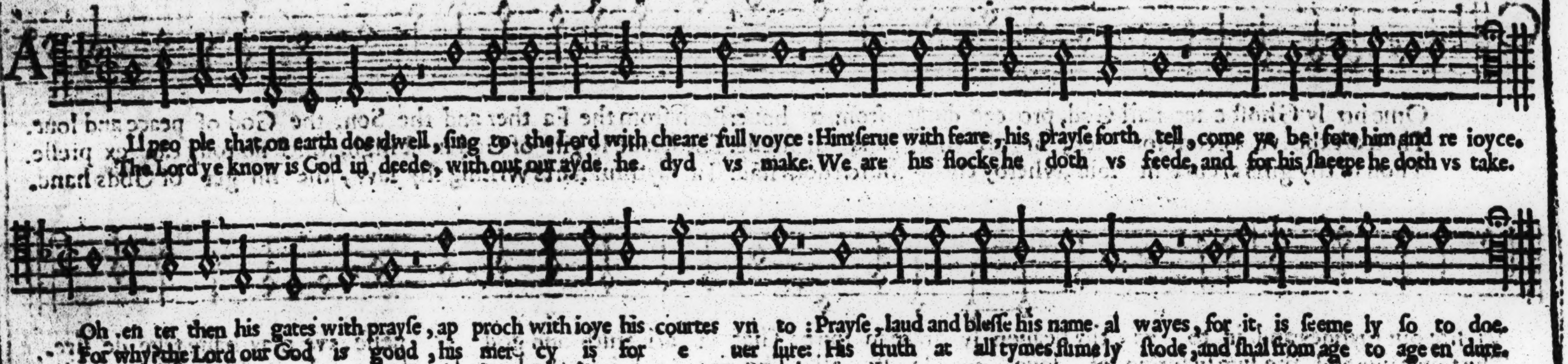
G. Daman. The XCv. Pſalme. *Contratenor.*


O Come let vs ſing, O come let vs ſing vn to the Lord, Let vs har ty ly re ioyce, Let vs
har ty ly re ioyce, In the ſtrength of our ſal ua ti on, In the ſtrength of our ſal ua ti on, Let vs
come be fore, Let vs come be fore his pre ſence, with thankeſ ge uyng and ſhew our ſelues glad in him
with Pſalmes, and ſhew our ſelues glad in him with Pſalmes, and ſhew our ſelues, glad in him with Pſalmes,
glad in him with Pſalmes, glad in him with Pſalmes.

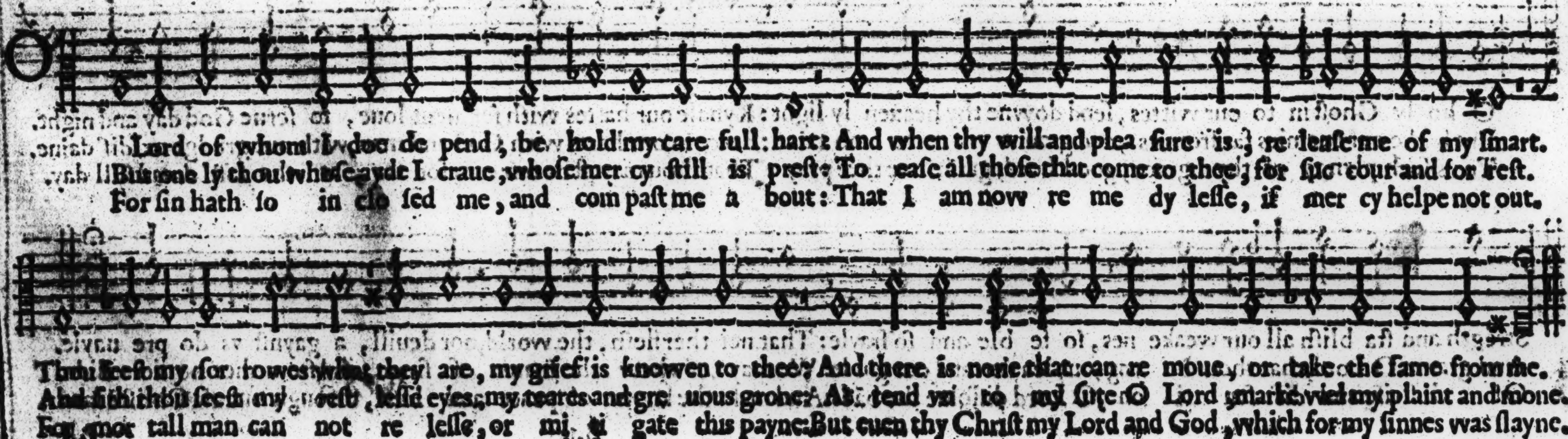
G. Damane. **Veni Creator.** **Contratenor.**


Come ho ly Ghoſt e ter nall God, pro cee dyng from a boue: Both from the Fa ther and the Son, the God of peace and loue.
Thou art the ve ry com for ter, in all woe and di ſtreſſe: The heauẽ ly gift of God moſt high, which no toũg can ex preſſe.
Thou in thy gifts art ma ni fold, wherby chriſts church doth ſtãd: In faythful harts writing thy law, the fin ger of Gods hand.
Vi ſite our myndes and in to vs, thy heauen ly grace in ſpire: That in all truth and god ly neſſe, we may haue true de ſire.
The fountaine and the liue ly ſpring, of ioye ce le ſti all: The fire ſo bright, the loue ſo cleare, and vn ction ſpi ritu all.
Ac cor dyng to thy promiſe made, thou ge ueſt ſpeech of grace: That through thy help the prayſe of God, may ſtand in eue ry place.
O ho ly Ghoſt in to our wittes, ſend downe thy heauen ly light: Kyndle our hartes with fer uent loue, to ſerue God day and night.
Put backe our enemies far from vs, and graunt vs for to ob taind: Peace in our harts with God and man, with out grudge [illegible]
To vs ſuch plenty of thy grace, good Lord, graũt we thee pray: That thou mayeſt be our com for ter, at the laſt dreadfull day.
Stregth and ſta bliſh all our weake nes, ſo fe ble and ſo frayle: That nei ther fleſh, the world, nor deuill, agaynſt vs do pre uayle.
And graunt O Lord, that thou be yng our lea der and our guide: We may eſ chew the ſnares of ſinne [illegible]
Of all ſtrife and diſ ſen ti on, O Lord diſſolue the bãds: And make the knots of peace and loue, through out all [illegible]

G.D. Iubilate Deo omnis. Pſalme. 100.

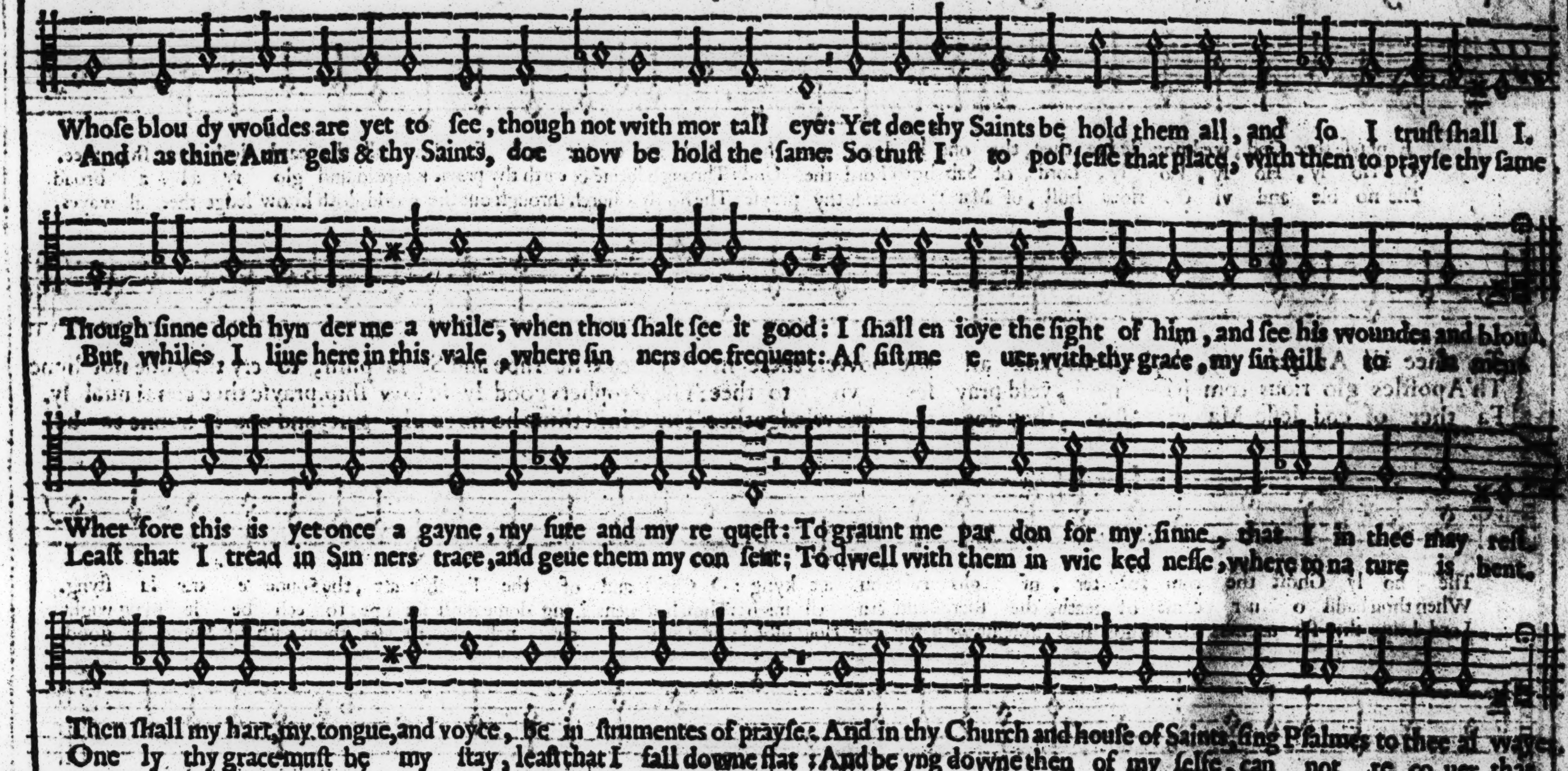

A
All people that on earth doe dwell, ſing to the Lord with cheare full voyce: Him ſerue with feare, his prayſe forth tell, come ye before him and reioyce.
The Lord ye know is God in deede, without our ayde he dyd vs make. We are his flocke he doth vs feede, and for his ſheepe he doth vs take.
Oh enter then his gates with prayſe, approch with ioye his courtes vnto: Prayſe, laud and bleſſe his name alwayes, for it is ſeemely ſo to doe.
For why the Lord our God is good, his mercy is for euer ſure: His truth at all tymes firmely ſtode, and ſhal from age to age endure.

¶ The humble ſute of a Sinner.

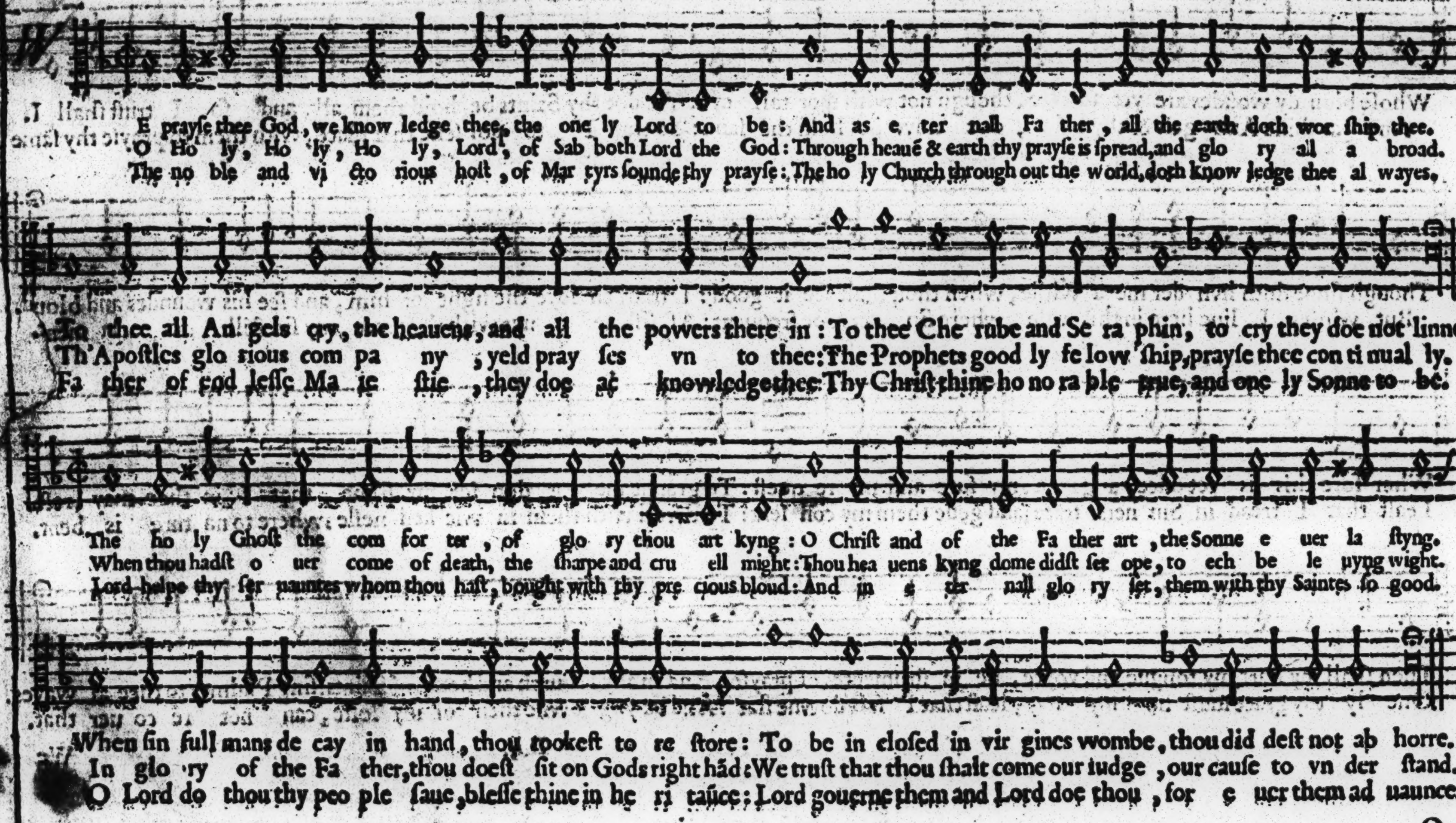

O
O Lord of whom I doe depend, behold my carefull hart: And when thy will and pleaſure is, releaſe me of my ſmart.
But onely thou whoſe ayde I craue, whoſe mercy ſtill is preſt: To eaſe all thoſe that come to thee, for ſuccour and for reſt.
For ſin hath ſo incloſed me, and compaſt me about: That I am now remedyleſſe, if mercy helpe not out.
Thou ſeeſt my ſorrowes what they are, my grief is knowen to thee: And there is none that can remoue, or take the ſame from me.
And ſith thou ſeeſt my [illegible] leſſe eyes, my teares and greuous grones: Attend vnto my ſute O Lord, marke well my plaint and mone.
For mortall man can not releſſe, or mitigate this payne: But euen thy Chriſt my Lord and God, which for my ſinnes was ſlayne.

Whoſe

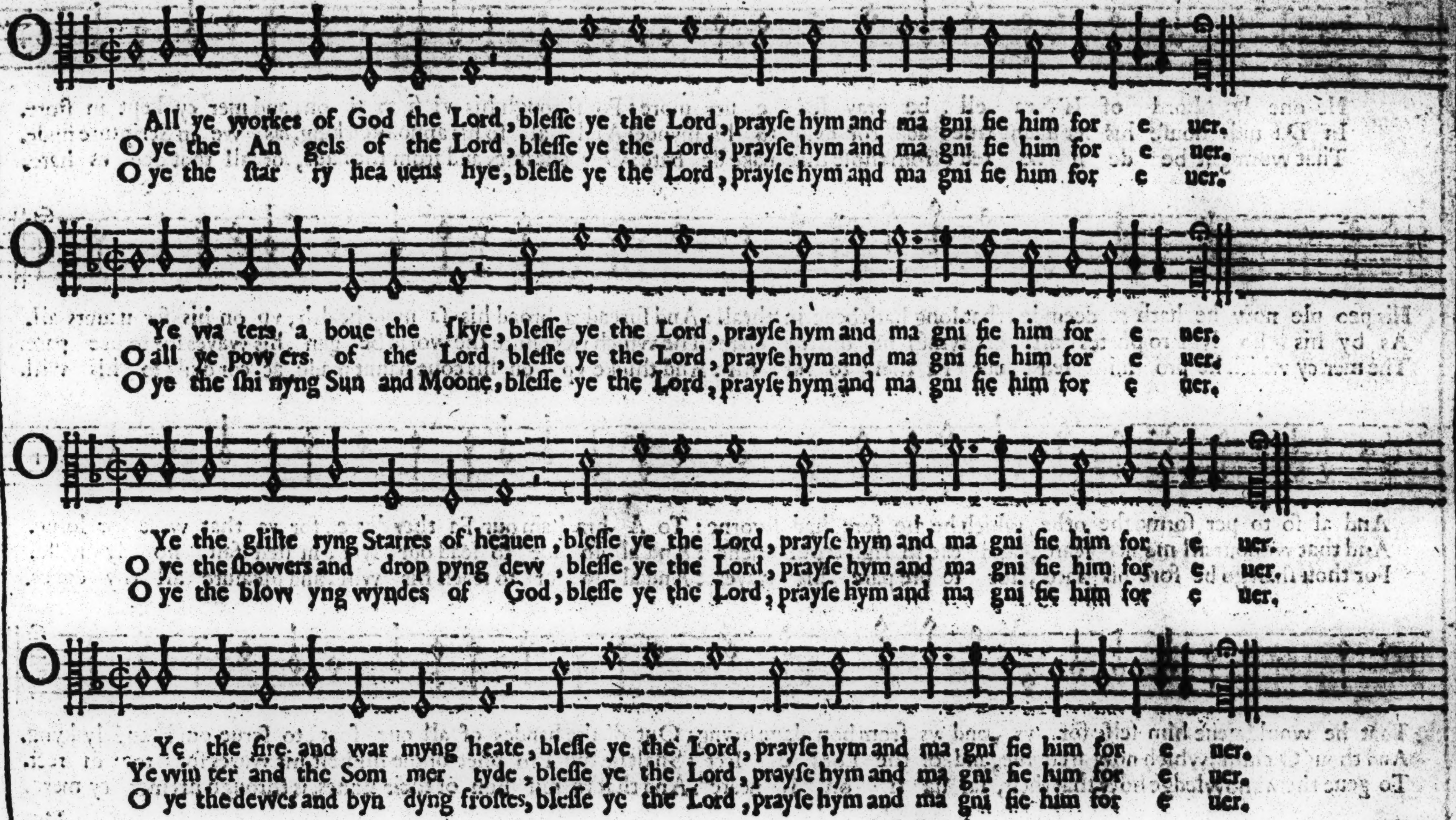
The humble ſute of a Sinner

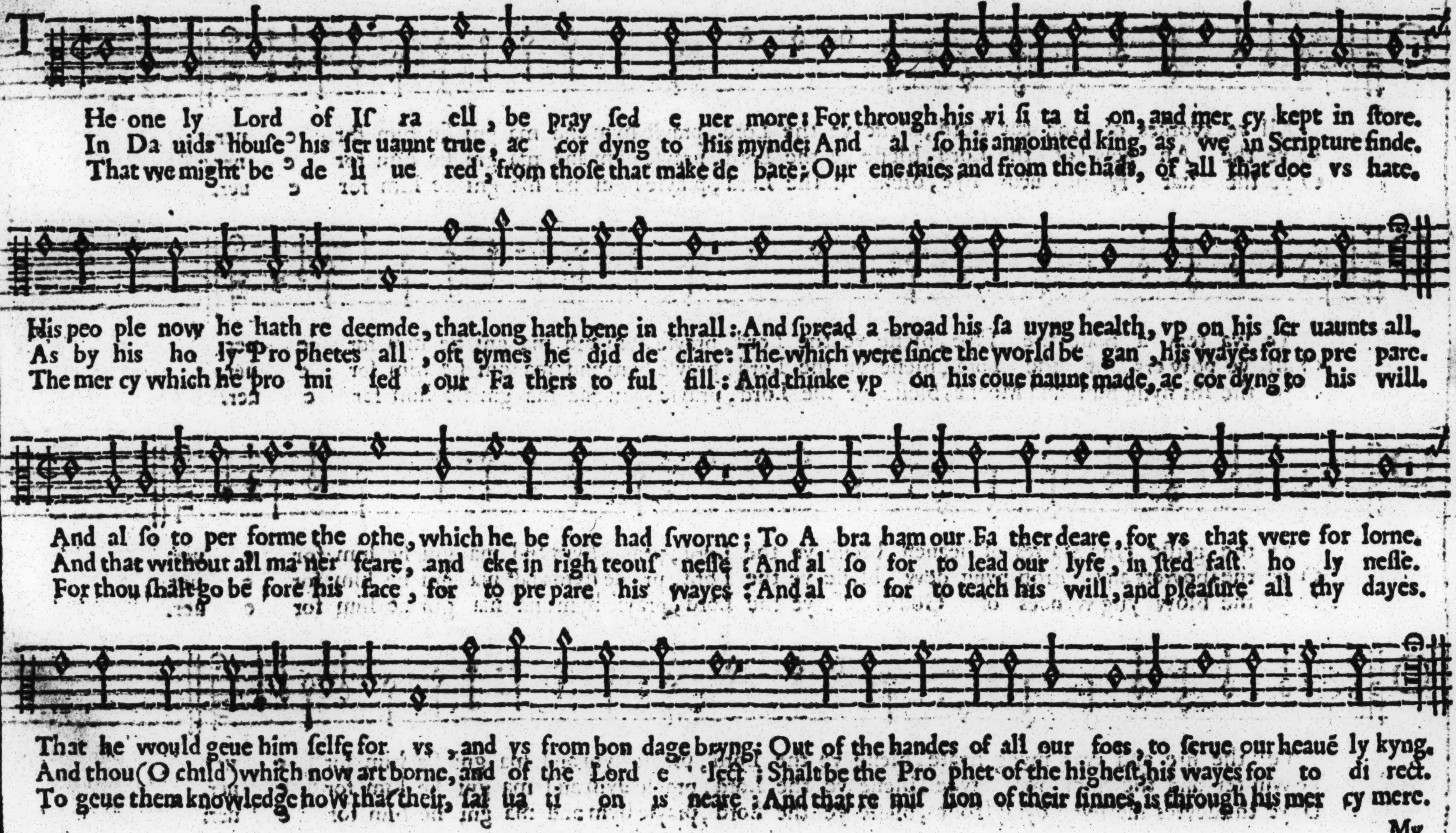

Whoſe blou dy woũdes are yet to ſee, though not with mor tall eye: Yet doe thy Saints be hold them all, and ſo I truſt ſhall I.
And as thine Aun gels & thy Saints, doe now be hold the ſame: So truſt I to poſ ſeſſe that place, with them to prayſe thy ſame
Though ſinne doth hyn der me a while, when thou ſhalt ſee it good: I ſhall en ioye the ſight of him, and ſee his woundes and bloud.
But, whiles, I liue here in this vale, where ſin ners doe frequent: Aſ ſiſt me e uer with thy grace, my ſin ſtill to re lent.
Wher fore this is yet once a gayne, my ſute and my re queſt: To graunt me par don for my ſinne, that I in thee may reſt.
Leaſt that I tread in Sin ners trace, and geue them my con ſent; To dwell with them in wic ked neſſe, where to na ture is bent.
Then ſhall my hart, my tongue, and voyce, be in ſtrumentes of prayſe: And in thy Church and houſe of Saints, ſing Pſalmes to thee al wayes.
One ly thy grace muſt be my ſtay, leaſt that I fall downe flat: And be yng downe then of my ſelfe, can not re co uer that.

The ſong of S. Ambroſe, called *Te Deum*. *Contratenor.*


We prayſe thee God, we know ledge thee, the one ly Lord to be: And as e ter nall Fa ther, all the earth doth wor ſhip thee.
O Ho ly, Ho ly, Ho ly, Lord, of Sab both Lord the God: Through heauē & earth thy prayſe is ſpread, and glo ry all a broad.
The no ble and vi cto rious hoſt, of Mar tyrs ſounde thy prayſe: The ho ly Church through out the world, doth know ledge thee al wayes.
To thee all An gels cry, the heauens, and all the powers there in: To thee Che rube and Se ra phin, to cry they doe not linne.
Th'Apoſtles glo rious com pa ny, yeld pray ſes vn to thee: The Prophets good ly fe low ſhip, prayſe thee con ti nual ly.
Fa ther of end leſſe Ma ie ſtie, they doe ac knowledge thee: Thy Chriſt thine ho no ra ble true, and one ly Sonne to be.
The ho ly Ghoſt the com for ter, of glo ry thou art kyng: O Chriſt and of the Fa ther art, the Sonne e uer la ſtyng.
When thou hadſt o uer come of death, the ſharpe and cru ell might: Thou hea uens kyng dome didſt ſet ope, to ech be le uyng wight.
Lord helpe thy ſer uauntes whom thou haſt, bought with thy pre cious bloud: And in e ter nall glo ry ſet, them with thy Saintes ſo good.
When ſin full mans de cay in hand, thou tookeſt to re ſtore: To be in cloſed in vir gines wombe, thou did deſt not ab horre.
In glo ry of the Fa ther, thou doeſt ſit on Gods right hād: We truſt that thou ſhalt come our iudge, our cauſe to vn der ſtand.
O Lord do thou thy peo ple ſaue, bleſſe thine in he ri tāuce: Lord gouerne them and Lord doe thou, for e uer them ad uaunce.

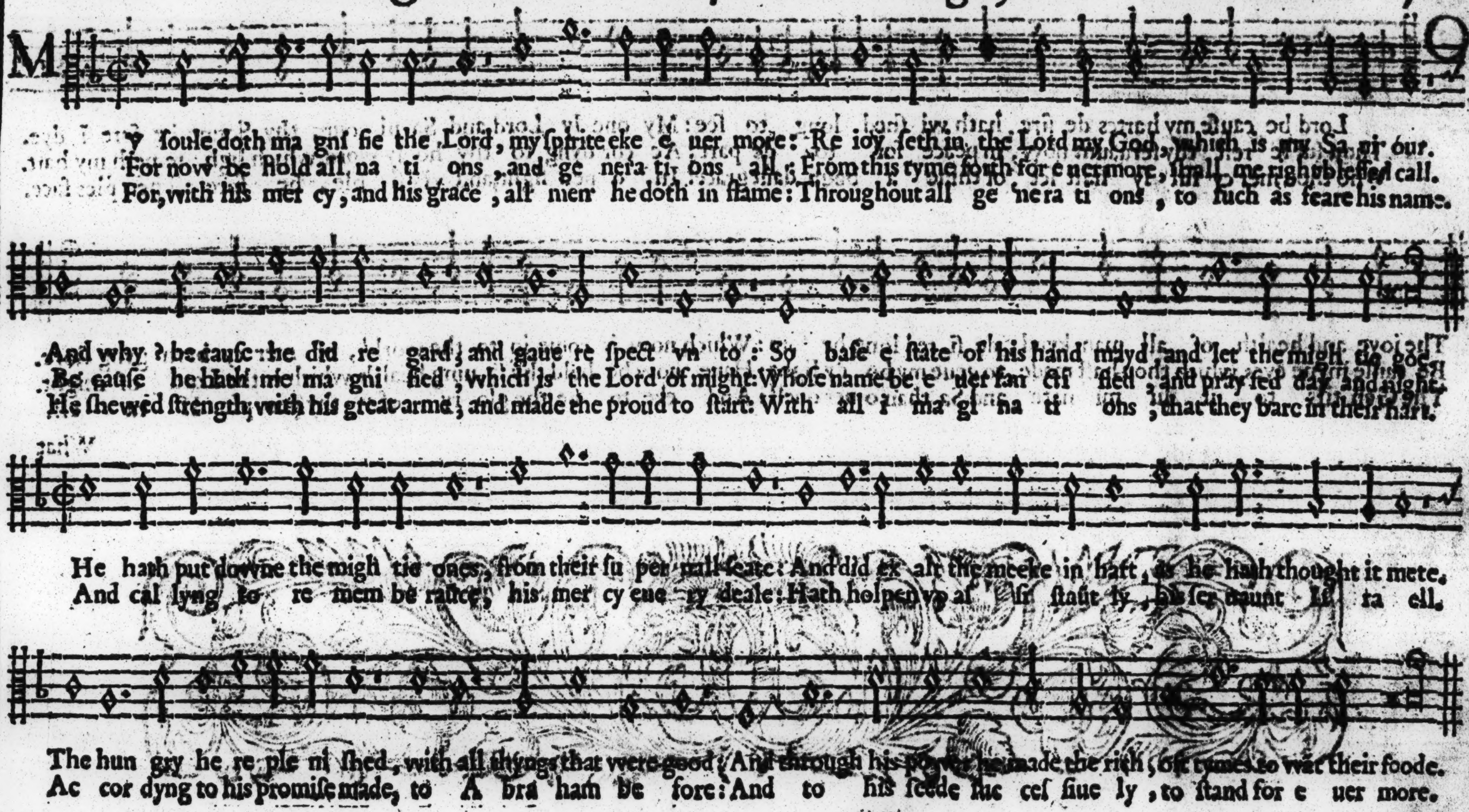
O


All ye workes of God the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the An gels of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſtar ry hea uens hye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye wa ters a boue the ſkye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O all ye pow ers of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhi nyng Sun and Moone, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the gliſte ryng Starres of heauen, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhowers and drop pyng dew, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the blow yng wyndes of God, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the fire and war myng heate, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye win ter and the Som mer tyde, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the dewes and byn dyng froſtes, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and ma gni fie him for e uer.

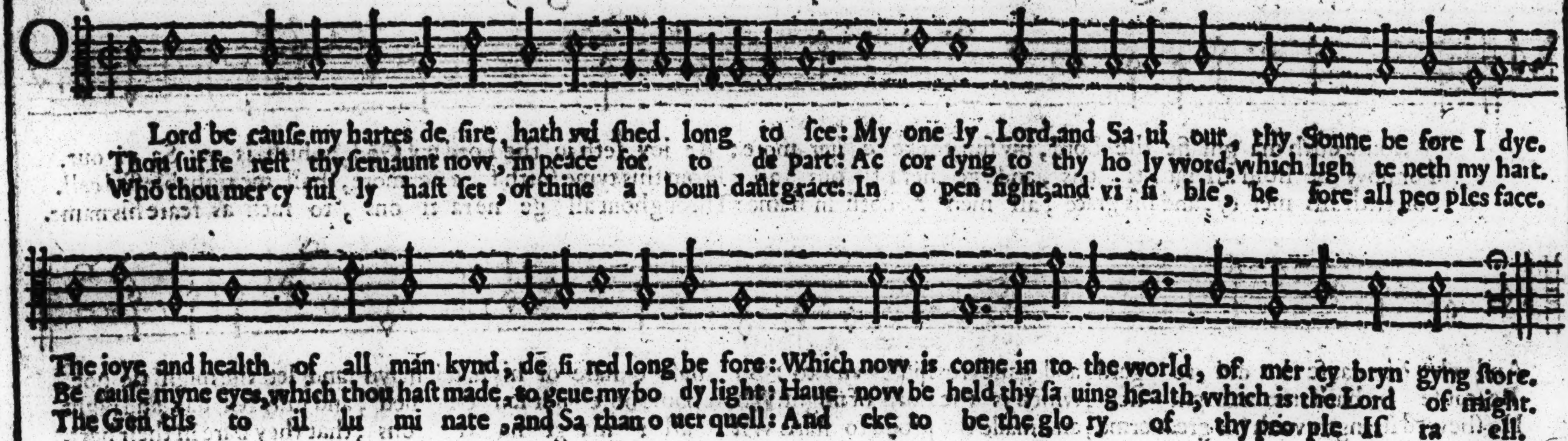

THe one ly Lord of Iſ ra ell, be pray ſed e uer more: For through his vi ſi ta ti on, and mer cy kept in ſtore.
In Da uids houſe his ſer uaunt true, ac cor dyng to his mynde: And al ſo his annointed king, as we in Scripture finde.
That we might be de li ue red, from thoſe that make de bate: Our ene mies and from the hāds, of all that doe vs hate.
His peo ple now he hath re deemde, that long hath bene in thrall: And ſpread a broad his ſa uyng health, vp on his ſer uaunts all.
As by his ho ly Pro phetes all, oft tymes he did de clare: The which were ſince the world be gan, his wayes for to pre pare.
The mer cy which he pro mi ſed, our Fa thers to ful fill: And thinke vp on his coue naunt made, ac cor dyng to his will.
And al ſo to per forme the othe, which he be fore had ſworne: To A bra ham our Fa ther deare, for vs that were for lorne.
And that without all ma ner feare, and eke in righ teouſ neſſe: And al ſo for to lead our lyfe, in ſted faſt ho ly neſſe.
For thou ſhalt go be fore his face, for to pre pare his wayes: And al ſo for to teach his will, and pleaſure all thy dayes.
That he would geue him ſelfe for vs, and vs from bon dage bryng: Out of the handes of all our foes, to ſerue our heauē ly kyng.
And thou (O child) which now art borne, and of the Lord e lect: Shalt be the Pro phet of the higheſt, his wayes for to di rect.
To geue them knowledge how that their, ſal ua ti on is neare: And that re miſ ſion of their ſinnes, is through his mer cy mere.

My

G.D. The ſong of bleſſed Mary, called *Magnificat*. *Contratenor*.

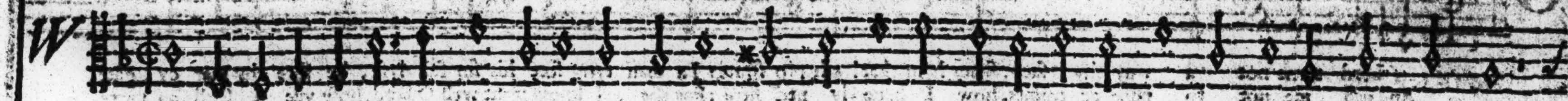

M y ſoule doth ma gni fie the Lord, my ſpirite eke e uer more: Re ioy ſeth in the Lord my God, which is my Sa ui our.
For now be hold all na ti ons, and ge nera ti ons all: From this tyme forth for e uermore, ſhall me right bleſſed call.
For, with his mer cy, and his grace, all men he doth in ſlame: Throughout all ge nera ti ons, to ſuch as feare his name.
And why? be cauſe he did re gard, and gaue re ſpect vn to: So baſe e ſtate of his hand mayd, and let the migh tie god.
Be cauſe he hath me ma gni fied, which is the Lord of might: Whoſe name be e uer ſan cti fied, and prayſed day and night.
He ſhewed ſtrength, with his great arme, and made the proud to ſtart: With all i ma gi na ti ons, that they bare in their hart.
He hath put downe the migh tie ones, from their ſu per nall ſeate: And did ex alt the meeke in hart, as he hath thought it mete.
And cal lyng to re mem be raunce, his mer cy eue ry deale: Hath holpen vp al ſo ſtaut ly, his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell.
The hun gry he re ple ni ſhed, with all thyngs that were good: And through his power he made the rich, oft tymes to want their foode.
Ac cor dyng to his promiſe made, to A bra ham be fore: And to his ſeede ſuc ceſ ſiue ly, to ſtand for e uer more.

G.D. The ſong of Symeon, called *Nunc dimittis.* *Contratenor.*

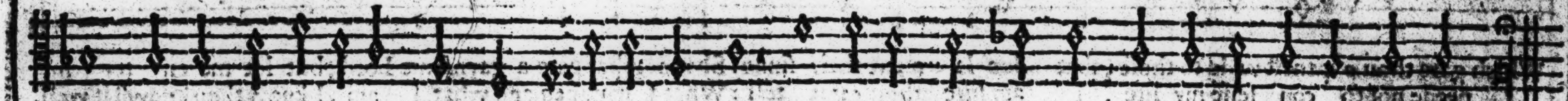

Lord becauſe my hartes deſire, hath wiſhed long to ſee: My onely Lord, and Sauiour, thy Sonne before I dye.
Thou ſuffereſt thy ſeruaunt now, in peace for to depart: According to thy holy word, which lighteneth my hart.
Who thou mercyfully haſt ſet, of thine aboundaunt grace: In open ſight, and viſible, before all peoples face.
The ioye and health of all mankynd, deſired long before: Which now is come into the world, of mercy bryngyng ſtore.
Becauſe myne eyes, which thou haſt made, to geue my body light: Haue now beheld thy ſauing health, which is the Lord of might.
The Gentils to illuminate, and Sathan ouerquell: And eke to be the glory of thy people Iſraell.

What

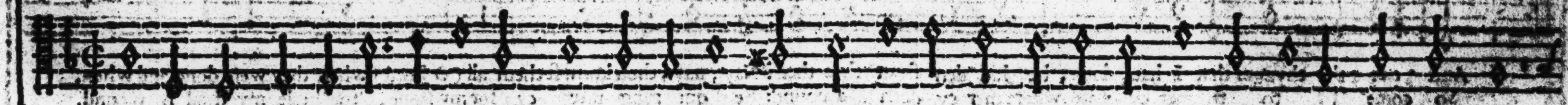
called *Quicunque Vult.*



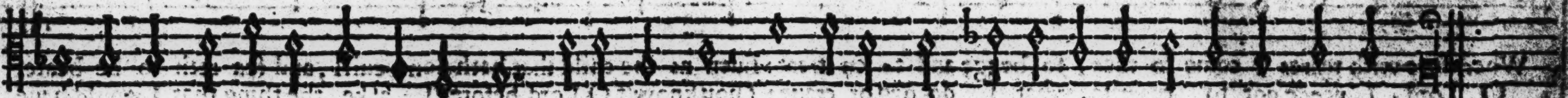
WHat man ſo e uer he be that, ſal ua tion will at tayne: The Ca tho licke be leſe he muſt, be fore all thynges re tayne.
The Ca tho licke be lief is this, that God we worſhyp one: In Tri ni tie, and Tri ni tie, in v ni tie a lone.
One per ſon of the Fa ther is, an o ther of the Sonne: An o ther per ſon, pro per, of the ho ly Ghoſt a lone.



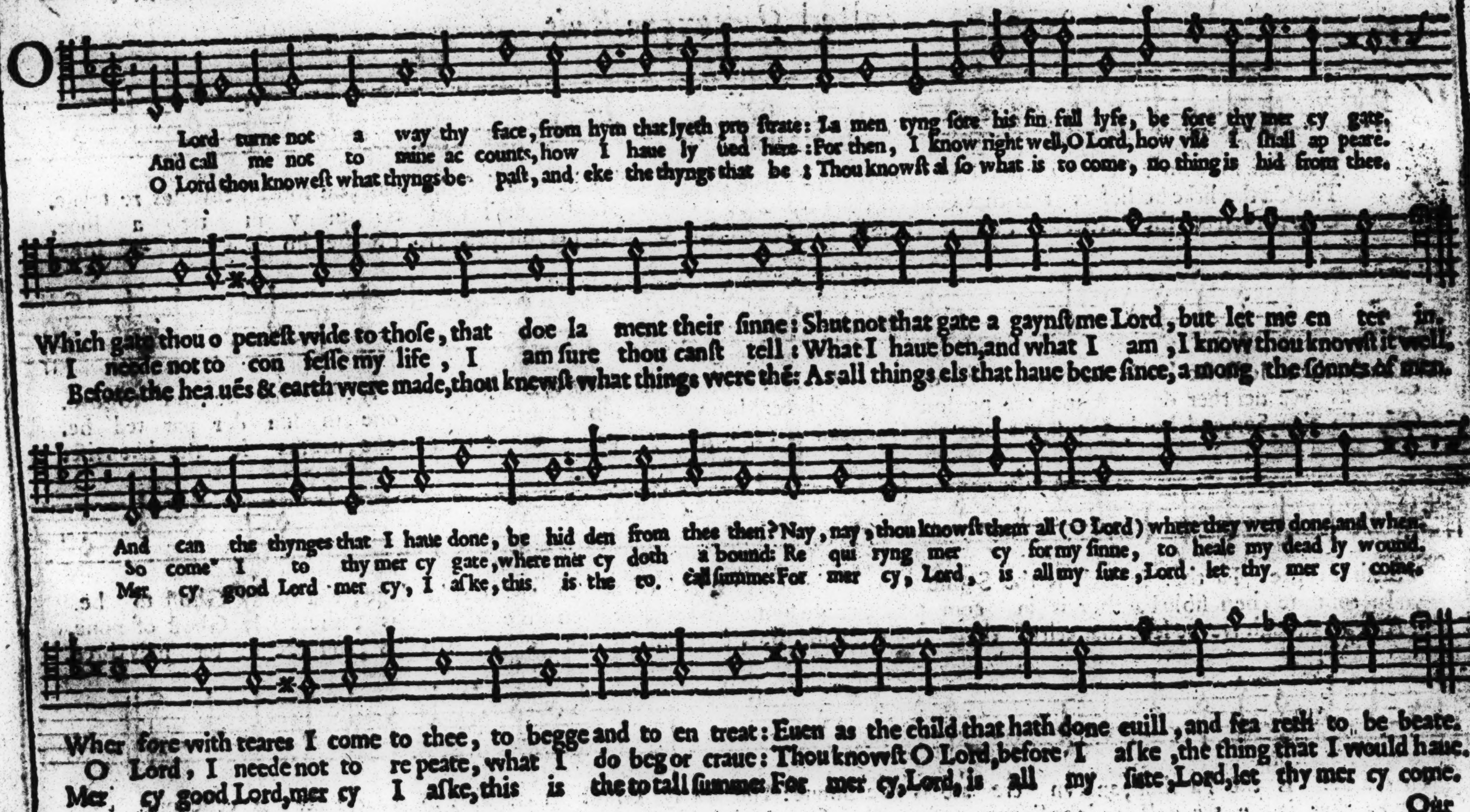
Which fayth vn leſſe he ho ly keepe, and vn de fi led ly: With out all doubt e ter nal ly, he ſhal be ſure to dye.
So as we nei ther do con found, the per ſons of the three: Nor yet the ſub ſtaunce whole of one, in ſun der par ted be.
Of Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, but one the Godhead is: Like glo ry co e ter nall eke, the ma ie ſtie like wiſe.



Such as the Fa ther is, ſuch is the Sonne in eche de gree: And ſuch al ſo we do be leue, the ho ly Ghoſt to be.
In com pre hen ſible Fa ther is, in com pre hen ſible ſonne: And com pre hen ſible al ſo is, the ho ly Ghoſt of none.
And yet though we be leue that, ech of theſe e ter nall be: Yet there but one e ter nall is, and not e ter nals three.



Vn cre ate is the Fa ther, and vn cre ate is the Sonne: The ho ly Ghoſt vn cre ate, ſo vn cre ate is eche one.
The Fa ther is e ter nall, and the Sonne e ter nall ſo: And in like ſort e ter nall is, the ho ly Ghoſt al ſo.
As ne in com pre hen ſible, we ne yet vn cre ate there: But one in com pre hen ſi ble, one vn create, hold to be.

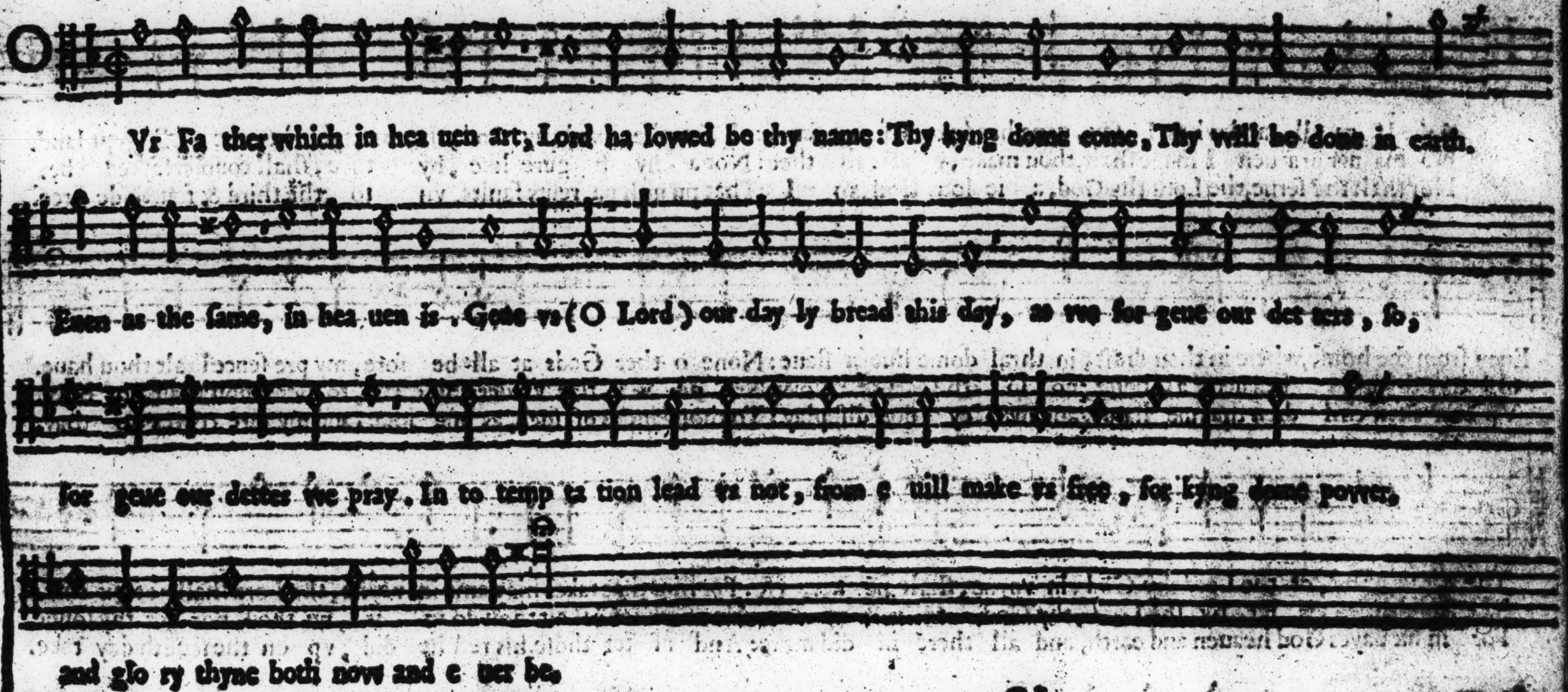

O
Lord turne not a way thy face, from hym that lyeth pro ſtrate: La men tyng ſore his ſin full lyfe, be fore thy mer cy gate,
And call me not to mine ac counts, how I haue ly ued here: For then, I know right well, O Lord, how vile I ſhall ap peare.
O Lord thou knoweſt what thyngs be paſt, and eke the thyngs that be: Thou knowſt al ſo what is to come, no thing is hid from thee.
Which gate thou o peneſt wide to thoſe, that doe la ment their ſinne: Shut not that gate a gaynſt me Lord, but let me en ter in.
I neede not to con feſſe my life, I am ſure thou canſt tell: What I haue ben, and what I am, I know thou knowſt it well.
Before the hea uẽs & earth were made, thou knewſt what things were thẽ: As all things els that haue bene ſince, a mong the ſonnes of men.
And can the thynges that I haue done, be hid den from thee then? Nay, nay, thou knowſt them all (O Lord) where they were done, and when.
So come I to thy mer cy gate, where mer cy doth a bound: Re qui ryng mer cy for my ſinne, to heale my dead ly wound.
Mer cy good Lord mer cy, I aſke, this is the to. tall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mer cy come.
Wher fore with teares I come to thee, to begge and to en treat: Euen as the child that hath done euill, and fea reth to be beate.
O Lord, I neede not to re peate, what I do beg or craue: Thou knowſt O Lord, before I aſke, the thing that I would haue.
Mer cy good Lord, mer cy I aſke, this is the to tall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord, let thy mer cy come.

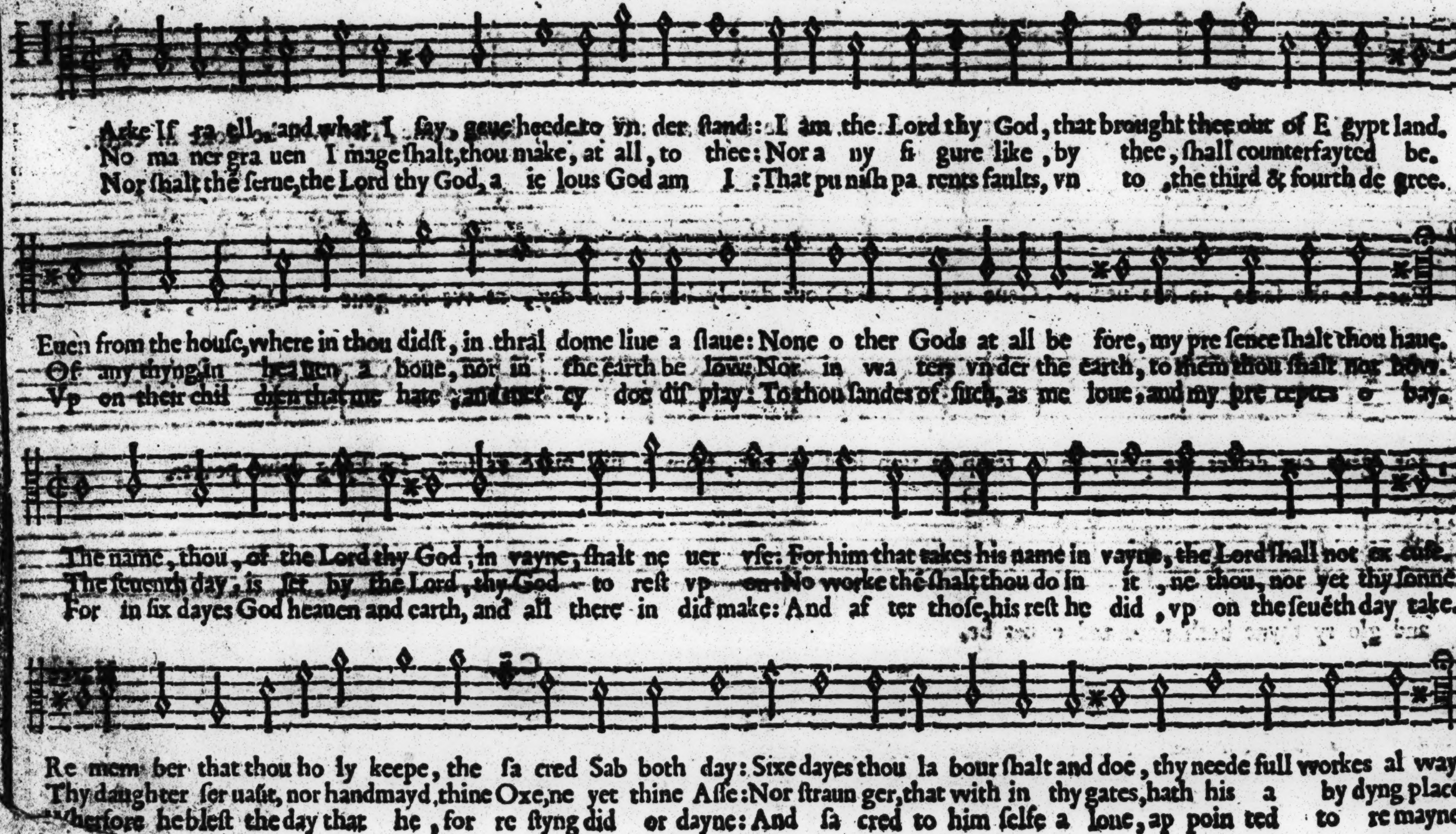
Our

G.D.

The Lordes Prayer, or *Pater noster*.

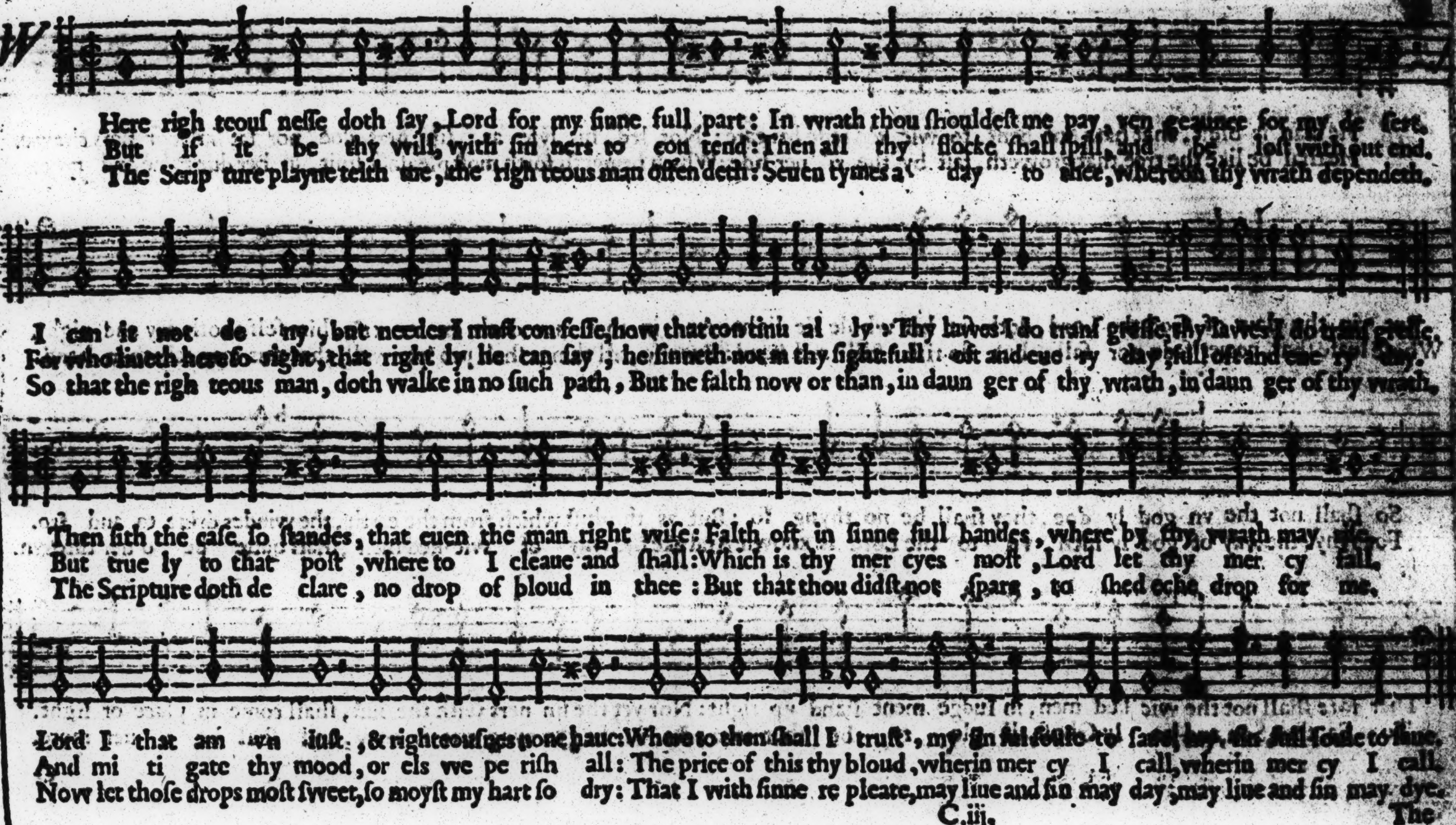
Contratenor.


Vr Fa ther which in hea uen art, Lord ha lowed be thy name: Thy kyng dome come, Thy will be done in earth.
Euen as the ſame, in hea uen is. Geue vs (O Lord) our day ly bread this day, as we for geue our det ters, ſo,
for geue our dettes we pray. In to temp ta tion lead vs not, from e uill make vs free, for kyng dome power,
and glo ry thyne both now and e uer be.

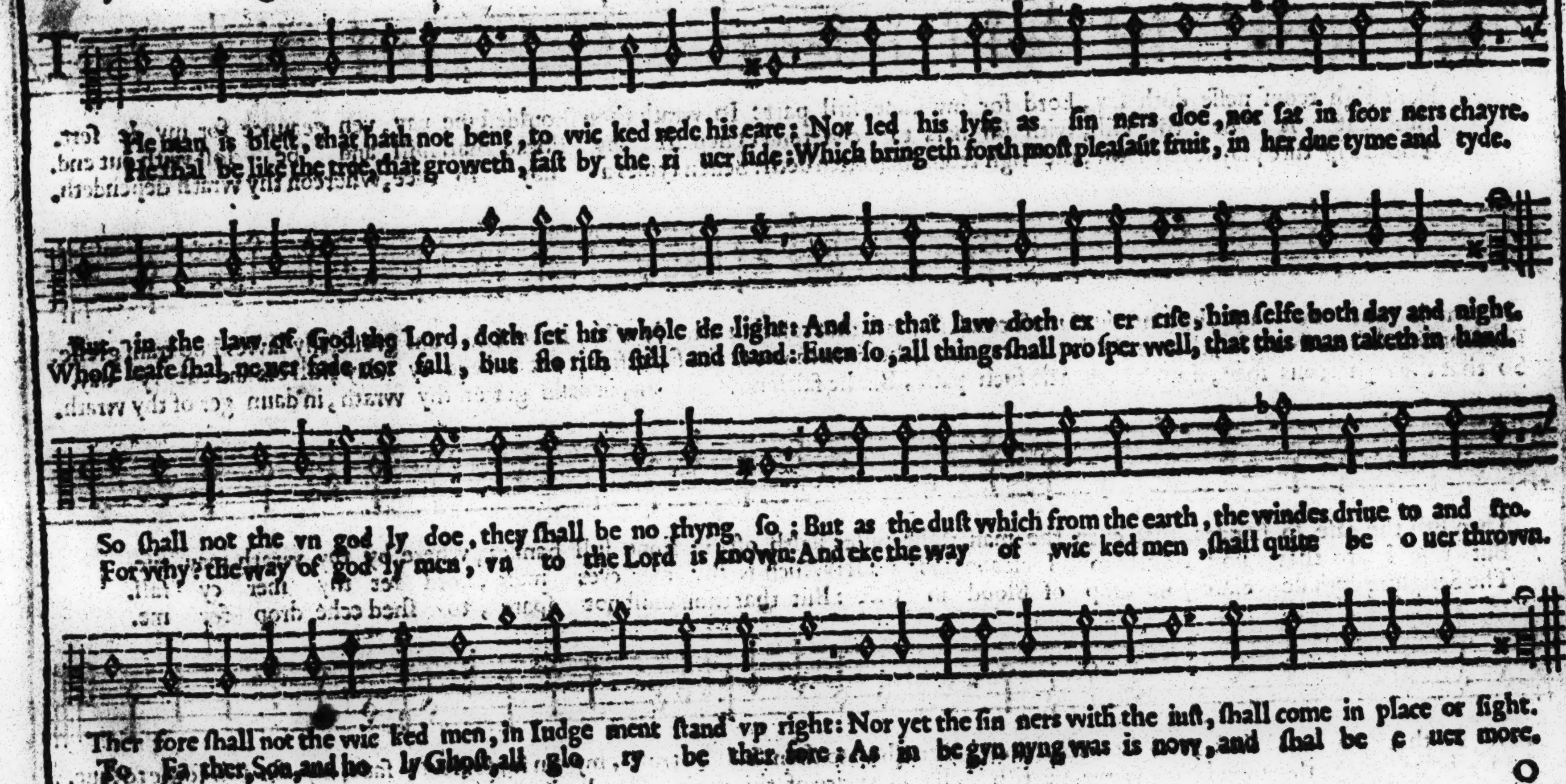

Harke Iſraell, and what I ſay, geue heede to vnderſtand: I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of Egypt land.
No maner grauen Image ſhalt, thou make, at all, to thee: Nor any figure like, by thee, ſhall counterfayted be.
Nor ſhalt thē ſerue, the Lord thy God, a ielous God am I: That puniſh parents faults, vnto, the third & fourth degree.
Euen from the houſe, where in thou didſt, in thraldome liue a ſlaue: None other Gods at all before, my preſence ſhalt thou haue.
Of any thyng in heauen aboue, nor in the earth below: Nor in waters vnder the earth, to them thou ſhalt not bow.
Vpon their children that me hate, and mercy dos diſplay: To thouſandes of ſuch, as me loue, and my precepts obay.
The name, thou, of the Lord thy God, in vayne, ſhalt neuer vſe: For him that takes his name in vayne, the Lord ſhall not excuſe.
The ſeuenth day, is ſet by the Lord, thy God to reſt vpon: No worke thē ſhalt thou do in it, ne thou, nor yet thy ſonne.
For in ſix dayes God heauen and earth, and all therein did make: And after thoſe, his reſt he did, vpon the ſeuēth day take.
Remember that thou holy keepe, the ſacred Sabboth day: Sixe dayes thou labour ſhalt and doe, thy needefull workes alway.
Thy daughter ſeruaūt, nor handmayd, thine Oxe, ne yet thine Aſſe: Nor ſtraunger, that within thy gates, hath his abydyng place.
Wherfore he bleſt the day that he, for reſtyng did ordayne: And ſacred to him ſelfe alone, appointed to remayne.

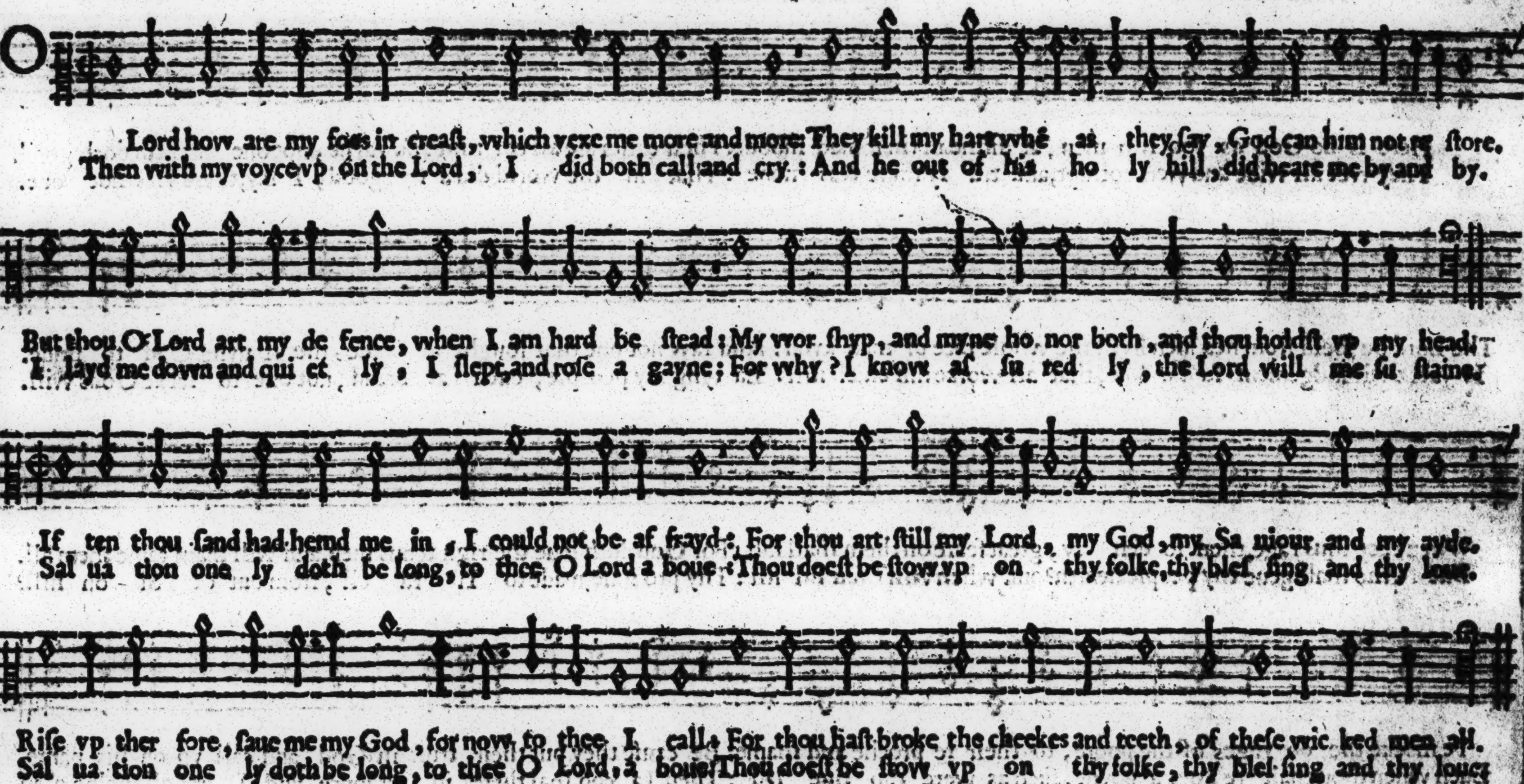
Where

The complaint of a Sinner.

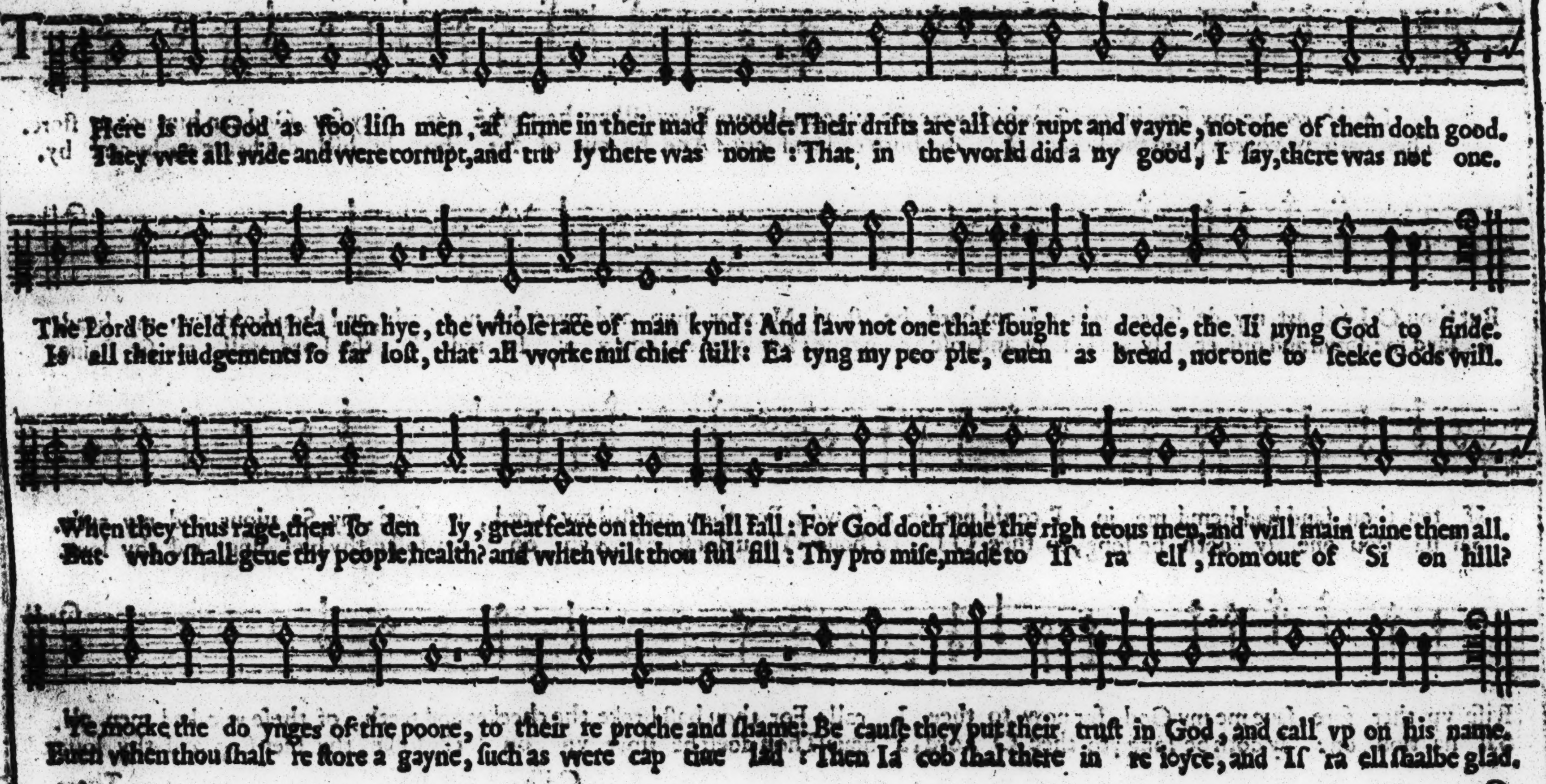

W
Here righ teouſ neſſe doth ſay, Lord for my ſinne full part: In wrath thou ſhouldeſt me pay, ven geaunce for my de ſert.
But if it be thy will, with ſin ners to con tend: Then all thy flocke ſhall ſpill, and be loſt with out end.
The Scrip ture playne telth me, the righ teous man offen deth: Seuen tymes a day to thee, whereon thy wrath dependeth.
I can it not de ny, but needes I muſt con feſſe, how that con tinu al ly Thy lawes I do tranſ greſſe, thy lawes I do tranſ greſſe,
For who liueth here ſo right, that right ly he can ſay, he ſinneth not in thy ſight: full oft and eue ry day, full oft and eue ry day.
So that the righ teous man, doth walke in no ſuch path, But he falth now or than, in daun ger of thy wrath, in daun ger of thy wrath.
Then ſith the caſe ſo ſtandes, that euen the man right wiſe: Falth oft in ſinne full handes, where by thy wrath may riſe.
But true ly to that poſt, where to I cleaue and ſhall: Which is thy mer cyes moſt, Lord let thy mer cy fall,
The Scripture doth de clare, no drop of bloud in thee: But that thou didſt not ſpare, to ſhed eche drop for me.
Lord I that am vn iuſt, & righteouſnes none haue: Where to then ſhall I truſt, my ſin full ſoule to ſaue, but ſin full ſoule to ſaue.
And mi ti gate thy mood, or els we pe riſh all: The price of this thy bloud, wherin mer cy I call, wherin mer cy I call.
Now let thoſe drops moſt ſweet, ſo moyſt my hart ſo dry: That I with ſinne re pleate, may liue and ſin may dye, may liue and ſin may dye.

¶ Here begynneth the Pſalmes.

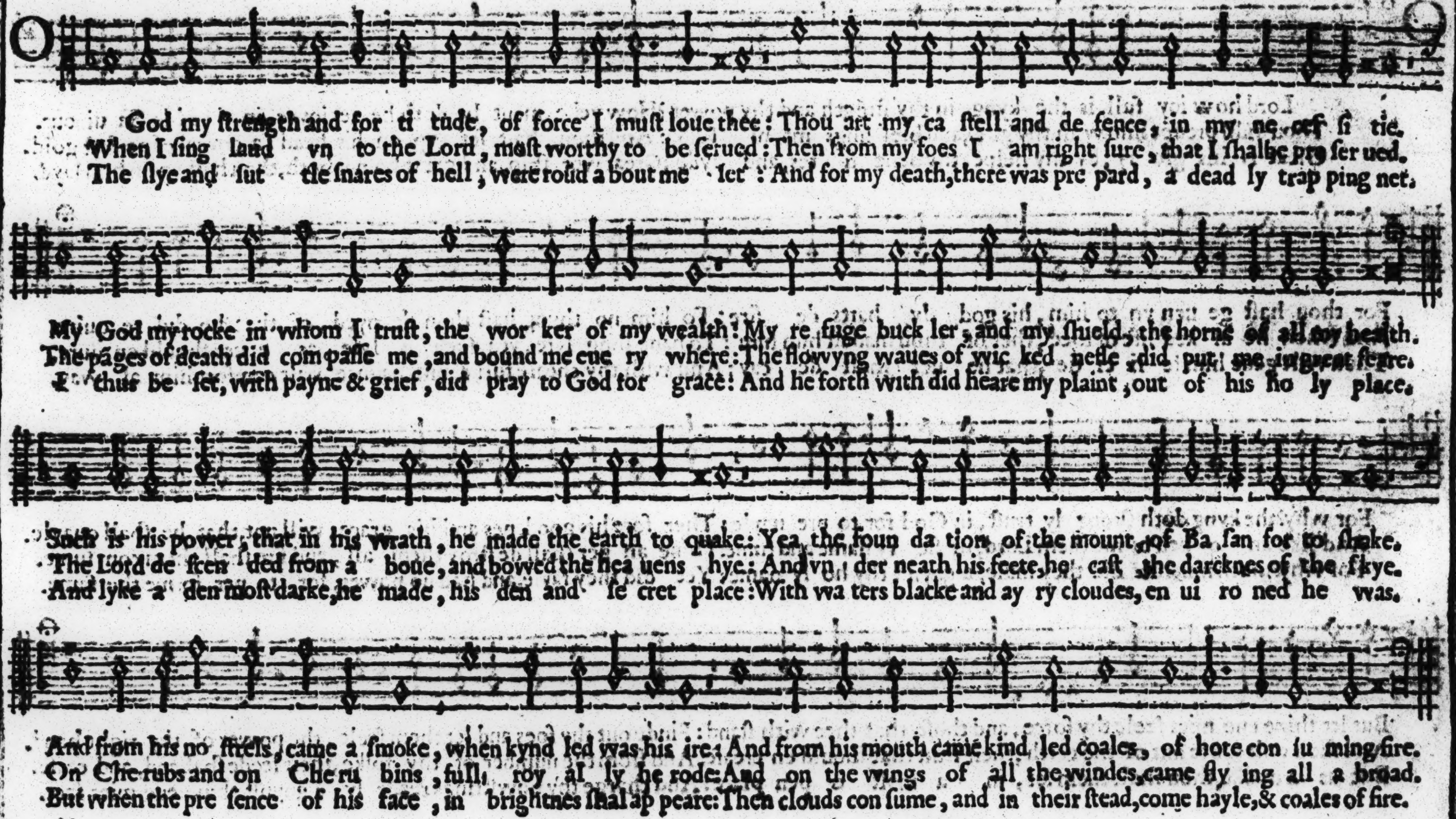

T
He man is bleſt, that hath not bent, to wic ked rede his eare: Nor led his lyfe as ſin ners doe, nor ſat in ſcor ners chayre.
He ſhal be like the tree, that groweth, faſt by the ri uer ſide: Which bringeth forth moſt pleaſant fruit, in her due tyme and tyde.
But in the law of God the Lord, doth ſet his whole de light: And in that law doth ex er ciſe, him ſelfe both day and night.
Whoſe leafe ſhal neuer fade nor fall, but flo riſh ſtill and ſtand: Euen ſo, all things ſhall pro ſper well, that this man taketh in hand.
So ſhall not the vn god ly doe, they ſhall be no thyng ſo: But as the duſt which from the earth, the windes driue to and fro.
For why? the way of god ly men, vn to the Lord is known: And eke the way of wic ked men, ſhall quite be o uer thrown.
Ther fore ſhall not the wic ked men, in Iudge ment ſtand vp right: Nor yet the ſin ners with the iuſt, ſhall come in place or ſight.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.


Lord how are my foes in creaſt, which vexe me more and more: They kill my hart whē as they ſay, God can him not re ſtore.
Then with my voyce vp on the Lord, I did both call and cry: And he out of his ho ly hill, did heare me by and by.
But thou O Lord art my de fence, when I am hard be ſtead: My wor ſhyp, and myne ho nor both, and thou holdſt vp my head.
I layd me down and qui et ly, I ſlept, and roſe a gayne: For why? I know aſ ſu red ly, the Lord will me ſu ſtaine.
If ten thou ſand had hemd me in, I could not be af frayd: For thou art ſtill my Lord, my God, my Sa uiour and my ayde.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be long, to thee O Lord a boue: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue.
Riſe vp ther fore, ſaue me my God, for now to thee I call: For thou haſt broke the cheekes and teeth, of theſe wic ked men all.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be long, to thee O Lord, a boue: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue:

The xiiij. Pſalme.


THere is no God as fooliſh men, affirme in their mad moode: Their drifts are all corrupt and vayne, not one of them doth good.
They went all wide and were corrupt, and truly there was none: That in the world did any good, I ſay, there was not one.
The Lord beheld from heauen hye, the whole race of man kynd: And ſaw not one that ſought in deede, the liuyng God to finde.
Is all their iudgements ſo far loſt, that all worke miſchief ſtill: Eatyng my people, euen as bread, not one to ſeeke Gods will.
When they thus rage, then ſodenly, great feare on them ſhall fall: For God doth loue the righteous men, and will maintaine them all.
But who ſhall geue thy people health? and when wilt thou fulfill: Thy promiſe, made to Iſraell, from out of Sion hill?
Ye mocke the doynges of the poore, to their reproche and ſhame: Becauſe they put their truſt in God, and call vpon his name.
Euen when thou ſhalt reſtore agayne, ſuch as were captiue lad: Then Iacob ſhal therein reioyce, and Iſraell ſhalbe glad.

The xviij.Pſalme.

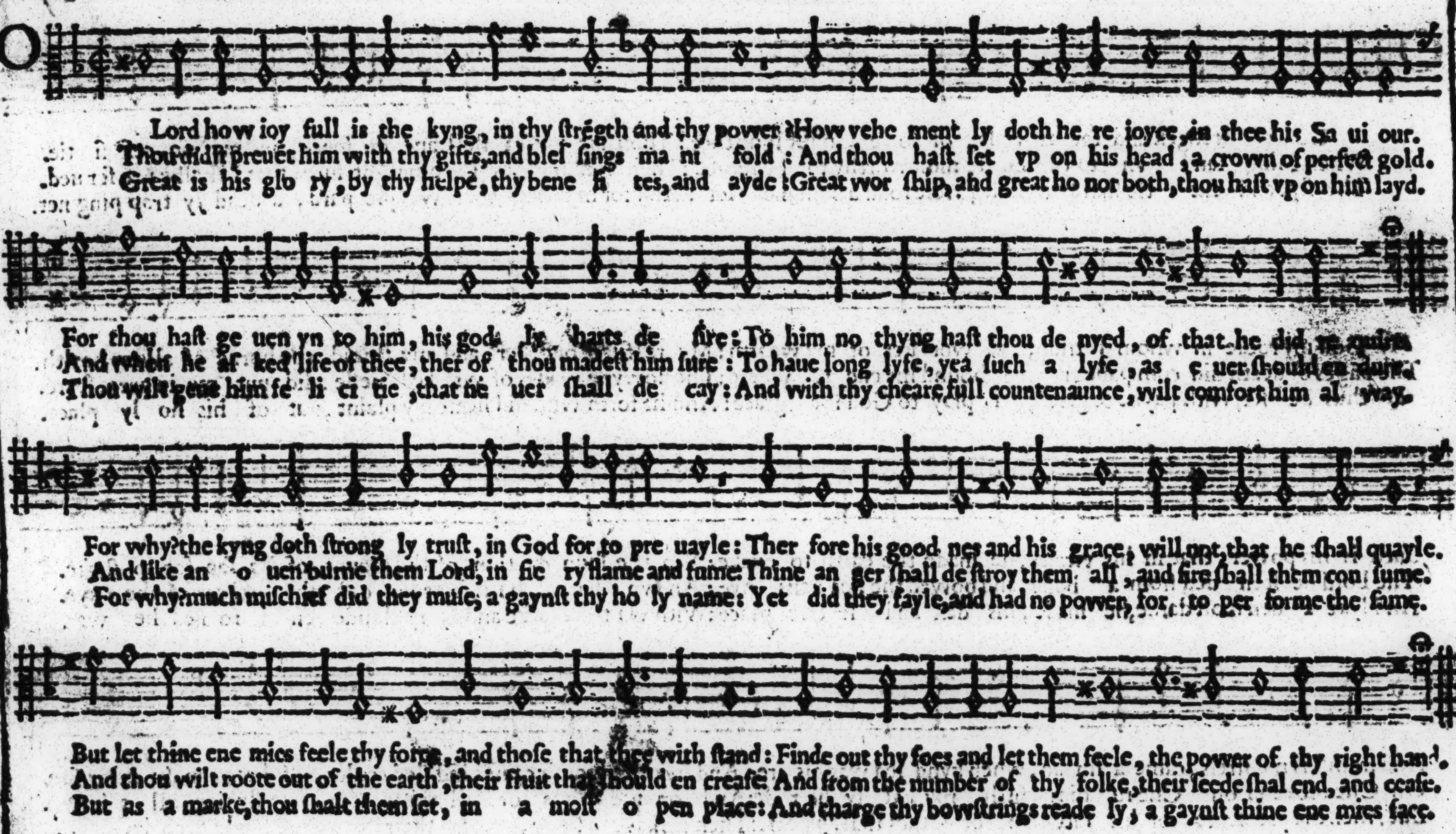


O God my ſtrength and for ti tude, of force I muſt loue thee: Thou art my ca ſtell and de fence, in my ne ceſ ſi tie.
When I ſing laud vn to the Lord, moſt worthy to be ſerued: Then from my foes I am right ſure, that I ſhalbe pre ſer ued.
The ſlye and ſut tle ſnares of hell, were rolld a bout me let: And for my death, there was pre pard, a dead ly trap ping net.

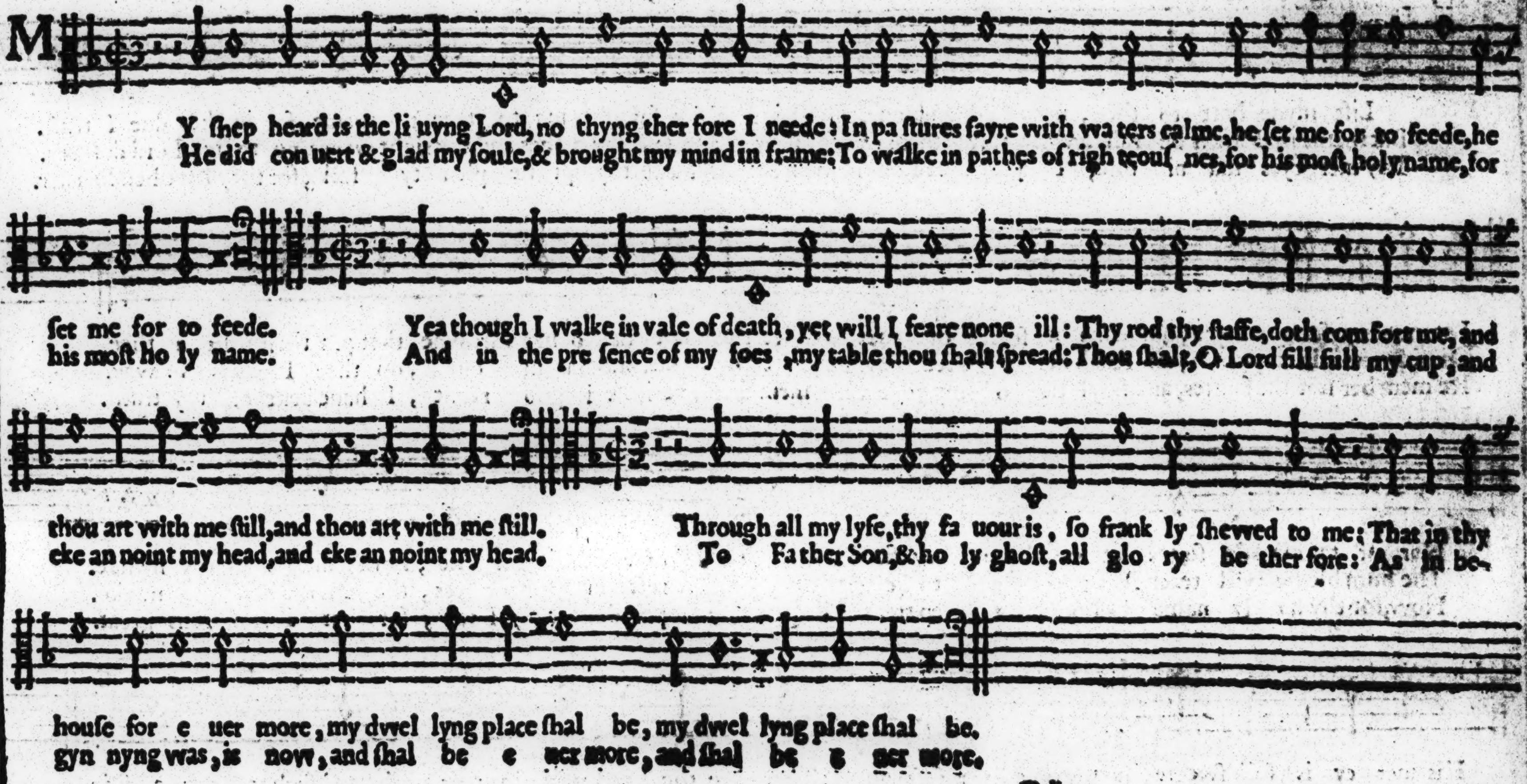
My God my rocke in whom I truſt, the wor ker of my wealth: My re fuge buck ler, and my ſhield, the horne of all my health.
The pages of death did com paſſe me, and bound me eue ry where: The flowyng waues of wic ked neſſe, did put me in great feare.
I thus be ſet, with payne & grief, did pray to God for grace: And he forth with did heare my plaint, out of his ho ly place.

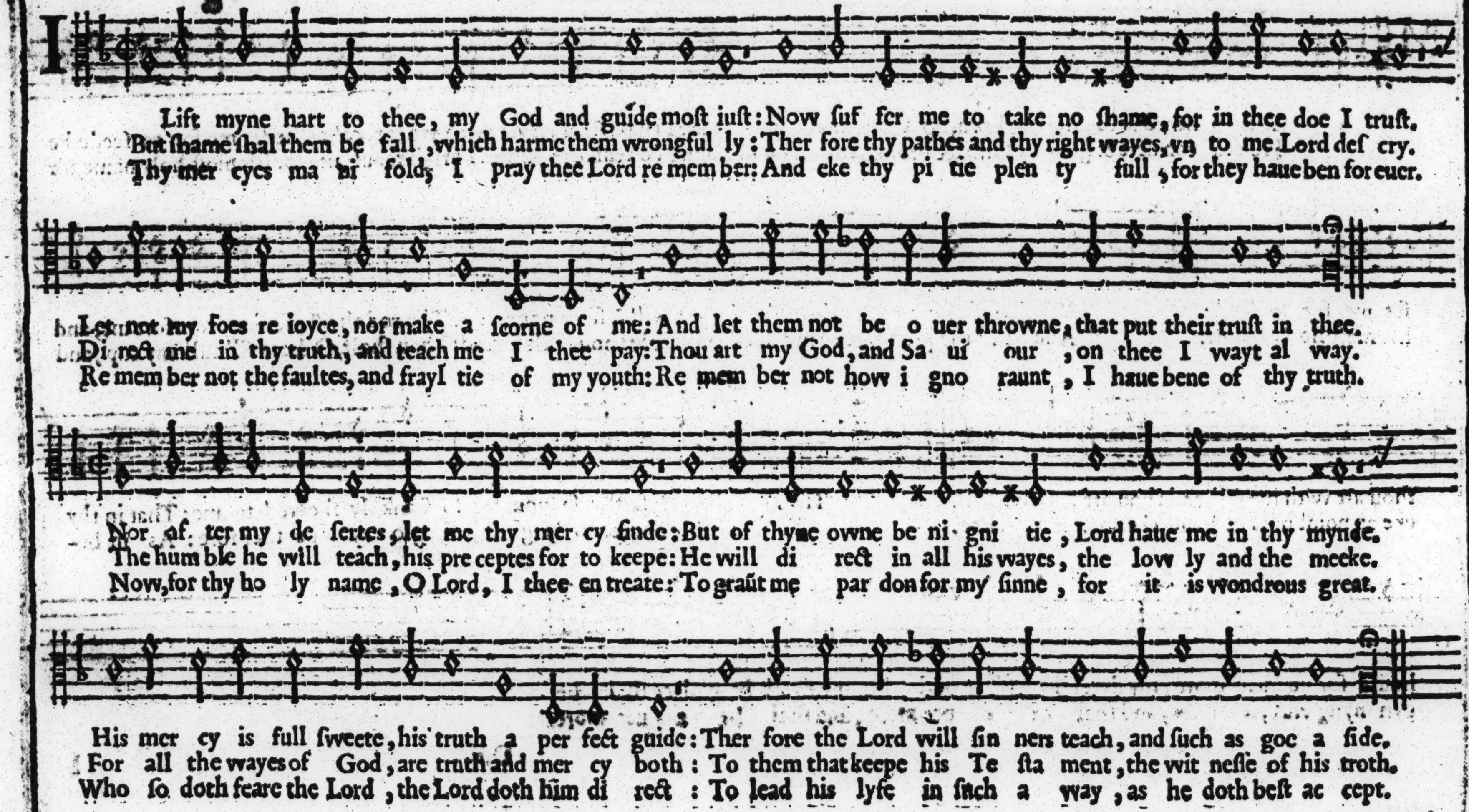
Such is his power, that in his wrath, he made the earth to quake: Yea the foun da tion of the mount of Ba ſan for to ſhake.
The Lord de ſcen ded from a boue, and bowed the hea uens hye: And vn der neath his feete, he caſt the darcknes of the ſkye.
And lyke a den moſt darke, he made, his den and ſe cret place: With wa ters blacke and ay ry cloudes, en ui ro ned he was.

And from his no ſtrels, came a ſmoke, when kynd led was his ire: And from his mouth came kind led coales, of hote con ſu ming fire.
On Che rubs and on Che ru bins, full roy al ly he rode: And on the wings of all the windes, came fly ing all a broad.
But when the pre ſence of his face, in brightnes ſhal ap peare: Then clouds con ſume, and in their ſtead, come hayle, & coales of fire.


O
Lord how ioy full is the kyng, in thy ſtrẽgth and thy power: How vehe ment ly doth he re ioyce, in thee his Sa ui our.
Thou didſt preuẽt him with thy gifts, and bleſ ſings ma ni fold: And thou haſt ſet vp on his head, a crown of perfect gold.
Great is his glo ry, by thy helpe, thy bene fi tes, and ayde: Great wor ſhip, and great ho nor both, thou haſt vp on him layd.
For thou haſt ge uen vn to him, his god ly harts de ſire: To him no thyng haſt thou de nyed, of that he did re quire.
And when he aſ ked life of thee, ther of thou madeſt him ſure: To haue long lyfe, yea ſuch a lyfe, as e uer ſhould en dure.
Thou wilt geue him fe li ci tie, that ne uer ſhall de cay: And with thy cheare full countenaunce, wilt comfort him al way.
For why? the kyng doth ſtrong ly truſt, in God for to pre uayle: Ther fore his good nes and his grace, will not that he ſhall quayle.
And like an o uen burne them Lord, in fie ry flame and fume: Thine an ger ſhall de ſtroy them all, and fire ſhall them con ſume.
For why? much miſchief did they muſe, a gaynſt thy ho ly name: Yet did they fayle, and had no power, for to per forme the ſame.
But let thine ene mies feele thy force, and thoſe that thee with ſtand: Finde out thy foes and let them feele, the power of thy right hand.
And thou wilt roote out of the earth, their fruit that ſhould en creaſe: And from the number of thy folke, their ſeede ſhal end, and ceaſe.
But as a marke, thou ſhalt them ſet, in a moſt o pen place: And charge thy bowſtrings reade ly, a gaynſt thine ene mies face.

My


MY ſhep heard is the li uyng Lord, no thyng ther fore I neede: In pa ſtures fayre with wa ters calme, he ſet me for to feede, he
He did con uert & glad my ſoule, & brought my mind in frame: To walke in pathes of righ teouſ nes, for his moſt holy name, for
ſet me for to feede. Yea though I walke in vale of death, yet will I feare none ill: Thy rod thy ſtaffe, doth com fort me, and
his moſt ho ly name. And in the pre ſence of my foes, my table thou ſhalt ſpread: Thou ſhalt, O Lord fill full my cup, and
thou art with me ſtill, and thou art with me ſtill. Through all my lyfe, thy fa uour is, ſo frank ly ſhewed to me: That in thy
eke an noint my head, and eke an noint my head. To Father Son, & ho ly ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be-
houſe for e uer more, my dwel lyng place ſhal be, my dwel lyng place ſhal be.
gyn nyng was, is now, and ſhal be e uer more, and ſhal be e uer more.

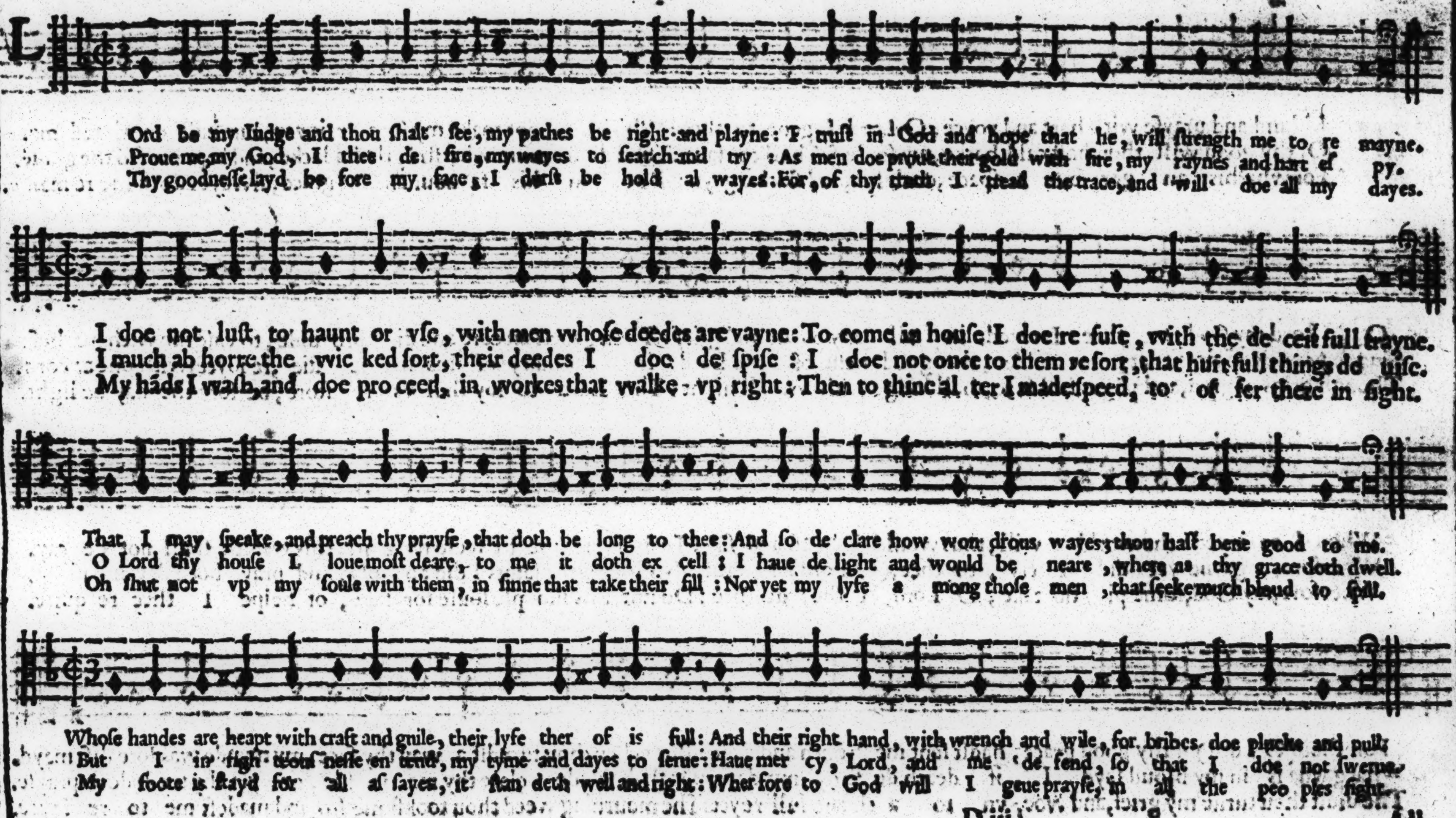

Liſt myne hart to thee, my God and guide moſt iuſt: Now ſuf fer me to take no ſhame, for in thee doe I truſt.
But ſhame ſhal them be fall, which harme them wrongful ly: Ther fore thy pathes and thy right wayes, vn to me Lord deſ cry.
Thy mer cyes ma ni fold, I pray thee Lord re mem ber: And eke thy pi tie plen ty full, for they haue ben for euer.
Let not my foes re ioyce, nor make a ſcorne of me: And let them not be o uer throwne, that put their truſt in thee.
Di rect me in thy truth, and teach me I thee pray: Thou art my God, and Sa ui our, on thee I wayt al way.
Re mem ber not the faultes, and frayl tie of my youth: Re mem ber not how i gno raunt, I haue bene of thy truth.
Nor af ter my de ſertes, let me thy mer cy finde: But of thyne owne be ni gni tie, Lord haue me in thy mynde.
The hum ble he will teach, his pre ceptes for to keepe: He will di rect in all his wayes, the low ly and the meeke.
Now, for thy ho ly name, O Lord, I thee en treate: To grãut me par don for my ſinne, for it is wondrous great.
His mer cy is full ſweete, his truth a per fect guide: Ther fore the Lord will ſin ners teach, and ſuch as goe a ſide.
For all the wayes of God, are truth and mer cy both: To them that keepe his Te ſta ment, the wit neſſe of his troth.
Who ſo doth feare the Lord, the Lord doth him di rect: To lead his lyfe in ſuch a way, as he doth beſt ac cept.

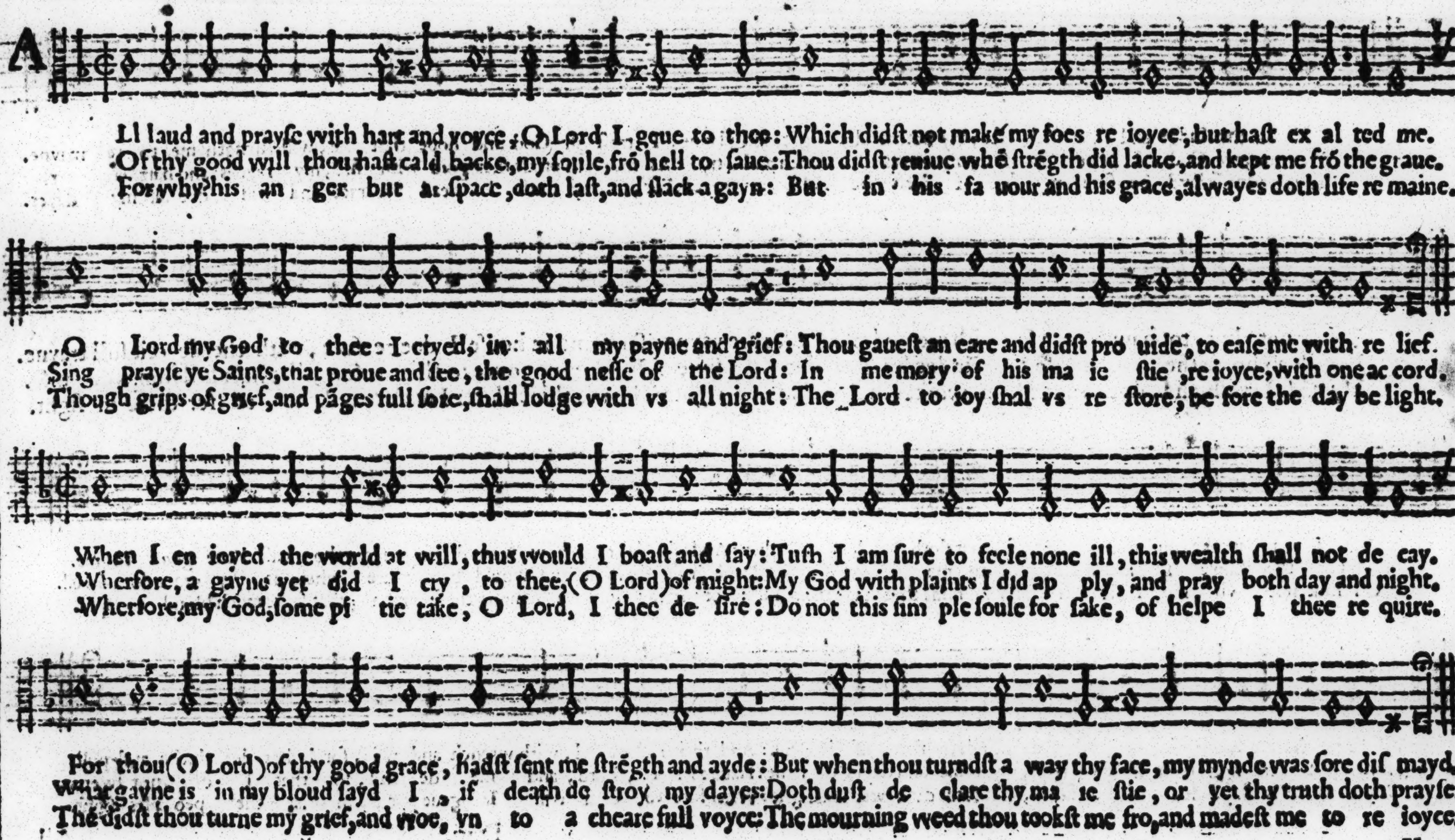
Lord

G. D.

The xxvi. Pſalme.

Contratenor


L
Ord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt ſee, my pathes be right and playne: I truſt in God and hope that he, will ſtrength me to re mayne.
Proue me, my God, I thee de ſire, my wayes to ſearch and try: As men doe proue their gold with fire, my raynes and hart eſ py.
Thy goodneſſe layd be fore my face, I durſt be hold al wayes: For, of thy truth I tread the trace, and will doe all my dayes.
I doe not luſt, to haunt or vſe, with men whoſe deedes are vayne: To come in houſe I doe re fuſe, with the de ceit full trayne.
I much ab horre the wic ked ſort, their deedes I doe de ſpiſe: I doe not once to them reſort, that hurt full things de uiſe.
My hãds I waſh, and doe pro ceed, in workes that walke vp right: Then to thine al ter I made ſpeed, to of fer there in ſight.
That I may ſpeake, and preach thy prayſe, that doth be long to thee: And ſo de clare how won drous wayes, thou haſt bene good to me.
O Lord thy houſe I loue moſt deare, to me it doth ex cell: I haue de light and would be neare, where as thy grace doth dwell.
Oh ſhut not vp my ſoule with them, in ſinne that take their fill: Nor yet my lyfe a mong thoſe men, that ſeeke much bloud to ſpill.
Whoſe handes are heapt with craft and guile, their lyfe ther of is full: And their right hand, with wrench and wile, for bribes doe plucke and pull:
But I in righ teous neſſe en tend, my tyme and dayes to ſerue: Haue mer cy, Lord, and me de fend, ſo that I doe not ſwerue.
My foote is ſtayd for all aſ ſayes, it ſtan deth well and right: Wher fore to God will I geue prayſe, in all the peo ples ſight.



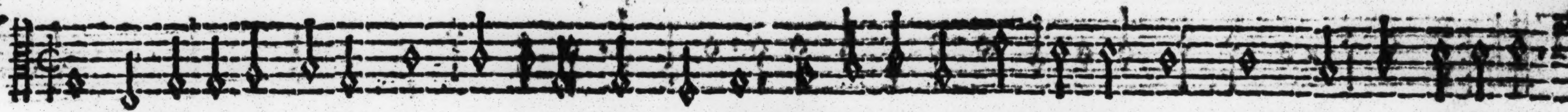
ALl laud and prayſe with hart and voyce, O Lord I geue to thee: Which didſt not make my foes reioyce, but haſt exalted me.
Of thy good will thou haſt cald backe, my ſoule, frō hell to ſaue: Thou didſt reuiue whē ſtrēgth did lacke, and kept me frō the graue.
For why? his anger but a ſpace, doth laſt, and ſlack agayn: But in his fauour and his grace, alwayes doth life remaine.

O Lord my God to thee I cryed, in all my payne and grief: Thou gaueſt an eare and didſt prouide, to eaſe me with relief.
Sing prayſe ye Saints, that proue and ſee, the goodneſſe of the Lord: In memory of his maieſtie, reioyce, with one accord.
Though grips of grief, and pāges full ſore, ſhall lodge with vs all night: The Lord to ioy ſhal vs reſtore, before the day be light.

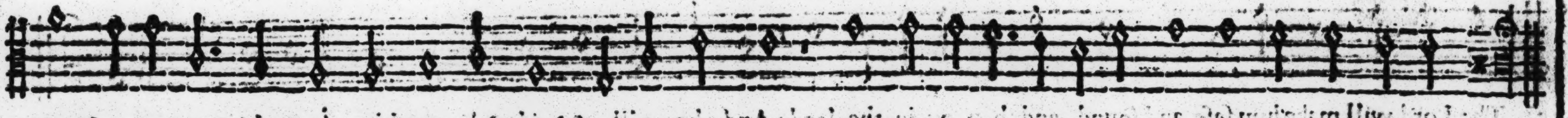
When I enioyed the world at will, thus would I boaſt and ſay: Tuſh I am ſure to feele none ill, this wealth ſhall not decay.
Wherfore, agayne yet did I cry, to thee, (O Lord) of might: My God with plaints I did apply, and pray both day and night.
Wherfore, my God, ſome pitie take, O Lord, I thee deſire: Do not this ſimple ſoule forſake, of helpe I thee require.

For thou (O Lord) of thy good grace, hadſt ſent me ſtrēgth and ayde: But when thou turndſt away thy face, my mynde was ſore diſmayd.
What gayne is in my bloud ſayd I, if death deſtroy my dayes: Doth duſt declare thy maieſtie, or yet thy truth doth prayſe.
Thē didſt thou turne my grief, and woe, vnto a cheare full voyce: The mourning weed thou tookſt me fro, and madeſt me to reioyce.

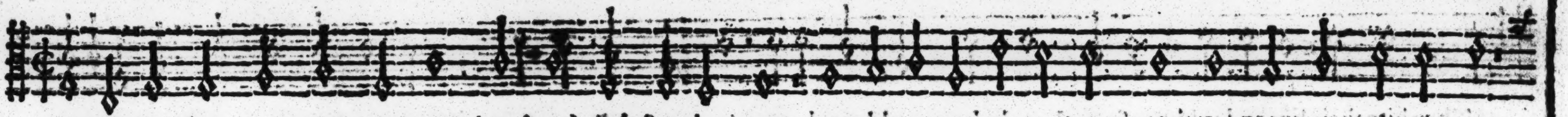
Ye



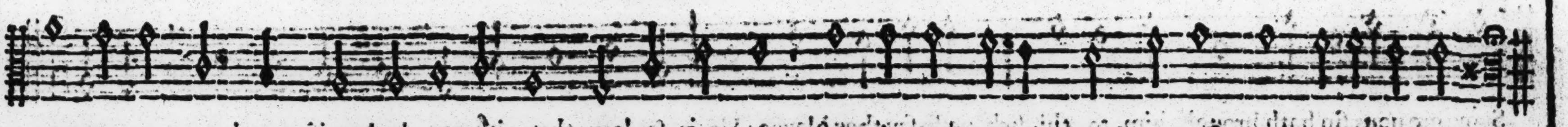
YE righteous in the Lord re ioyce, it is a ſeeme ly ſight: That upright men with thankfull voyce, ſhould prayſe the God of might.
Sing to the Lord a ſong moſt new, with courage geue him prayſe: For why his word is e uer true, his workes and all his wayes.
For by the word of God a lone, the heauēs all were wrought: Their hoſtes and powers euery chone, his breath to paſſe hath brought.



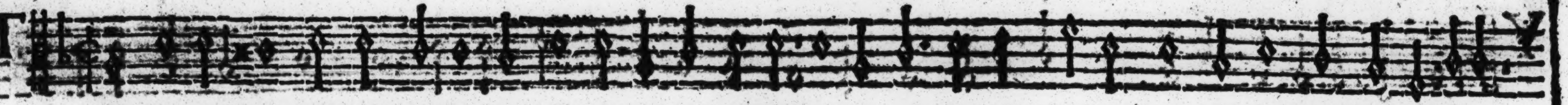
Prayſe ye the Lord, with harpe and ſong, in Pſalmes and pleaſaunt thyngs: With Lute and in ſtrument a mong, that ſoundeth with ten ſtringes.
To iudgement, e qui tie, and right, he hath a great good will: And with his gifts he doth de light, the earth throughout to fill.
The wa ters great ga thered hath he, on heapes, with in the ſhore: And hid them in the depth to be, as in a houſe of ſtore.



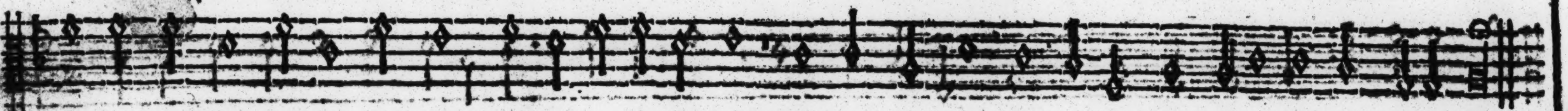
All men on earth, both leaſt, and moſt, feare God and keepe his law: Ye that in ha bite in ech coaſt, dread him, and ſtand in awe.
The counſels of the na tions rude, the Lord doth driue to nought: He doth de feat the mul ti tude, of their de uiſe and thought.
And bleſt are they to whom the Lord, as God, and guide, is knowen: Who he doth chuſe of meere accord, to take them as his owne.



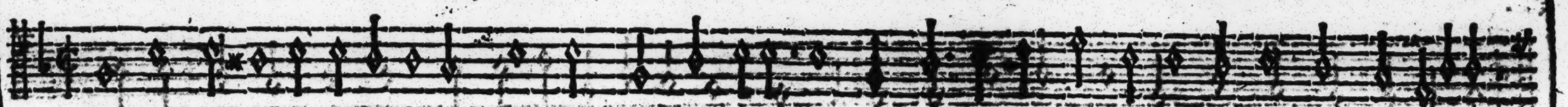
What he com maun ded wrought it was, at once, with pre ſent ſpeede: What he doth will is brought to paſſe, with full ef fect in deede.
But his de crees con ti nue ſtill, they ne uer ſlacke or ſwage: The mo tions of his mynde and will, take place in eue ry age.
The Lord from hea uen caſt his ſight, on men mor tall by byrth: Conſi de ring, from his ſeate of might, the dwel lers on the earth.



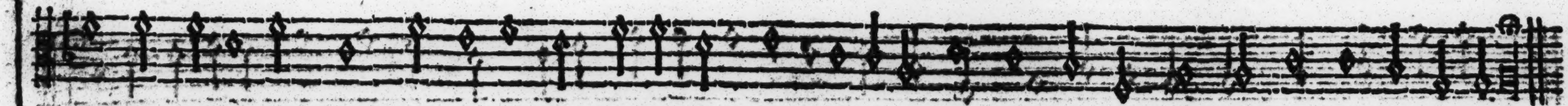
THe man is bleſt that care full is, the nee dy to con ſider: For in the ſea ſon pe ri lous, the Lord will him de li uer.
And in his bed when he lieth ſicke, the Lord will him re ſtore: And thou O lord, wilt turne to health, his ſick neſſe, and his ſore.
Myne ene mies wiſh me ill in haſt, and thus of me did ſay: Whē ſhall he dye that all his name, may va niſh quite a way.



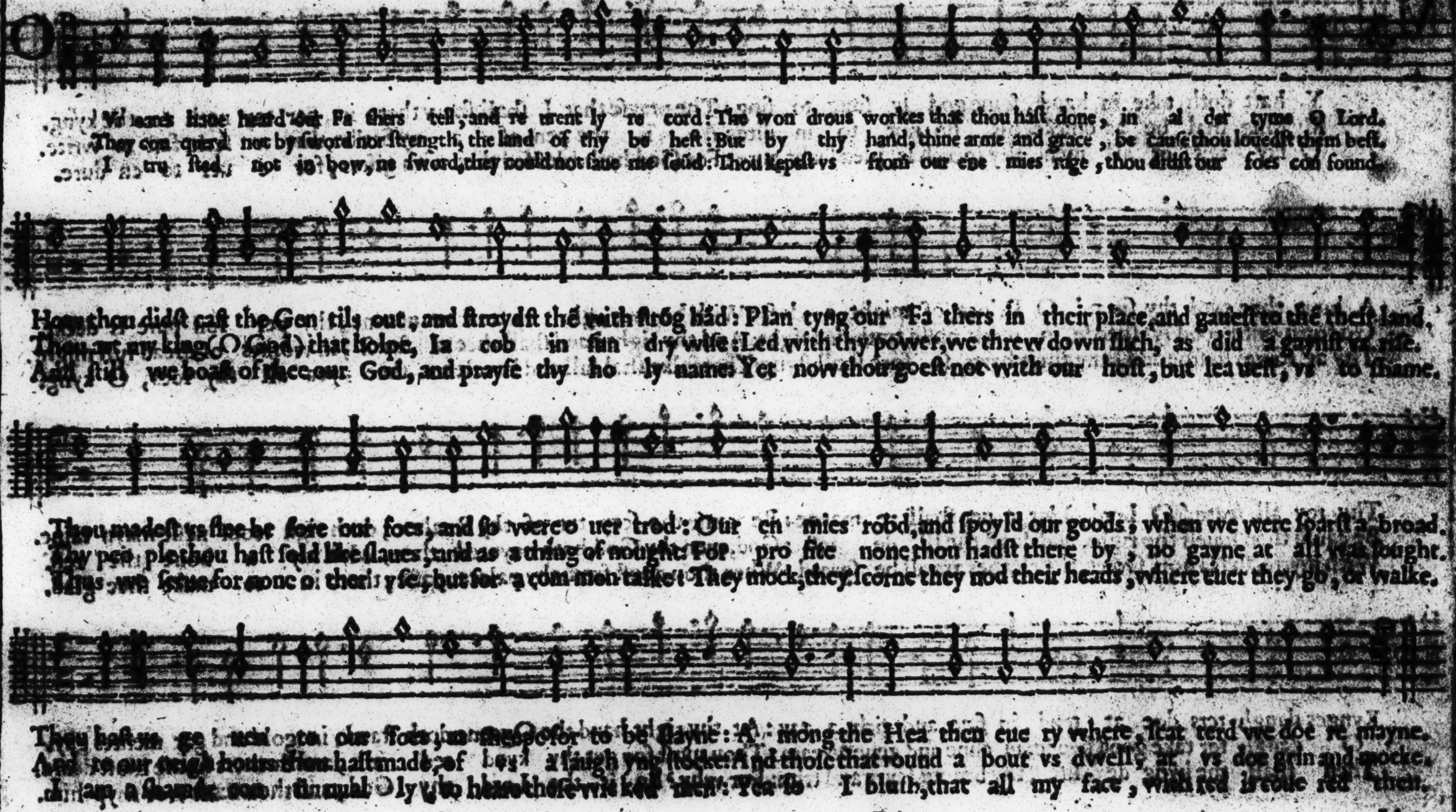
The Lord will make him ſafe and ſound, and hap py in the land: And he will not de li uer him, in to his ene myes hand.
Then in my ſick nes, thus ſay I, haue mer cy, Lord, on me: And heale my ſoule, which is full woe, that I of fen ded thee.
And whē they come to vi ſite me, they aſke if I doe well: But in their harts miſchief they hatch, and to their mates it tell.

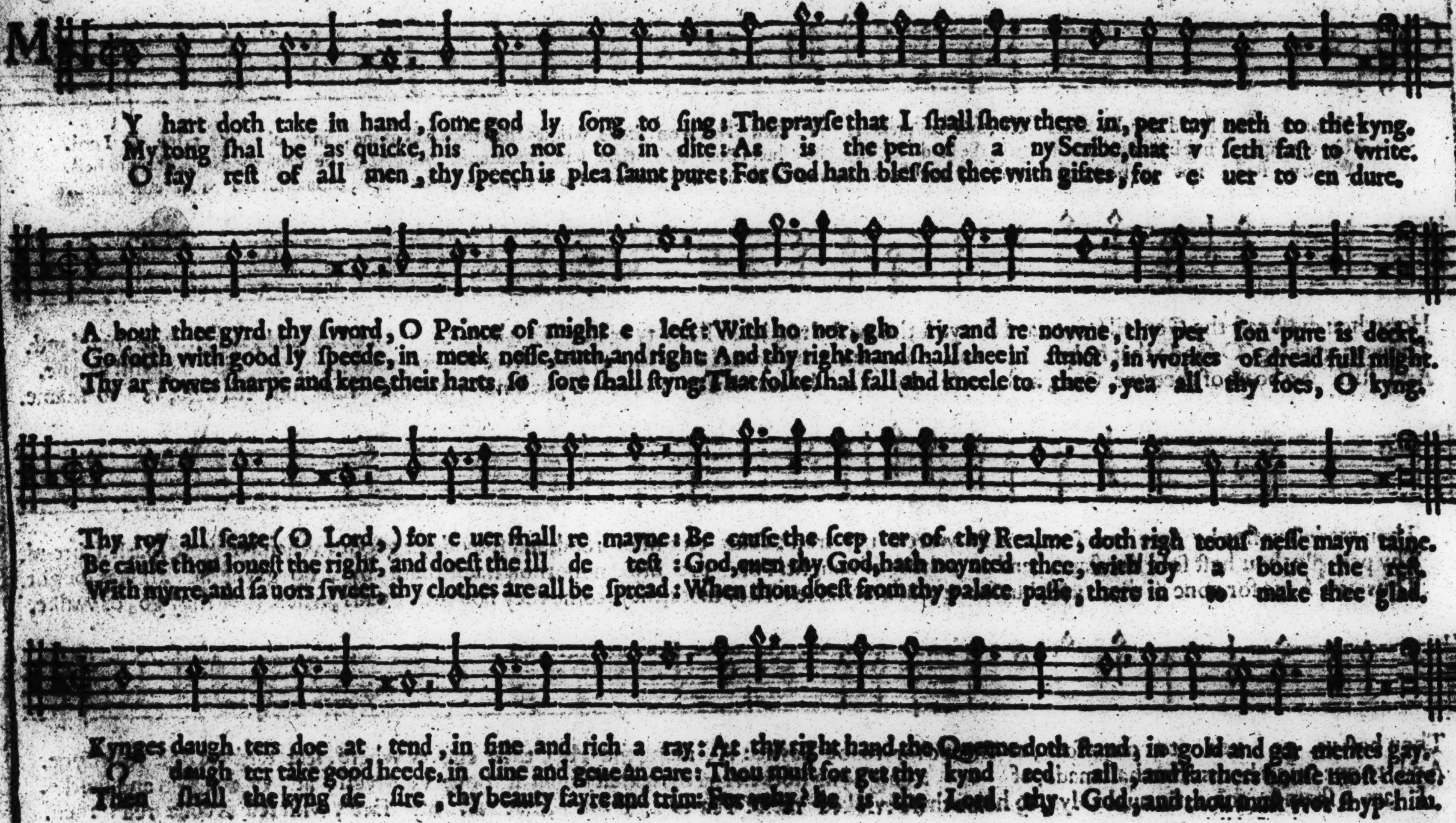


They bite their lips and whiſper ſo, as though they would me charme: And caſt their fet ches, how to trap me, with ſome mortall harme.
The man al ſo that I did truſt, with me did vſe de ceit: Who at my ta ble eate my bread, the ſame for me layd wayt.
By this I know aſ ſu red ly, to be be loued of thee: When that mine ene mies haue no cauſe to tri umph o uer me.



Some gre uous ſin hath brought him, to, this ſick neſſe ſay they playne: He is ſo low, that with out doubt, riſe can hee not a gayne.
Haue mer cy, Lord, on me ther fore, and let me be pre ſerued: That I may ren der vn to them, the things they haue de ſerued.
But in my right thou haſt me kept, and main tai ned al way: And in thy preſence place aſ ſignd where I ſhall dwel for aye.


Our eares haue heard our Fa thers tell, and re uerent ly re cord: The won drous workes that thou haſt done, in ol der tyme O Lord.
They con querd not by ſword nor ſtrength, the land of thy be heſt: But by thy hand, thine arme and grace, be cauſe thou louedſt them beſt.
I truſted not in bow, ne ſword, they could not ſaue me ſound: Thou kepeſt vs from our ene mies rage, thou didſt our foes con found.
How thou didſt caſt the Gen tils out, and ſtroydſt the with ſtrōg hād: Plan tyng our Fa thers in their place, and gaueſt to them their land.
Thou art my king (O God) that holpe, Ia cob in ſun dry wiſe: Led with thy power, we threw down ſuch, as did a gaynſt vs riſe.
Agayn ſtill we boaſt of thee our God, and prayſe thy ho ly name: Yet now thou goeſt not with our hoſt, but lea ueſt vs to ſhame.
Thou madeſt vs flee be fore our foes, and ſo were o uer trod: Our en mies robd, and ſpoyld our goods, when we were ſparſt a broad.
Thy peo ple thou haſt ſold like ſlaues, and as a thing of nought: For pro fite none thou hadſt there by, no gayne at all was ſought.
Thus we ſerue for none o ther vſe, but for a com mon talke: They mock, they ſcorne they nod their heads, where euer they go, or walke.
Thou haſt vs ge uen to our foes, as ſheepe for to be ſlayne: A mong the Hea then eue ry where, ſcat terd we doe re mayne.
And to our neigh bours thou haſt made, of vs a laugh yng ſtocke: And thoſe that round a bout vs dwell, at vs doe grin and mocke.
I am a ſhamed con tinual ly, to heare theſe wic ked men: Yea ſo I bluſh, that all my face, with red is coue red then.

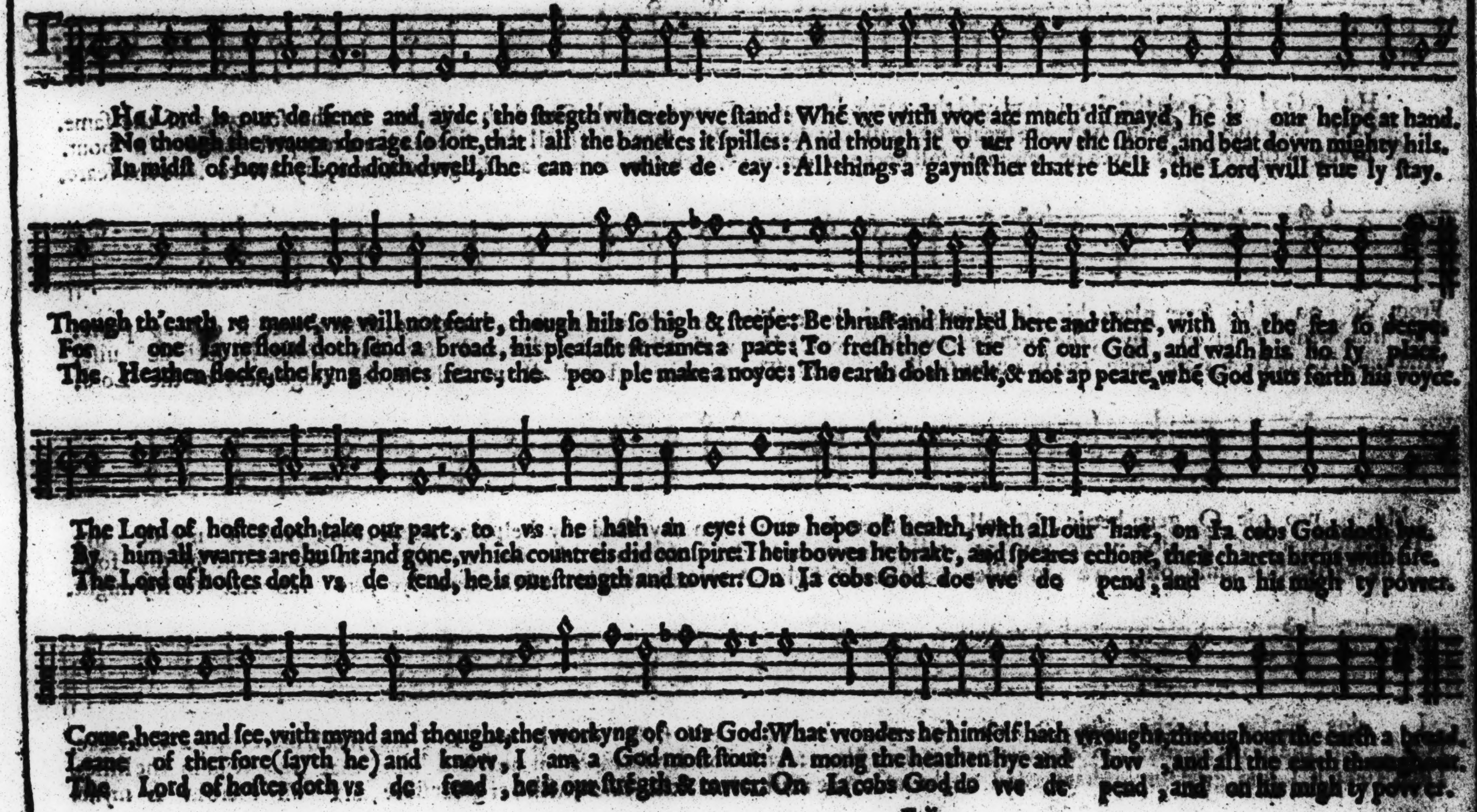


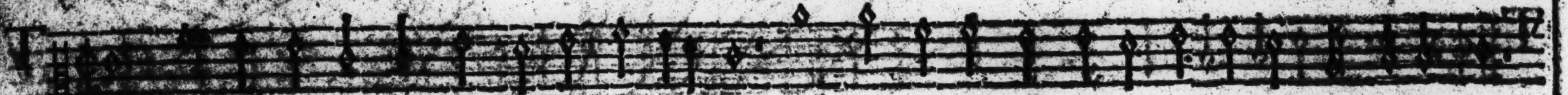
MY hart doth take in hand, ſome god ly ſong to ſing: The prayſe that I ſhall ſhew there in, per tay neth to the kyng.
My tong ſhal be as quicke, his ho nor to in dite: As is the pen of a ny Scribe, that v ſeth faſt to write.
O fay reſt of all men, thy ſpeech is plea ſaunt pure: For God hath bleſſed thee with giftes, for e uer to en dure.

A bout thee gyrd thy ſword, O Prince of might e lect: With ho nor, glo ry and re nowne, thy per ſon pure is deckt.
Go forth with good ly ſpeede, in meek neſſe, truth, and right: And thy right hand ſhall thee in ſtruct, in workes of dread full might.
Thy ar rowes ſharpe and kene, their harts ſo ſore ſhall ſtyng: That folke ſhal fall and kneele to thee, yea all thy foes, O kyng.

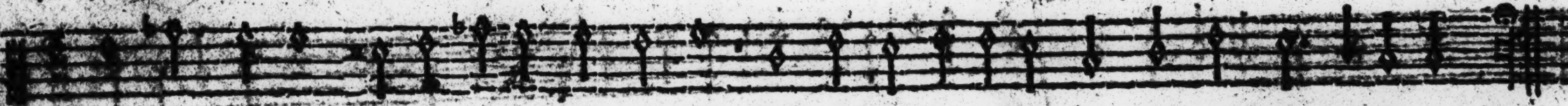
Thy roy all ſeate (O Lord,) for e uer ſhall re mayne: Be cauſe the ſcep ter of thy Realme, doth righ teouſ neſſe mayn taine.
Be cauſe thou loueſt the right, and doeſt the ill de teſt: God, euen thy God, hath noynted thee, with ioy a boue the reſt.
With myrre, and ſa uors ſweet, thy clothes are all be ſpread: When thou doeſt from thy palace paſſe, there in to make thee glad.

Kynges daugh ters doe at tend, in ſine and rich a ray: At thy right hand the Queene doth ſtand, in gold and gar mentes gay.
O daugh ter take good heede, in cline and geue an eare: Thou muſt for get thy kynd red all, and fathers houſe moſt deare.
Then ſhall the kyng de ſire, thy beauty fayre and trim: For why? he is the Lord thy God, and thou muſt wor ſhyp him.

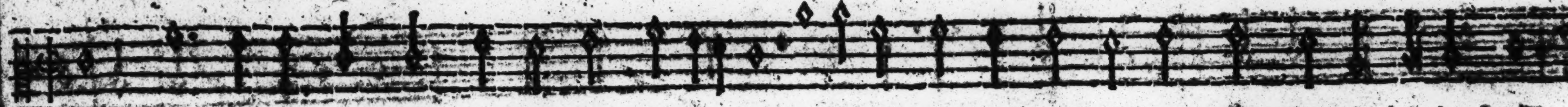

THe Lord is our defence and ayde, the ſtrẽgth whereby we ſtand: Whẽ we with woe are much diſmayd, he is our helpe at hand.
No though the waues do rage ſo ſore, that all the banckes it ſpilles: And though it ouer flow the ſhore, and beat down mighty hils.
In midſt of her the Lord doth dwell, ſhe can no whit decay: All things agaynſt her that rebell, the Lord will truely ſtay.
Though th'earth remoue, we will not feare, though hils ſo high & ſteepe: Be thruſt and hurled here and there, within the ſea ſo deepe.
For one fayre floud doth ſend abroad, his pleaſaũt ſtreames apace: To freſh the Citie of our God, and waſh his holy place.
The Heathen flocke, the kyngdomes feare, the people make a noyce: The earth doth melt, & not appeare, whẽ God puts forth his voyce.
The Lord of hoſtes doth take our part, to vs he hath an eye: Our hope of health, with all our hart, on Iacobs God doth lye.
By him all warres are huſht and gone, which countreis did conſpire: Their bowes he brake, and ſpeares echone, their charets brent with fire.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs defend, he is our ſtrength and tower: On Iacobs God doe we depend, and on his mighty power.
Come, heare and ſee, with mynd and thought, the workyng of our God: What wonders he himſelf hath wrought, throughout the earth abroad.
Leaue of therfore (ſayth he) and know, I am a God moſt ſtout: Among the heathen hye and low, and all the earth throughout.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs defend, he is our ſtrẽgth & tower: On Iacobs God do we depend, and on his mighty power.



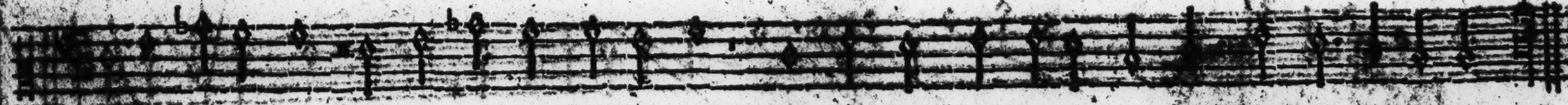
The God of Gods the Lord, had cald the earth by name: From where the Sun doth riſe, vn to the ſet tyng of the ſame.
Our God ſhal come in haſt, to ſpeake he ſhall not doubt: Be fore him ſhall the fire waſt, and tem peſt round a bout.
Bryng forth my Saints, ſayth he, my fayth full flocke ſo deare: Which are in bond and league with me, my law to loue and feare.



From Si on his fayre place, his glo ry bright and cleare: The per fect beau ty of his grace, from thence it did ap peare.
The hea uens from on hye, the earth be low, like wiſe: He will call forth, to iudge and try, his folke he doth de uiſe.
And when theſe thynges are tride, the hea uens ſhall re cord: That God is iuſt and all muſt byde, the iudge ment of the Lord.

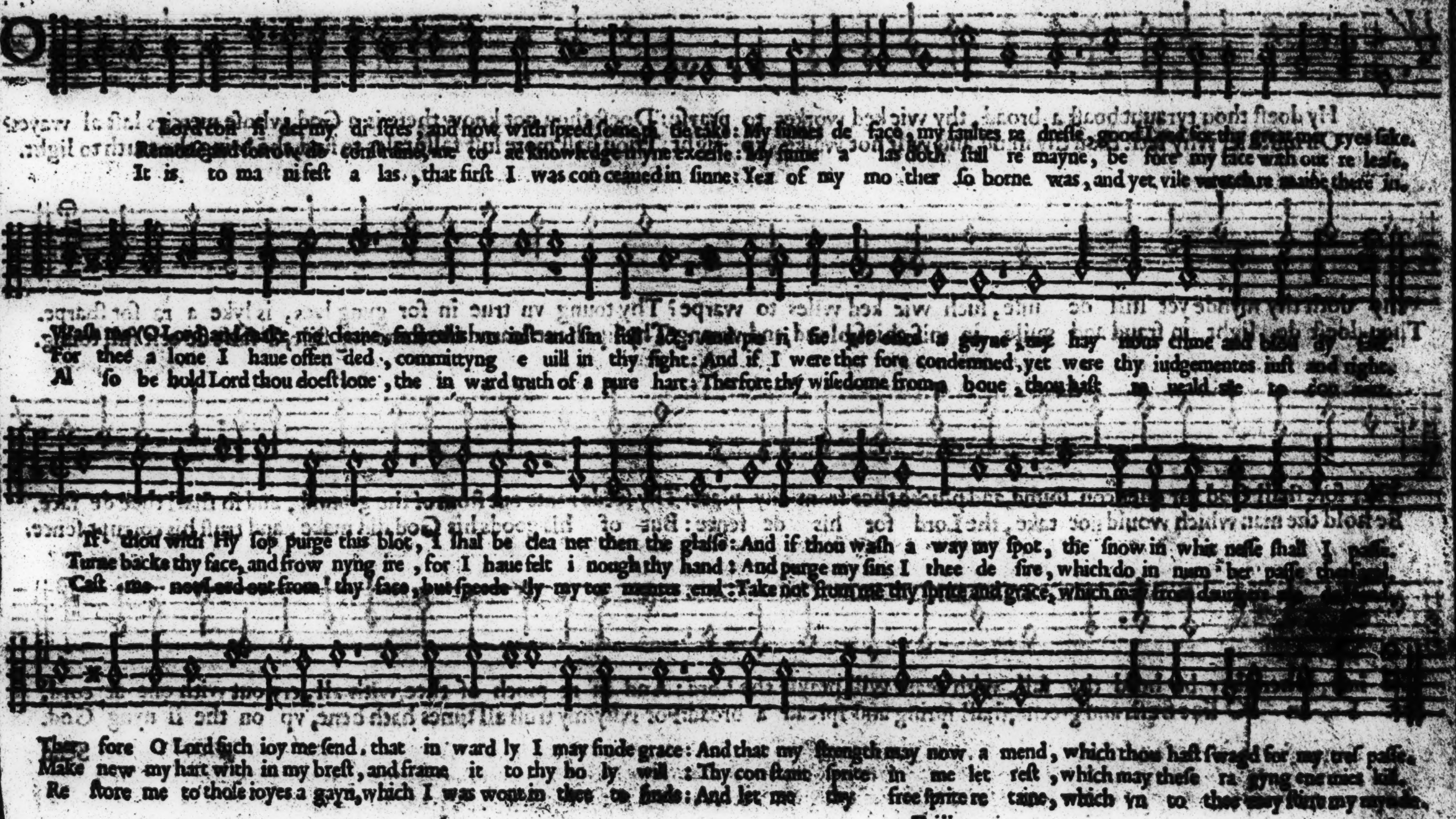


My peo ple O geue heede, Iſ rell to thee I cry: I am thy God thy helpe at neede, thou canſt it not de ny.
Thinkeſt thou that I doe neede, thy cat tell young or olde: Or els ſo much de ſire to feede, on Goates out of thy fold.
The byrdes that build on hye, in hilles and out of ſight: And beaſts that in the fields doe lye, are ſub iect to my might.



I doe not ſay to thee, thy ſa cri fice is ſlacke: Thou of freſt day ly vn to me, much more then I doe lacke.
For all the beaſts are mine, in woodes that eat their filles: And thou ſandes more of neat and kine, that run wild in the hilles.
Then though I hun gred ſore, what neede I ought of thyne: Sith that the earth, with her great ſtore, and all therein is myne.

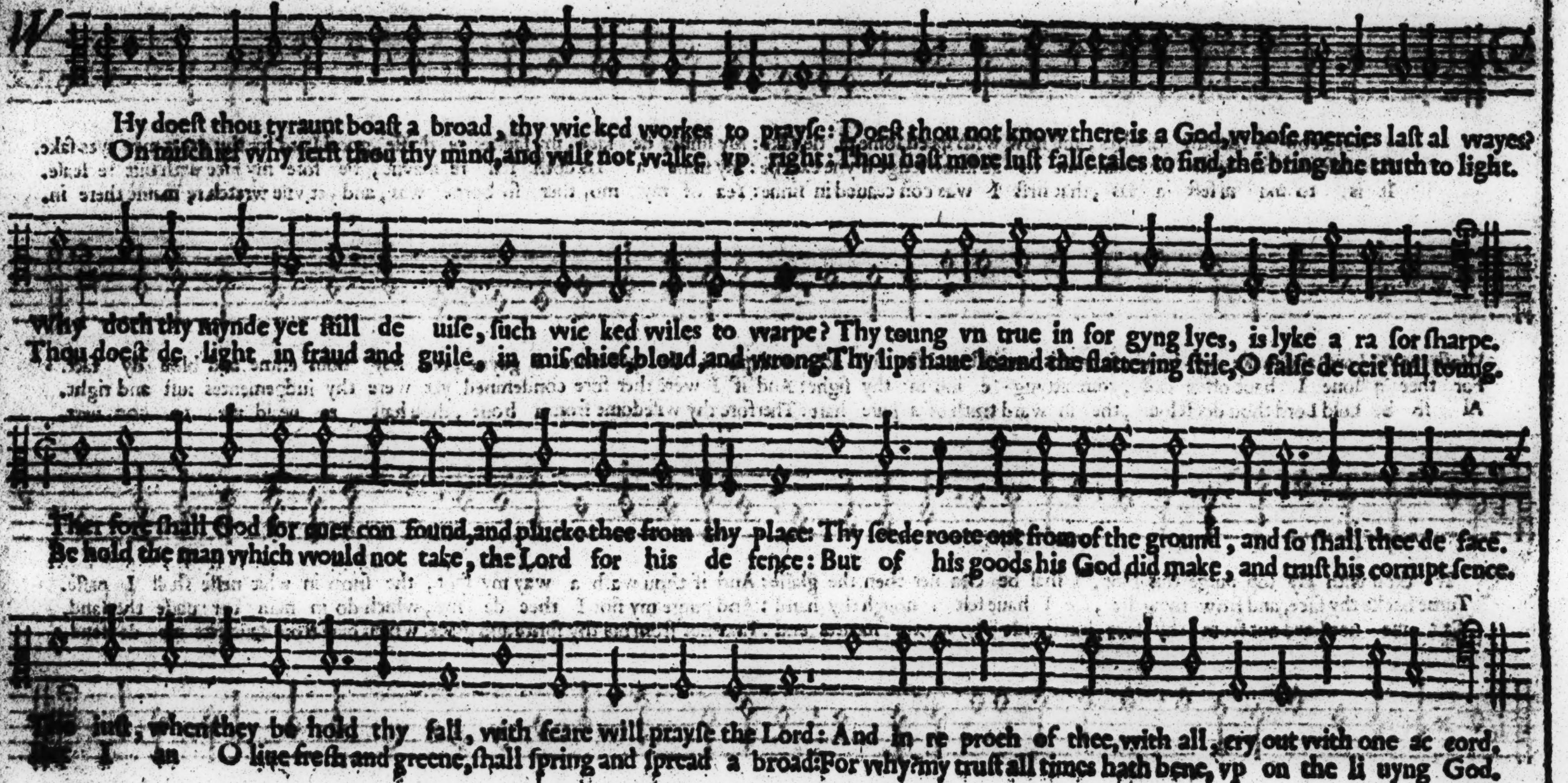
O


O Lord consider my distres, and now with speed some pitie take: My sinnes deface, my faultes redresse, good Lord for thy great mercyes sake.
Remorse and sorrow do constraine, me to acknowledge myne excesse: My sinne alas doth still remayne, before my face without release.
It is to manifest alas, that first I was conceaued in sinne: Yea of my mother so borne was, and yet vile wretch remaine therein.
Wash me (O Lord) and make me cleane, from this vniust and sinfull act: And purifie yet once againe, my haynous crime and bloody fact.
For thee alone I haue offended, committyng euill in thy sight: And if I were therfore condemned, yet were thy iudgementes iust and right.
Also behold Lord thou doest loue, the inward truth of a pure hart: Therfore thy wisedome from aboue, thou hast reueald me to conuert.
If thou with Hysop purge this blot, I shal be cleaner then the glasse: And if thou wash away my spot, the snow in whitnesse shall I passe.
Turne backe thy face, and frownyng ire, for I haue felt inough thy hand: And purge my sins I thee desire, which do in number passe the sand.
Cast me not Lord out from thy face, but speedely my tormentes end: Take not from me thy sprite and grace, which may from daungers me defend.
Therefore O Lord such ioy me send, that inwardly I may finde grace: And that my strength may now amend, which thou hast swagd for my tresspasse.
Make new my hart within my brest, and frame it to thy holy will: Thy constant sprite in me let rest, which may these rage yng enemies kill.
Restore me to those ioyes agayn, which I was wont in thee to finde: And let me thy free sprite retaine, which vnto thee may stirre my mynde.

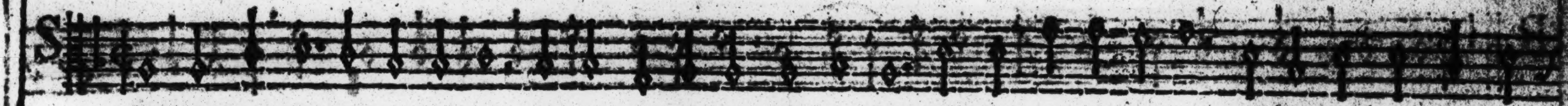
Why

G.D.

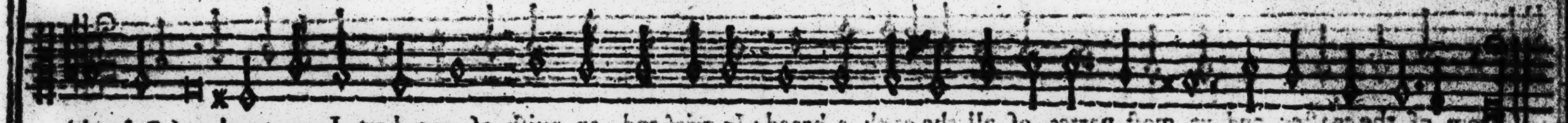
The .Lij. Pſalme.


W
Hy dooſt thou tyraunt boaſt a broad, thy wic ked workes to prayſe: Dooſt thou not know there is a God, whoſe mercies laſt al wayes?
On miſchief why ſeeſt thou thy mind, and wilt not walke vp right: Thou haſt more luſt falſe tales to find, thē bring the truth to light.
Why doth thy mynde yet ſtill de uiſe, ſuch wic ked wiles to warpe? Thy toung vn true in for gyng lyes, is lyke a ra ſor ſharpe.
Thou dooſt de light in fraud and guile, in miſ chief, bloud, and wrong: Thy lips haue learnd the flattering ſtile, O falſe de ceit full toung.
Ther fore ſhall God for euer con found, and plucke thee from thy place: Thy ſeede roote out from of the ground, and ſo ſhall thee de face.
Be hold the man which would not take, the Lord for his de fence: But of his goods his God did make, and truſt his corrupt ſence.
The iuſt, when they be hold thy fall, with feare will prayſe the Lord: And in re proch of thee, with all, cry out with one ac cord.
[illegible] I an O liue freſh and greene, ſhall ſpring and ſpread a broad: For why? my truſt all times hath bene, vp on the li uyng God.

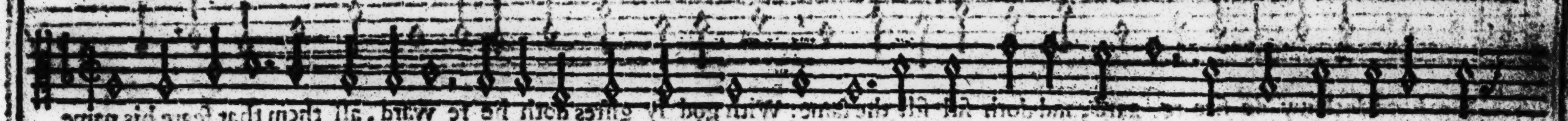
Send



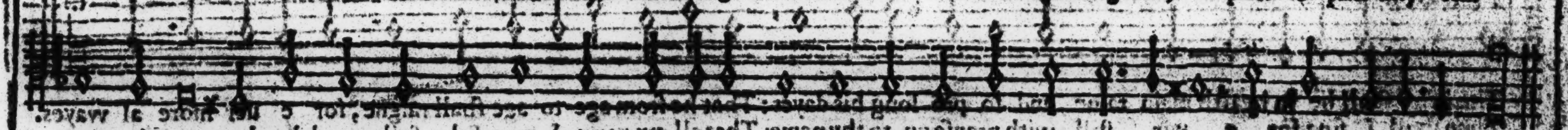
SEnd ayde and ſaue me from my foes, O Lord I pray to thee: Defend and keepe me from all thoſe, that riſe and ſtriue with me.
For loe, they wayt my ſoule to take, they rage agaynſt me ſtill: Yea, for no fault that I did make, I neuer did them ill.
O Lord of hoſtes of Iſraell, riſe vp, and ſtrike all lands: And pitie none that doe rebell, and in their miſchief ſtandes.



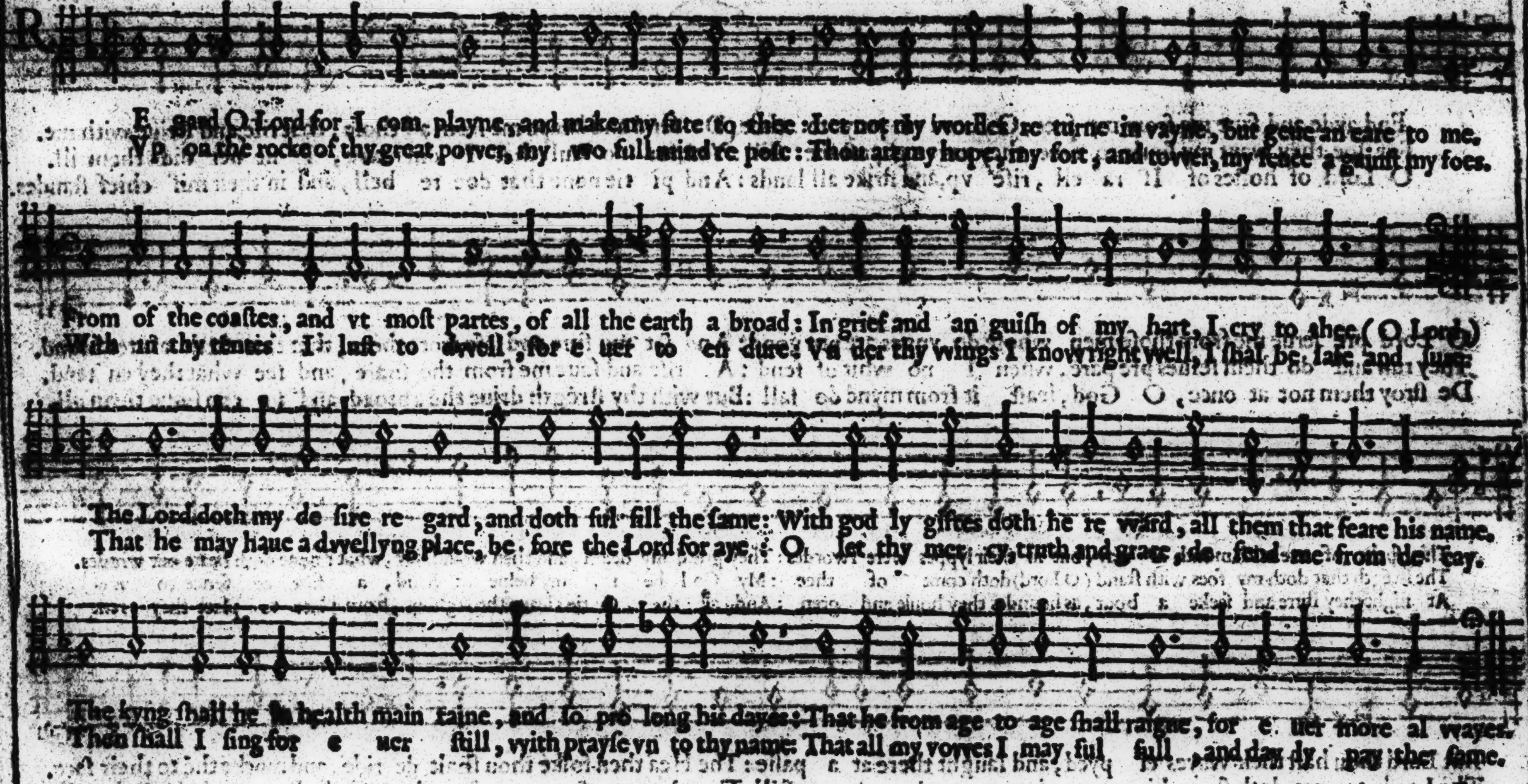
O Lord preſerue me from thoſe men, whoſe doynges are not good: And ſet me ſure and ſafe from them, that thirſt after blood.
They run and do them ſelues prepare, when I no whit offend: Ariſe and ſaue me from the ſnare, and ſee what they entend.
Deſtroy them not at once, O God, leaſt it from mynd do fall: But with thy ſtrẽgth driue thẽ abroad, and ſo conſume them all.

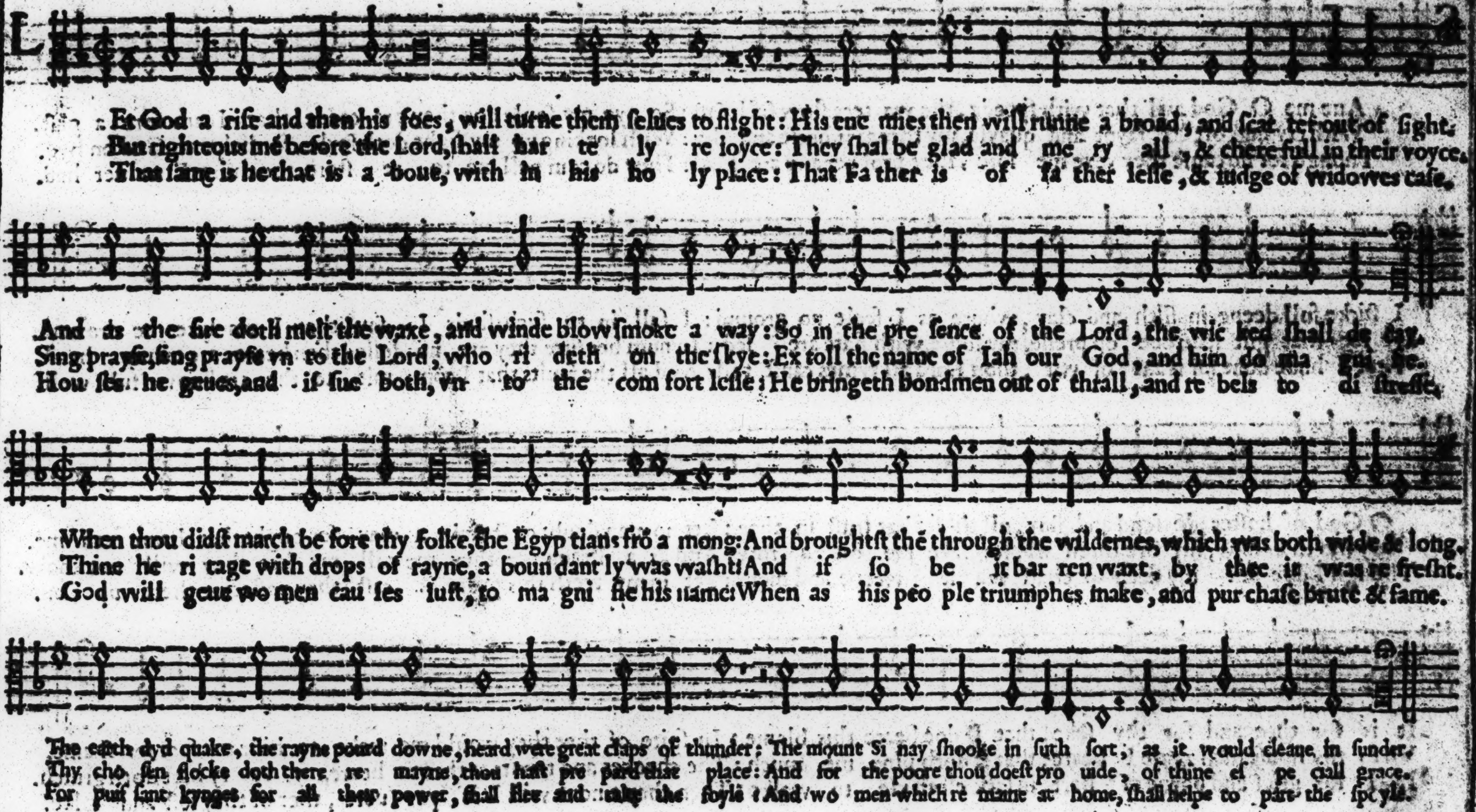


They ſpake of me with mouth alway, but in their lyppes were ſwordes: They greed my death, and then would ſay, what? none doth heare our wordes.
The ſtrẽgth that doth my foes withſtand (O Lord) doth come of thee: My God he is, my helpe at hand, a fort of fence to me.
At night they ſtirre and ſeeke about, as houndes they houle and gren: And all the Citie cleane throughout, from place to place they run.



But Lord thou haſt their wayes eſpyed, and laught thereat a paſſe: The Heathen folke thou ſhalt deride, and mocke thẽ to their face.
The Lord to me doth ſhew, his grace, in great aboundaunce ſtill: That I may ſee my foes in caſe, ſuch as my hart doth will.
For their ill wordes and truth leſſe toung, confound them in their pride: Their wicked othes with lyes and wrõg, let all the world deride.


R
Egard O Lord for I com- playne, and make my ſute to thee: Let not my wordes re turne in vayne, but geue an eare to me.
Vp on the rocke of thy great power, my wo full mind re poſe: Thou art my hope, my fort, and tower, my fence a gainſt my foes.
From of the coaſtes, and vt moſt partes, of all the earth a broad: In grief and an guiſh of my hart, I cry to thee (O Lord)
With in thy tentes I luſt to dwell, for e uer to en dure: Vn der thy wings I know right well, I ſhal be ſafe and ſure.
The Lord doth my de ſire re gard, and doth ful fill the ſame: With god ly giftes doth he re ward, all them that feare his name.
That he may haue a dwellyng place, be fore the Lord for aye: O let thy mer cy, truth and grace, de fend me from de cay.
The kyng ſhall he in health main taine, and ſo pro long his dayes: That he from age to age ſhall raigne, for e uer more al wayes.
Then ſhall I ſing for e uer ſtill, with prayſe vn to thy name: That all my vowes I may ful fill, and day dy ly pay the ſame.

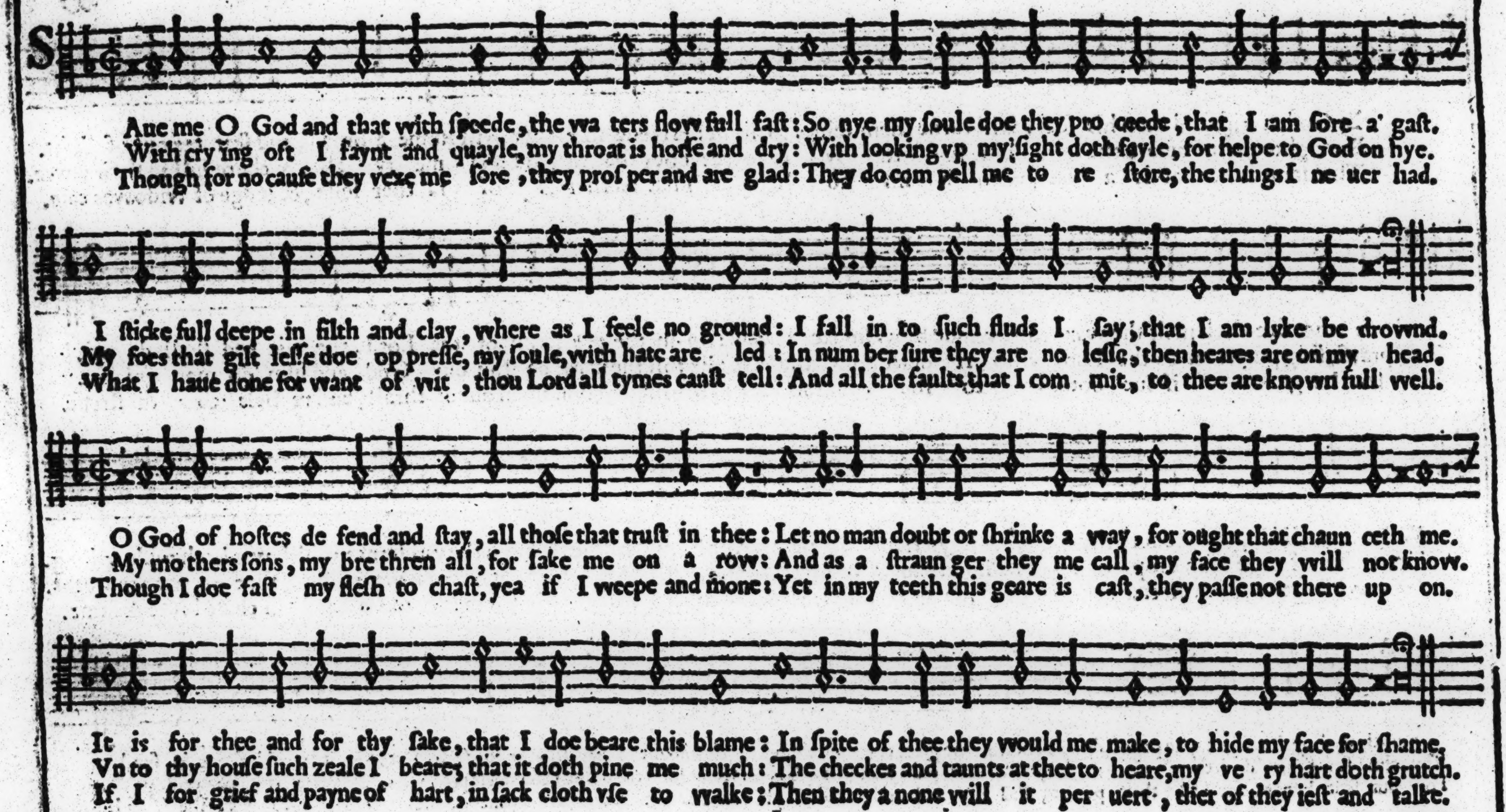


LEt God a riſe and then his foes, will turne them ſelues to flight: His ene mies then will runne a broad, and ſcat ter out of ſight.
But righteous mē before the Lord, ſhall har te ly re ioyce: They ſhal be glad and me ry all, & cherefull in their voyce.
That ſame is he that is a boue, with in his ho ly place: That Fa ther is of fa ther leſſe, & iudge of widowes caſe.

And as the fire doth melt the waxe, and winde blow ſmoke a way: So in the pre ſence of the Lord, the wic ked ſhall de cay.
Sing prayſe, ſing prayſe vn to the Lord, who ri deth on the ſkye: Ex toll the name of Iah our God, and him do ma gni fie.
Hou ſes he geues, and if ſue both, vn to the com fort leſſe: He bringeth bondmen out of thrall, and re bels to di ſtreſſe.

When thou didſt march be fore thy folke, the Egyp tians frō a mong: And broughtſt thē through the wildernes, which was both wide & long.
Thine he ri tage with drops of rayne, a boun dant ly was waſht: And if ſo be it bar ren waxt, by thee it was re freſht.
God will geue wo men cau ſes iuſt, to ma gni fie his name: When as his peo ple triumphes make, and pur chaſe brute & fame.

The earth dyd quake, the rayne pourd downe, heard were great claps of thunder: The mount Si nay ſhooke in ſuch ſort, as it would cleaue in ſunder.
Thy cho ſen flocke doth there re mayne, thou haſt pre pard that place: And for the poore thou doeſt pro uide, of thine eſ pe ciall grace.
For puiſ ſant kynges for all their power, ſhall flee and take the foyle: And wo men which re maine at home, ſhall helpe to part the ſpoyle.



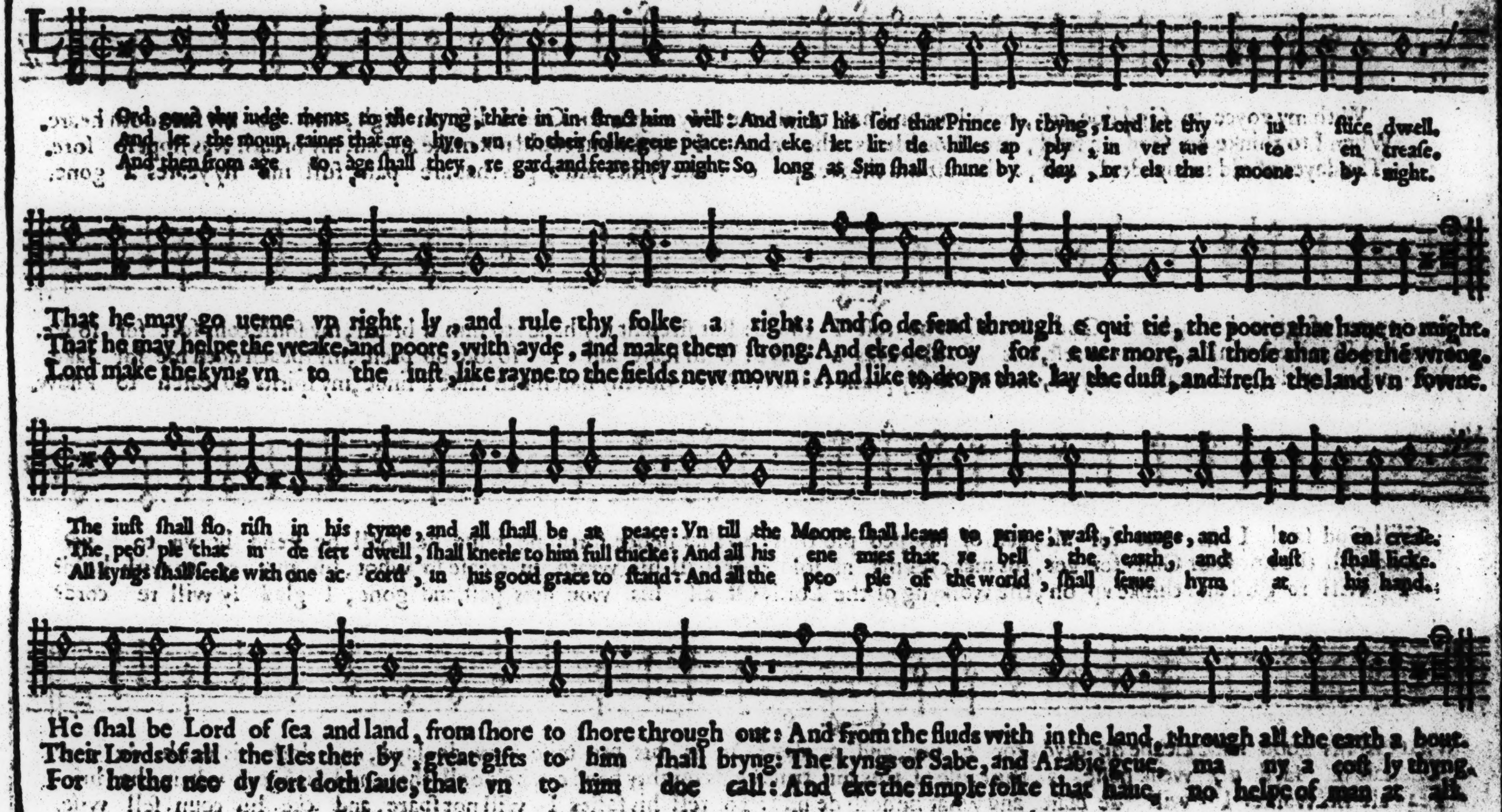
SAue me O God and that with ſpeede, the waters flow full faſt: So nye my ſoule doe they proceede, that I am ſore agaſt.
With crying oft I faynt and quayle, my throat is horſe and dry: With looking vp my ſight doth fayle, for helpe to God on hye.
Though for no cauſe they vexe me ſore, they proſper and are glad: They do compell me to reſtore, the things I neuer had.

I ſticke full deepe in filth and clay, where as I feele no ground: I fall into ſuch fluds I ſay, that I am lyke be drownd.
My foes that giltleſſe doe oppreſſe, my ſoule, with hate are led: In number ſure they are no leſſe, then heares are on my head.
What I haue done for want of wit, thou Lord all tymes canſt tell: And all the faults that I commit, to thee are known full well.

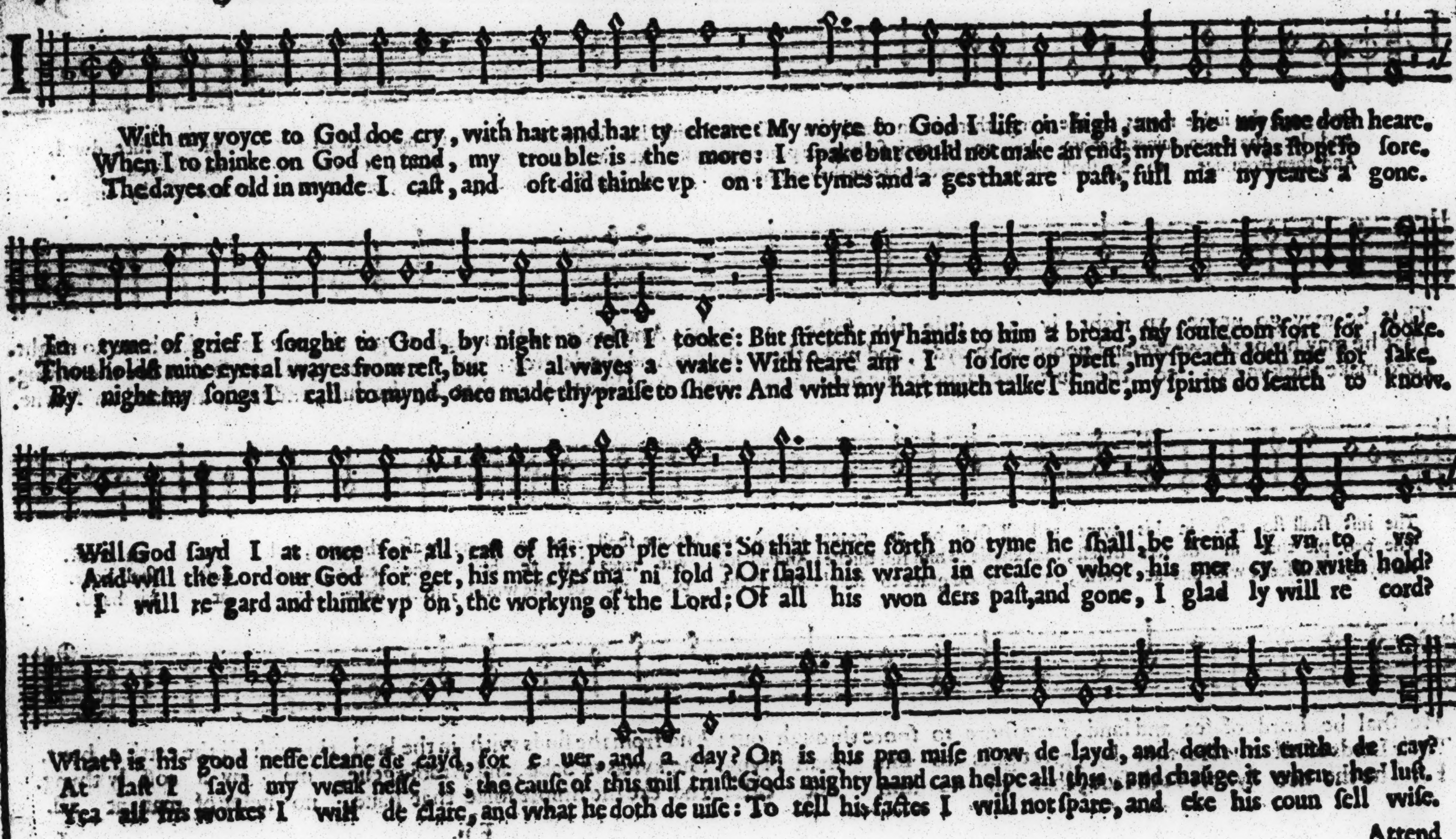
O God of hoſtes defend and ſtay, all thoſe that truſt in thee: Let no man doubt or ſhrinke away, for ought that chaunceth me.
My mothers ſons, my brethren all, forſake me on a row: And as a ſtraunger they me call, my face they will not know.
Though I doe faſt my fleſh to chaſt, yea if I weepe and mone: Yet in my teeth this geare is caſt, they paſſe not there upon.

It is for thee and for thy ſake, that I doe beare this blame: In ſpite of thee they would me make, to hide my face for ſhame.
Vnto thy houſe ſuch zeale I beare, that it doth pine me much: The checkes and taunts at thee to heare, my very hart doth grutch.
If I for grief and payne of hart, in ſack cloth vſe to walke: Then they anone will it peruert, therof they ieſt and talke.

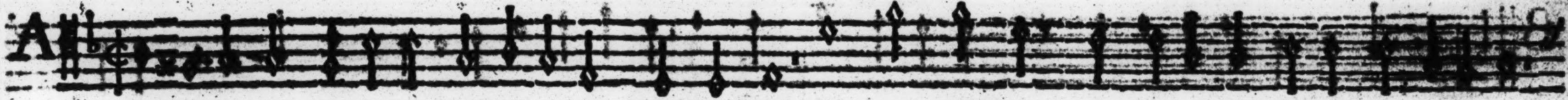
Lord


L
Od, geue thy judge ments to the kyng, there in in ſtruct him well: And with his ſon that Prince ly thyng, Lord let thy iu ſtice dwell.
And let the moun taines that are hye, vn to their folke geue peace: And eke let lit tle hilles ap ply, in ver tue to en creaſe.
And then from age to age ſhall they, re gard and feare they might: So long as Sun ſhall ſhine by day, or els the moone by night.
That he may go uerne vp right ly, and rule thy folke a right: And ſo de fend through e qui tie, the poore that haue no might.
That he may helpe the weake, and poore, with ayde, and make them ſtrong: And eke de ſtroy for e uer more, all thoſe that doe the wrong.
Lord make the kyng vn to the iuſt, like rayne to the fields new mown: And like to drops that lay the duſt, and freſh the land vn ſowne.
The iuſt ſhall flo riſh in his tyme, and all ſhall be at peace: Vn till the Moone ſhall leaue to prime, waſt, chaunge, and to en creaſe.
The peo ple that in de ſert dwell, ſhall kneele to him full thicke: And all his ene mies that re bell, the earth, and duſt ſhall licke.
All kyngs ſhall ſeeke with one ac cord, in his good grace to ſtand: And all the peo ple of the world, ſhall ſerue hym at his hand.
He ſhal be Lord of ſea and land, from ſhore to ſhore through out: And from the fluds with in the land, through all the earth a bout.
Their Lords of all the Iles ther by, great gifts to him ſhall bryng: The kyngs of Sabe, and Arabie geue, ma ny a coſt ly thyng.
For he the nee dy ſort doth ſaue, that vn to him doe call: And eke the ſimple folke that haue, no helpe of man at all.

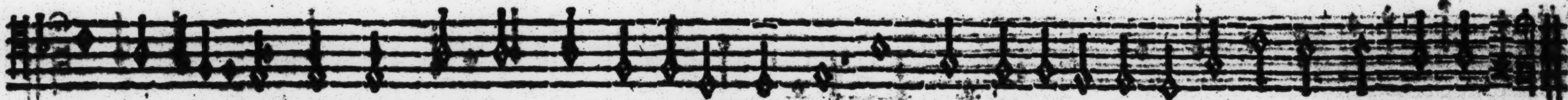
The lxxvij. Pſalme.


I
With my voyce to God doe cry, with hart and har ty cheare: My voyce to God I lift on high, and he my ſute doth heare.
When I to thinke on God en tend, my trou ble is the more: I ſpake but could not make an end, my breath was ſtopt ſo ſore.
The dayes of old in mynde I caſt, and oft did thinke vp on: The tymes and a ges that are paſt, full ma ny yeares a gone.
In tyme of grief I ſought to God, by night no reſt I tooke: But ſtretcht my hands to him a broad, my ſoule com fort for ſooke.
Thou holdſt mine eyes al wayes from reſt, but I al wayes a wake: With feare am I ſo ſore op preſt, my ſpeach doth me for ſake.
By night my ſongs I call to mynd, once made thy praiſe to ſhew: And with my hart much talke I finde, my ſpirits do ſearch to know.
Will God ſayd I at once for all, caſt of his peo ple thus: So that hence forth no tyme he ſhall, be frend ly vn to vs?
And will the Lord our God for get, his mer cyes ma ni fold? Or ſhall his wrath in creaſe ſo whot, his mer cy to with hold?
I will re gard and thinke vp on, the workyng of the Lord; Of all his won ders paſt, and gone, I glad ly will re cord?
What? is his good neſſe cleane de cayd, for e uer, and a day? Or is his pro miſe now de layd, and doth his truth de cay?
At laſt I ſayd my weak neſſe is, the cauſe of this miſ truſt: Gods mighty hand can helpe all this, and chaūge it when he luſt.
Yea all his workes I will de clare, and what he doth de uiſe: To tell his factes I will not ſpare, and eke his coun ſell wiſe.

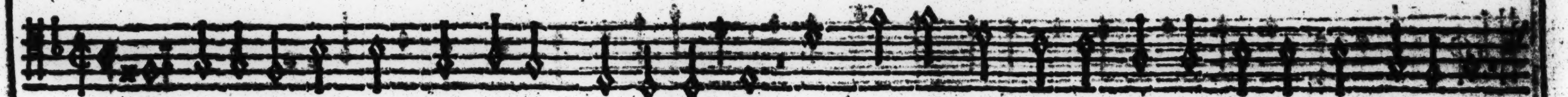
Attend



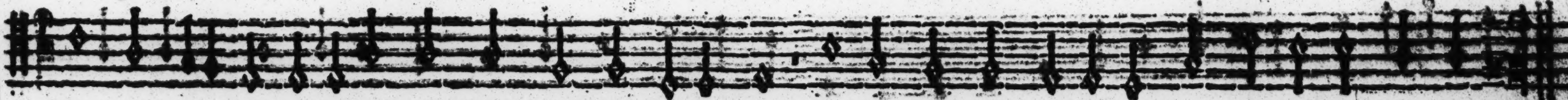
Attend my peo ple to my law, and to my workes en cline: My mouth ſhall ſpeake ſtrange pa ra bles, and ſen ten ces di uine.
Becauſe we ſhuld not keep it cloſe, frō thē that ſhuld come after: Who ſhuld gods power to their race prayſe, & all his workes of wōder.
That they, and their po ſte ri tie, that were not ſprong vp tho: Should haue the know ledge of the law, & teach their ſeed al ſo.



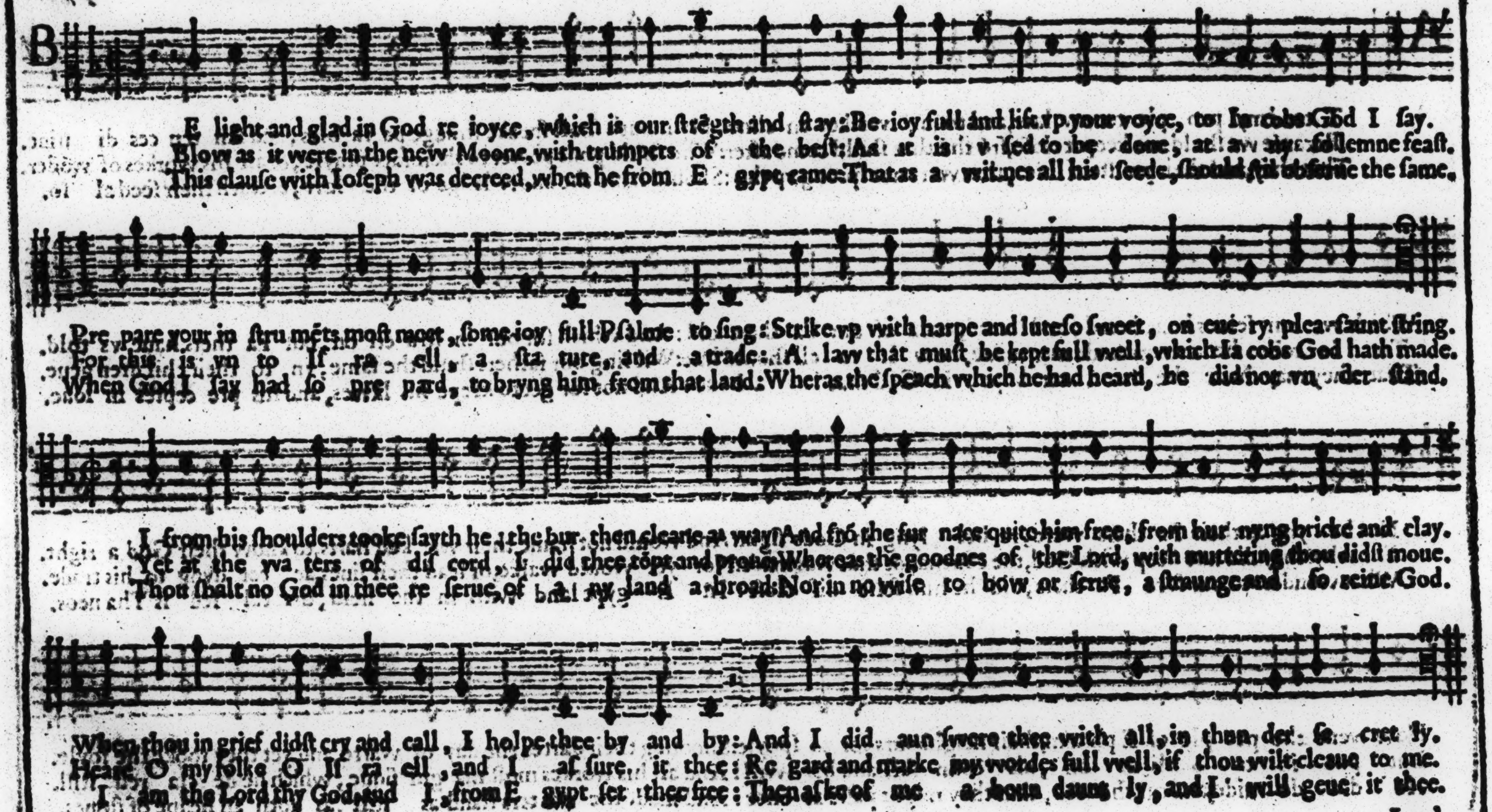
Which we our ſelues haue heard, and learnd, euen of our Fa thers old: And which for our in ſtru cti on, our Fa thers haue vs told.
To Ia cob he commaundement gaue, how Iſ ra ell ſhould liue: Wil ling our fathers ſhuld the ſame, vn to their chil dren geue.
That they may haue the bet ter hope, in God that is a boue: And not for get to keepe his lawes, and his pre ceptes in loue.



Not be yng as their Fa thers were, re bel lyng in Gods ſight: And would not frame their wic ked harts, to know their God a right.
For why they did not keep with God, the couenaunt that was made: Nor yet would walke, or lead their liues, ac cor dyng to his trade.
What wonders to our fore Fa thers, did he him ſelfe diſ cloſe: In E gypt land with in the field, that cal led is Tha neos.



How were the peo ple of E phraim, their neighbours for to ſpoyle: Shooting their dartes the day of warre, and yet they tooke the foyle.
But put in to o bli ui on, his coun ſell and his will: And all his workes moſt ma gni fique, which he de cla red ſtill.
He did de uide and cut the ſea, that they might paſſe at once: And made the wa ters ſtand as ſtill, as doth an heape of ſtones.



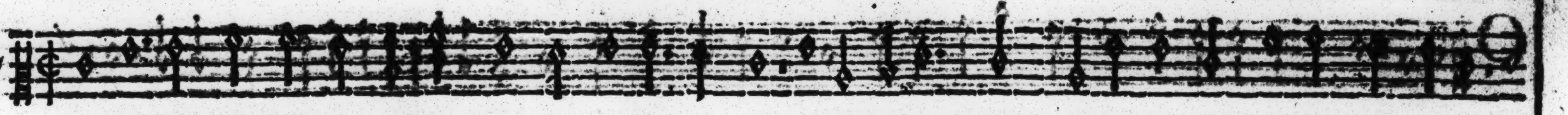
Be light and glad in God reioyce, which is our ſtrēgth and ſtay: Be ioyfull and lift vp your voyce, to Iacobs God I ſay.
Blow as it were in the new Moone, with trumpets of the beſt: As it is vſed to be done, at any ſolemne feaſt.
This clauſe with Ioſeph was decreed, when he from Egypt came: That as a witnes all his ſeede, ſhould ſtil obſerue the ſame.

Prepare your inſtrumēts moſt meet, ſome ioyfull Pſalme to ſing: Strike vp with harpe and lute ſo ſweet, on euery pleaſaunt ſtring.
For this is vnto Iſraell, a ſtature, and a trade: A law that muſt be kept full well, which Iacobs God hath made.
When God I ſay had ſo prepard, to bryng him from that land: Wheras the ſpeach which he had heard, he did not vnderſtand.

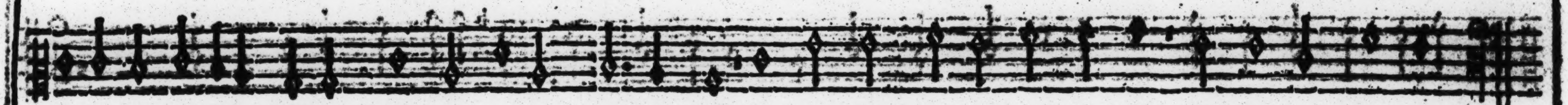
I from his ſhoulders tooke ſayth he, the burthen cleane away: And frō the furnace quite him free, from burnyng bricke and clay.
Yet at the waters of diſcord, I did thee tēpt and proue: Whereas the goodnes of the Lord, with murmuring thou didſt moue.
Thou ſhalt no God in thee reſerue, of any land abroad: Nor in no wiſe to bow or ſerue, a ſtraunge and forreine God.

When thou in grief didſt cry and call, I holpe thee by and by: And I did aunſwere thee withall, in thunder ſecretly.
Heare O my folke O Iſraell, and I aſſure it thee: Regard and marke my wordes full well, if thou wilt cleaue to me.
I am the Lord thy God, and I, from Egypt ſet thee free: Then aſke of me aboundauntly, and I will geue it thee.

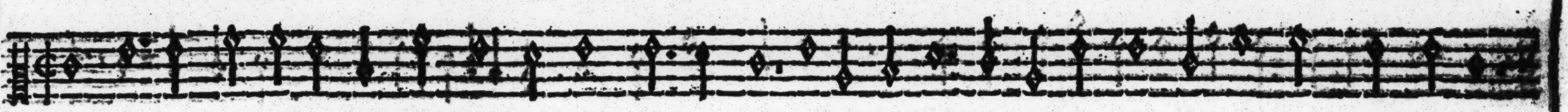
Lord



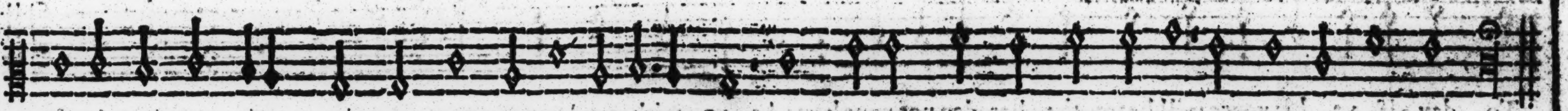
LOrd God of health the hope, and ſtay, thou art a lone to me: I call and cry through out the day, and all the night to thee.
For why? my ſoule with woe is fild, and doth in trou ble dwell: My life and breath al moſt doth yeld, and draweth nye to hell.
As one a mong the dead, and free, frō things that here re maine: It were more eaſe for me to be, with thē the which are ſlayne.



O let thy pray ers ſoone a ſcend, vn to thy ſight on hye: En cline thine eare (O Lord) en tend, and har ken to my cry.
I am e ſteemd as one of them, that in the pit doe fall: And made as one a mong thoſe men, that haue no ſtrength at all.
As thoſe that lye in graue I ſay, whō thou haſt cleane for got: The which thy hand hath cut a way, and thou re gardeſt them not.



Yea like to one ſhut vp full ſure, with in the low er pit: In pla ces darke, and all ob ſcure, and in the depth of it.
Thou putſt my frends far of from me, and makeſt them hate me ſore: I am ſhut vp in pri ſon ſaſt, and can come forth no more.
Doeſt thou vn to the dead de clare, thy won drous workes of fame? Shal dead to lyſe a gayne re payre, and prayſe thee for the ſame.



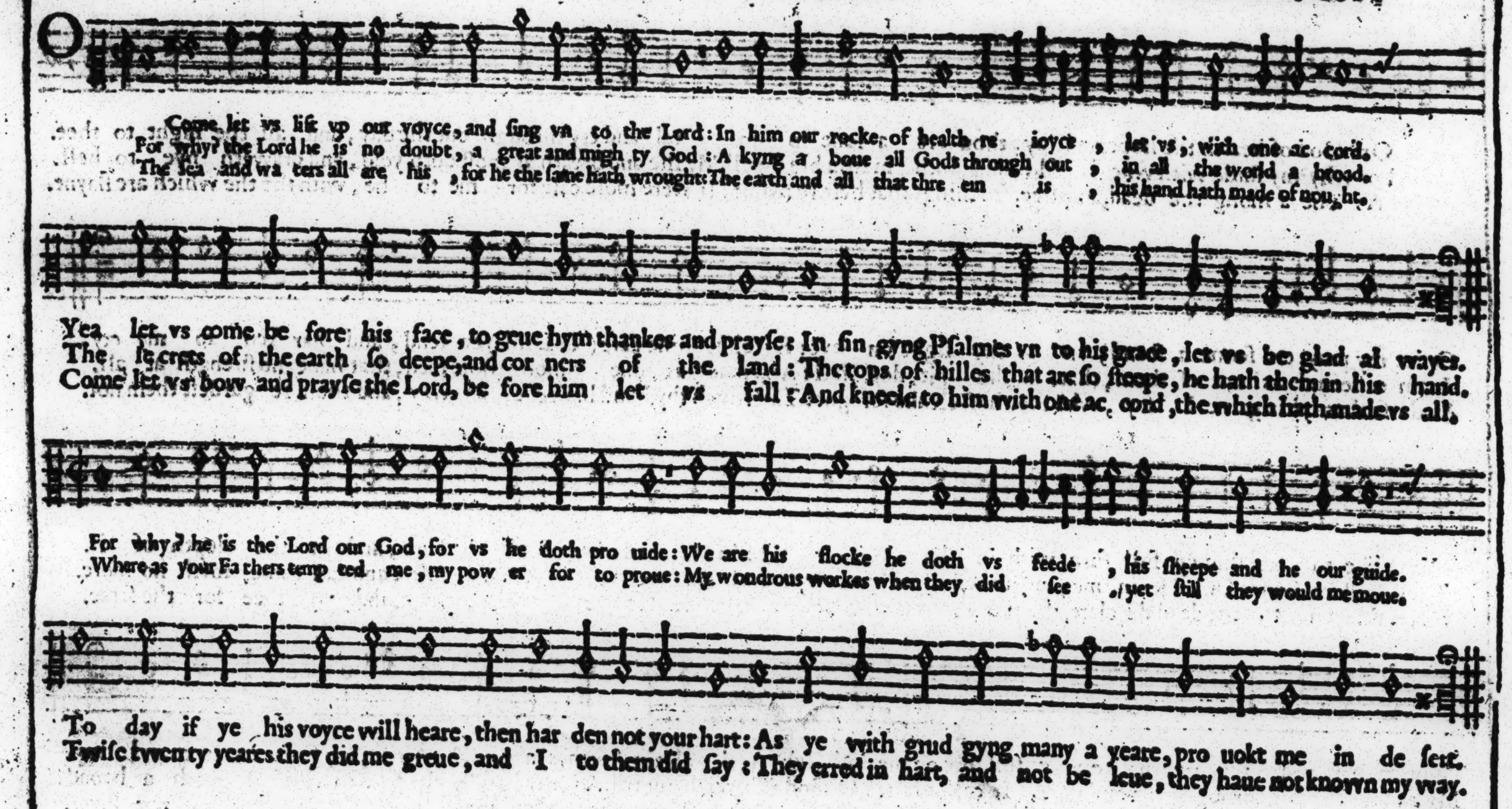
Thine an ger, and thy wrath like wiſe, full ſore on me doth lye: And all thy ſtormes a gaynſt me riſe, my ſoule to vexe and try.
My light doth fayle through grief and woe, I call to thee, O God: Through out the day, my handes al ſo, to thee I ſtretch a broad.
Or ſhall thy lo uyng kynd nes Lord, be preached in the graue? Or ſhall with them that are de ſtroyd, thy truth her ho nor haue.

O

G.D.

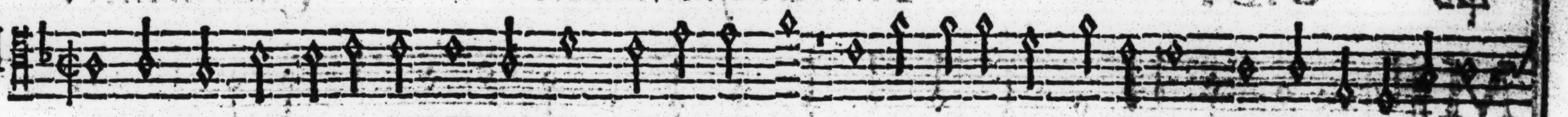
The xcv. Pſalme.

Contratenor.

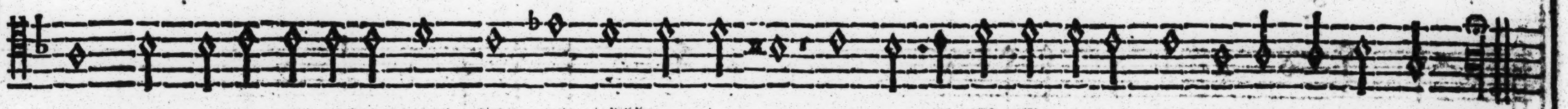

Come let vs liſt vp our voyce, and ſing vn to the Lord: In him our rocke of health re ioyce, let vs, with one ac cord.
For why? the Lord he is no doubt, a great and migh ty God: A kyng a boue all Gods through out, in all the world a broad.
The ſea and wa ters all are his, for he the ſame hath wrought: The earth and all that there in is, his hand hath made of nought.
Yea let vs come be fore his face, to geue hym thankes and prayſe: In ſin gyng Pſalmes vn to his grace, let vs be glad al wayes.
The ſe crets of the earth ſo deepe, and cor ners of the land: The tops of hilles that are ſo ſteepe, he hath them in his hand.
Come let vs bow and prayſe the Lord, be fore him let vs fall: And kneele to him with one ac cord, the which hath made vs all.
For why? he is the Lord our God, for vs he doth pro uide: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, his ſheepe and he our guide.
Where as your Fa thers temp ted me, my pow er for to proue: My wondrous workes when they did ſee, yet ſtill they would me moue.
To day if ye his voyce will heare, then har den not your hart: As ye with grud gyng many a yeare, pro uokt me in de ſert.
Twiſe twen ty yeares they did me greue, and I to them did ſay: They erred in hart, and not be leue, they haue not known my way.

My

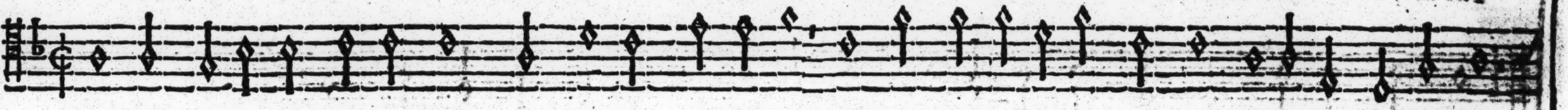
The Ciij. Pſalme.



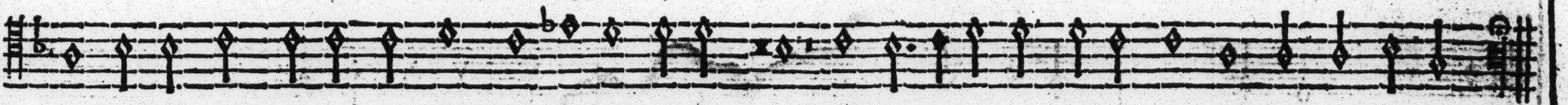
MY ſoule geue laud vn to the Lord, my ſpirite ſhall doe the ſame: And all the ſe cretes of my hart, prayſe ye his ho ly name.
That gaue thee par don for thy faults, and thee re ſtored a gayne: For all thy weake & frayle diſ eaſe, and heald thee of thy payne.
That fild with good nes thy de ſire, and did pro long thy youth: Like as the E gle caſteth her bill, where by her age re nueth.



Geue thankes to God for all his giftes, ſhew not thy ſelfe vn kynd: And ſuf fer not his be ne fites, to ſlip out of thy mynde.
That did re deeme thy life frõ death frõ which thou couldſt not flee: His mer cy and com paſ ſion both, he did ex tend to thee.
The Lord with iu ſtice doth re paye, all ſuch as be op preſt: So that their ſufferings, & their wrõgs, are tur ned to the beſt.



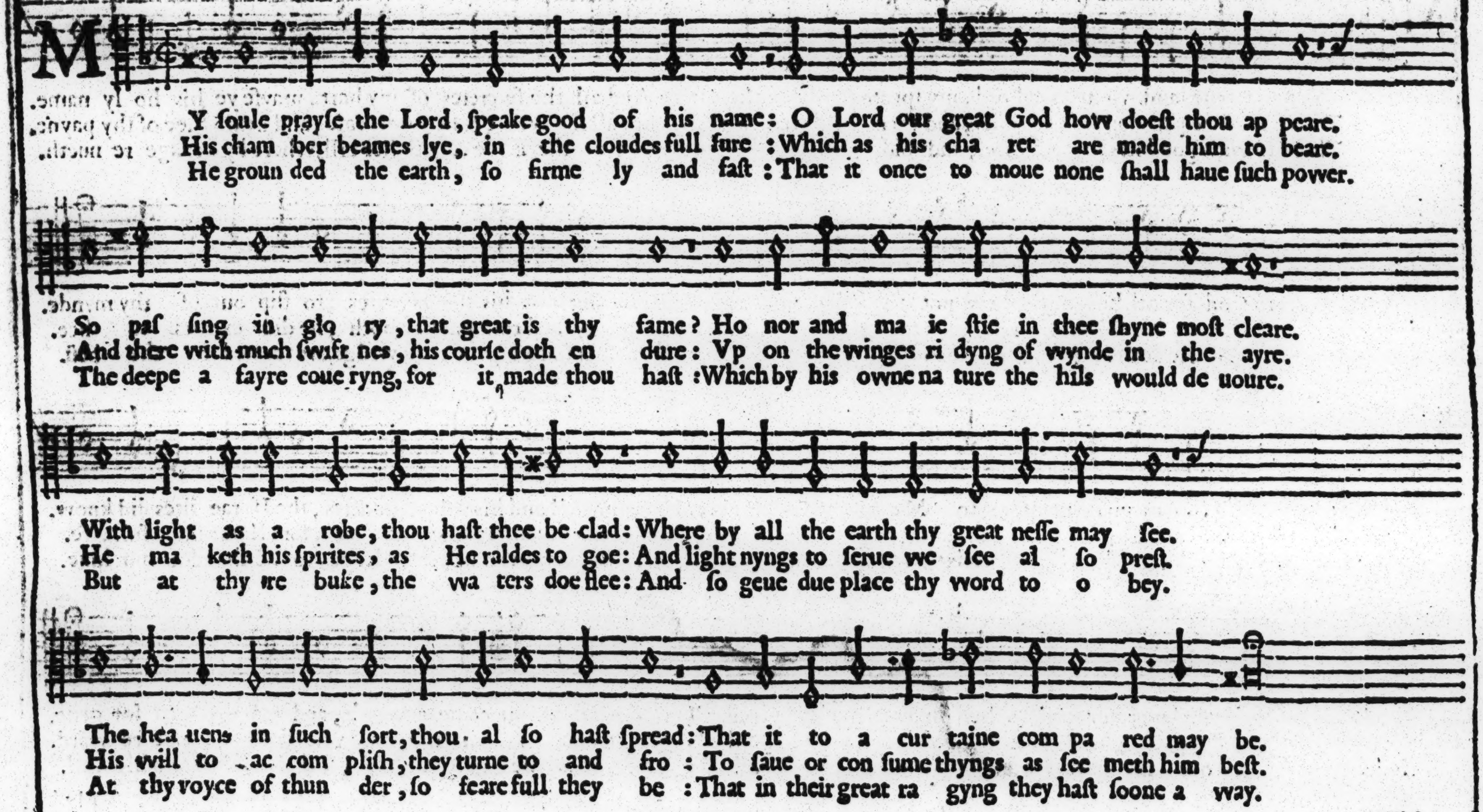
His wayes and his com maun de mentes, to Mo ſes he did ſhew: His coun ſell and his vali aunt actes, the Iſ rae lites did know.
He chides not vs con ti nual ly, though we be full of ſtrife: Nor keeps our faults in me mo ry, for all our ſinne full lyfe.
But as the ſpace is won drous great, twixt earth and heauẽ a boue: So is his good nes much more large, to thẽ that doe him loue.

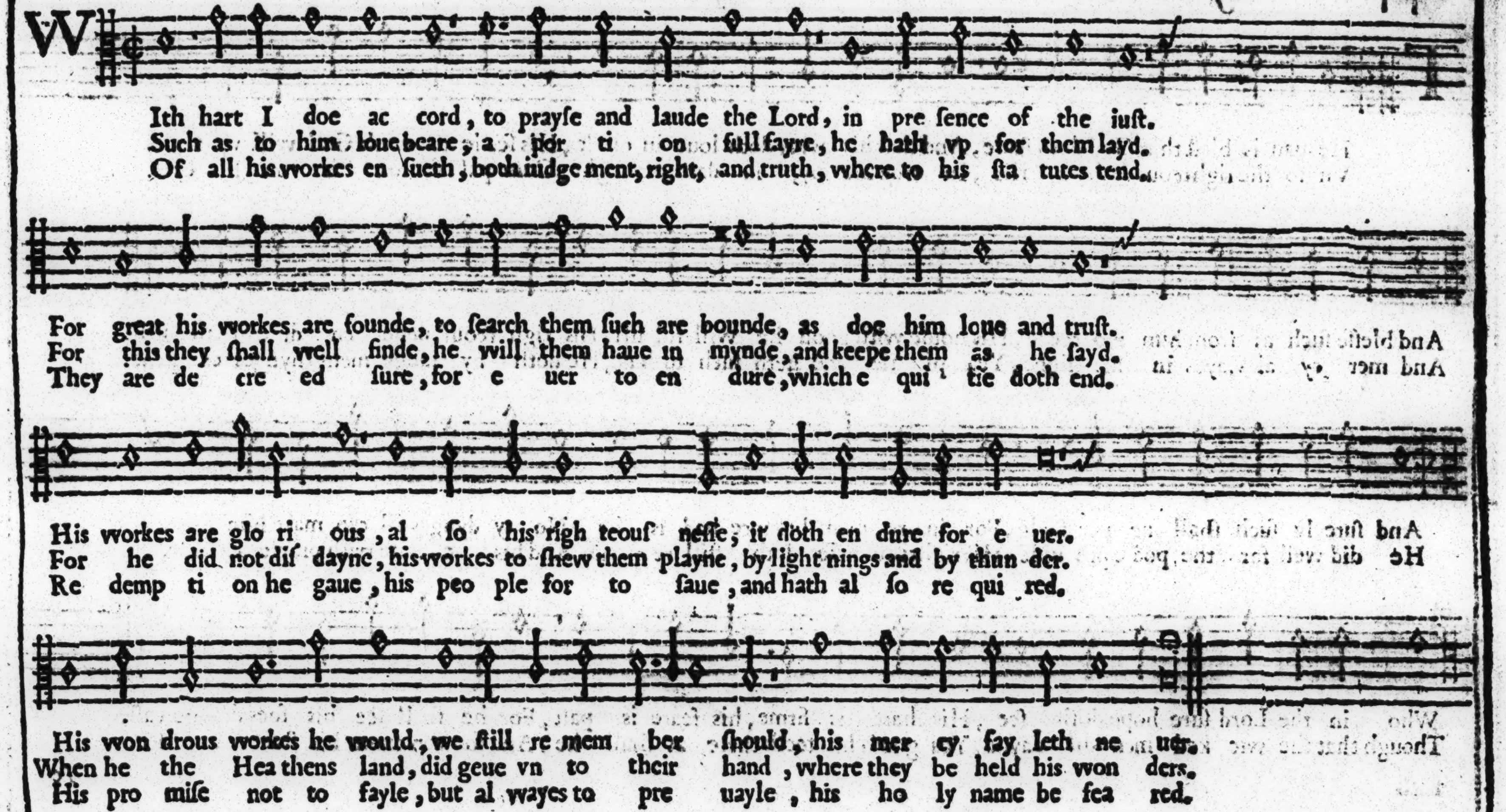


The Lord is kynde, and mer cy full, when ſin ners doe him greeue: The ſlow eſt to con ceiue a wrath, and rea dyeſt to for geue.
Nor yet ac cor dyng to our ſinnes, the Lord doth vs re gard: Nor af ter our i ni qui ties, he doth vs not re ward.
God doth re moue our ſinnes from vs, and our of fen ces all: As farre as is the Sunne ri ſing, full di ſtant from his fall.

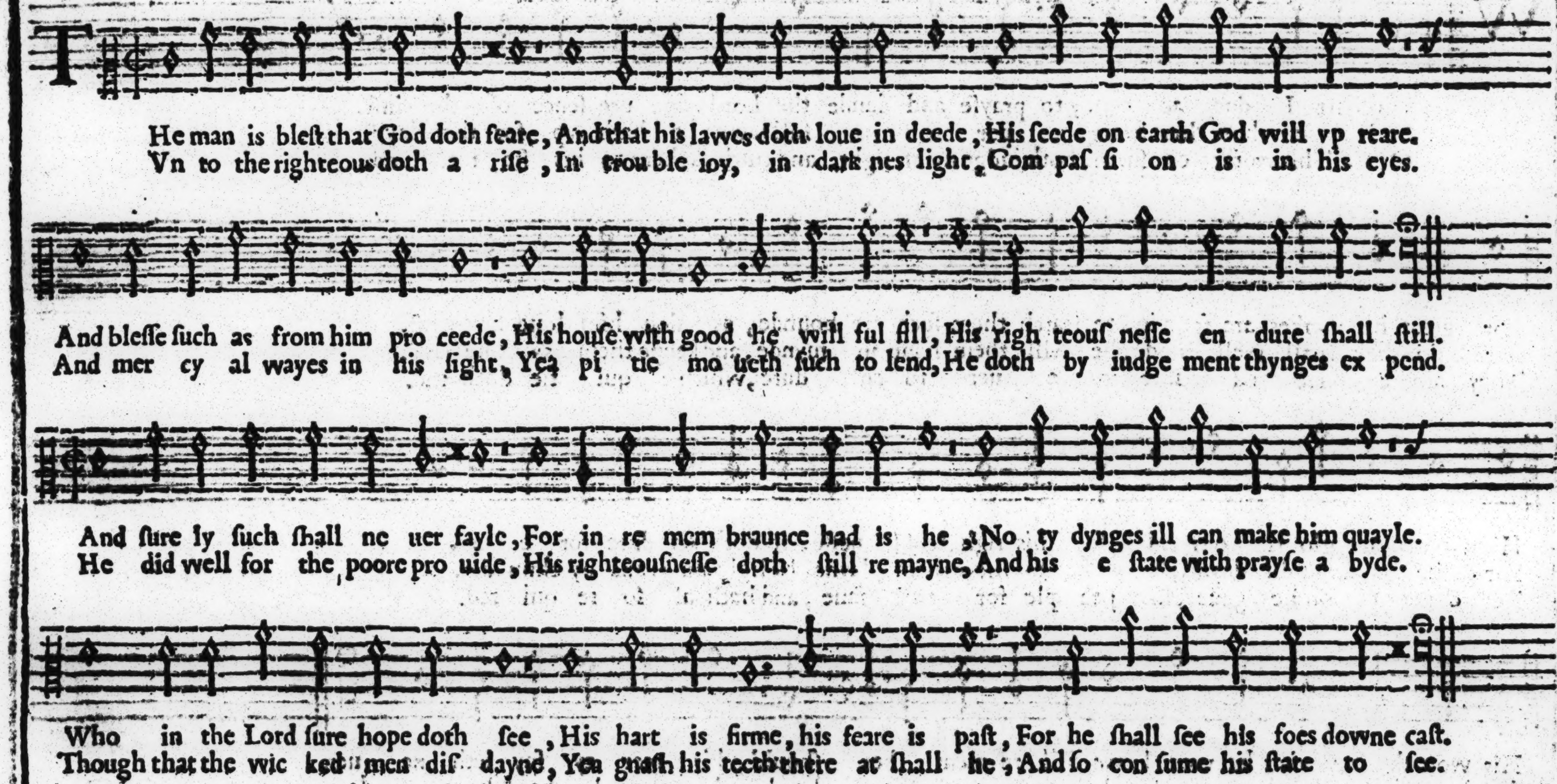
The Ciiij. Pſalme.

Contratenor.

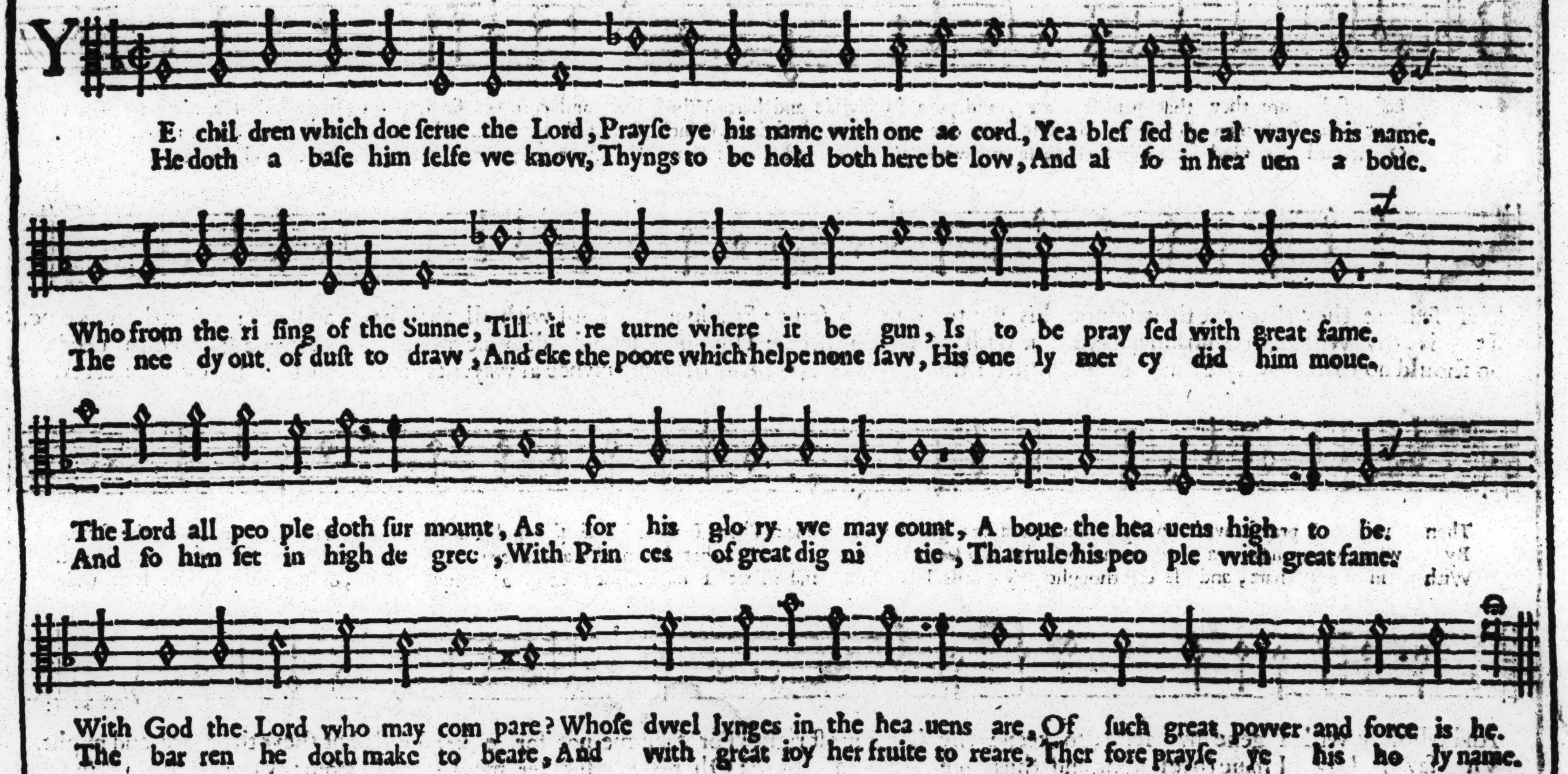

MY ſoule prayſe the Lord, ſpeake good of his name: O Lord our great God how doeſt thou ap peare.
His cham ber beames lye, in the cloudes full ſure: Which as his cha ret are made him to beare.
He groun ded the earth, ſo firme ly and faſt: That it once to moue none ſhall haue ſuch power.
So paſ ſing in glo ry, that great is thy fame? Ho nor and ma ie ſtie in thee ſhyne moſt cleare.
And there with much ſwift nes, his courſe doth en dure: Vp on the winges ri dyng of wynde in the ayre.
The deepe a fayre coue ryng, for it made thou haſt: Which by his owne na ture the hils would de uoure.
With light as a robe, thou haſt thee be clad: Where by all the earth thy great neſſe may ſee.
He ma keth his ſpirites, as He raldes to goe: And light nyngs to ſerue we ſee al ſo preſt.
But at thy re buke, the wa ters doe flee: And ſo geue due place thy word to o bey.
The hea uens in ſuch ſort, thou al ſo haſt ſpread: That it to a cur taine com pa red may be.
His will to ac com pliſh, they turne to and fro: To ſaue or con ſume thynges as ſee meth him beſt.
At thy voyce of thun der, ſo feare full they be: That in their great ra gyng they haſt ſoone a way.

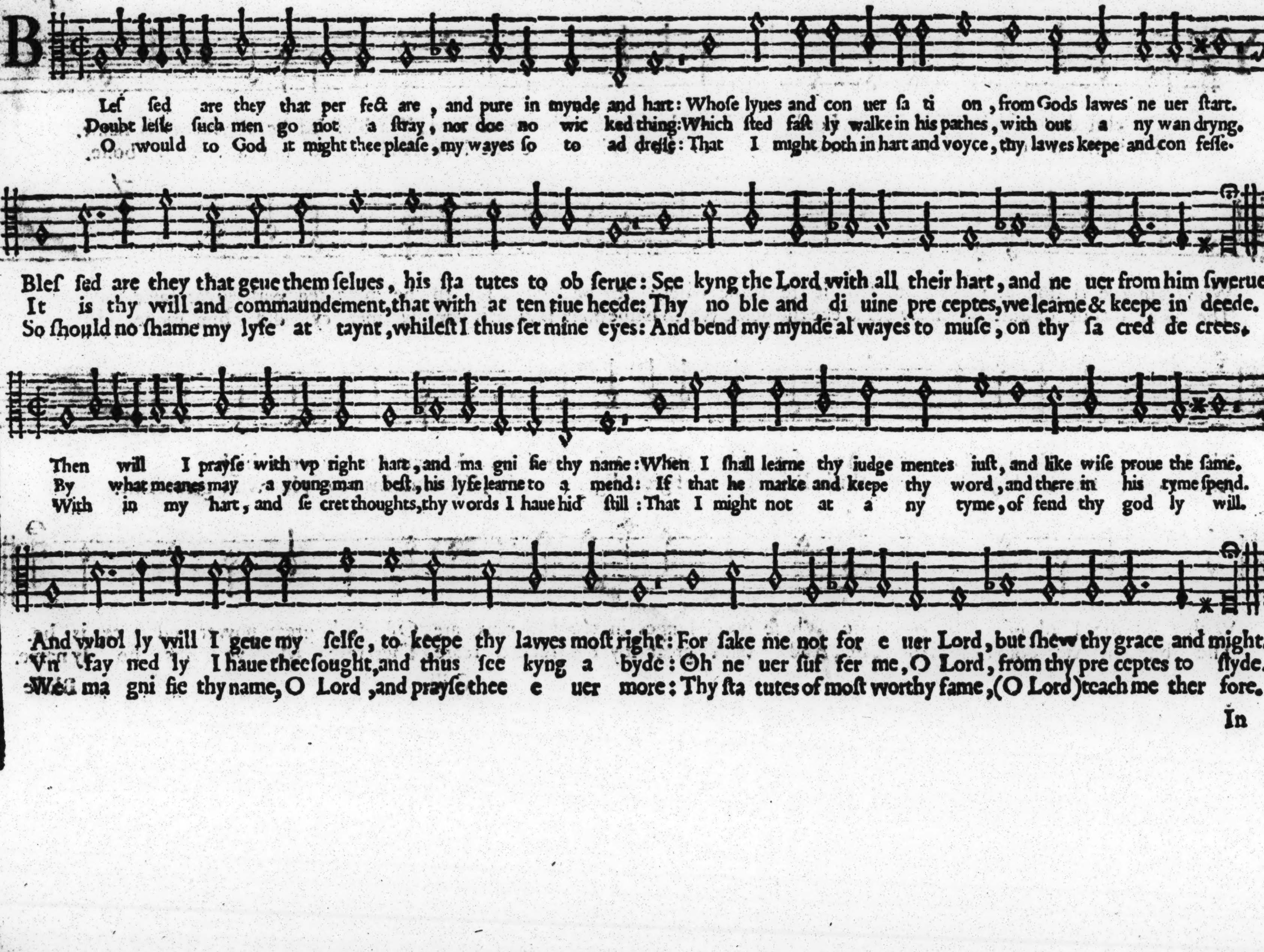

W
Ith hart I doe ac cord, to prayſe and laude the Lord, in pre ſence of the iuſt.
Such as to him loue beare, a por ti on full fayre, he hath vp for them layd.
Of all his workes en ſueth, both iudge ment, right, and truth, where to his ſta tutes tend.
For great his workes are founde, to ſearch them ſuch are bounde, as doe him loue and truſt.
For this they ſhall well finde, he will them haue in mynde, and keepe them as he ſayd.
They are de cre ed ſure, for e uer to en dure, which e qui tie doth end.
His workes are glo ri ous, al ſo his righ teouſ neſſe, it doth en dure for e uer.
For he did not diſ dayne, his workes to ſhew them playne, by light nings and by thun der.
Re demp ti on he gaue, his peo ple for to ſaue, and hath al ſo re qui red.
His won drous workes he would, we ſtill re mem ber ſhould, his mer cy ſay leth ne uer.
When he the Hea thens land, did geue vn to their hand, where they be held his won ders.
His pro miſe not to fayle, but al wayes to pre uayle, his ho ly name be fea red.

G.D. The Cxij. Pſalme. Contratenor.


T
He man is bleſt that God doth feare, And that his lawes doth loue in deede, His ſeede on earth God will vp reare.
Vn to the righteous doth a riſe, In trou ble ioy, in dark nes light, Com paſ ſi on is in his eyes.
And bleſſe ſuch as from him pro ceede, His houſe with good he will ful fill, His righ teouſ neſſe en dure ſhall ſtill.
And mer cy al wayes in his ſight, Yea pi tie mo ueth ſuch to lend, He doth by iudge ment thynges ex pend.
And ſure ly ſuch ſhall ne uer fayle, For in re mem braunce had is he, No ty dynges ill can make him quayle.
He did well for the poore pro uide, His righteouſneſſe doth ſtill re mayne, And his e ſtate with prayſe a byde.
Who in the Lord ſure hope doth ſee, His hart is firme, his feare is paſt, For he ſhall ſee his foes downe caſt.
Though that the wic ked men diſ dayne, Yea gnaſh his teeth there at ſhall he, And ſo con ſume his ſtate to ſee.

Ye


Y E chil dren which doe ſerue the Lord, Prayſe ye his name with one ac cord, Yea bleſ ſed be al wayes his name.
He doth a baſe him ſelfe we know, Thyngs to be hold both here be low, And al ſo in hea uen a boue.
Who from the ri ſing of the Sunne, Till it re turne where it be gun, Is to be pray ſed with great fame.
The nee dy out of duſt to draw, And eke the poore which helpe none ſaw, His one ly mer cy did him moue.
The Lord all peo ple doth ſur mount, As for his glo ry we may count, A boue the hea uens high to be.
And ſo him ſet in high de gree, With Prin ces of great dig ni tie, That rule his peo ple with great fame.
With God the Lord who may com pare? Whoſe dwel lynges in the hea uens are, Of ſuch great power and force is he.
The bar ren he doth make to beare, And with great ioy her fruite to reare, Ther fore prayſe ye his ho ly name.



B

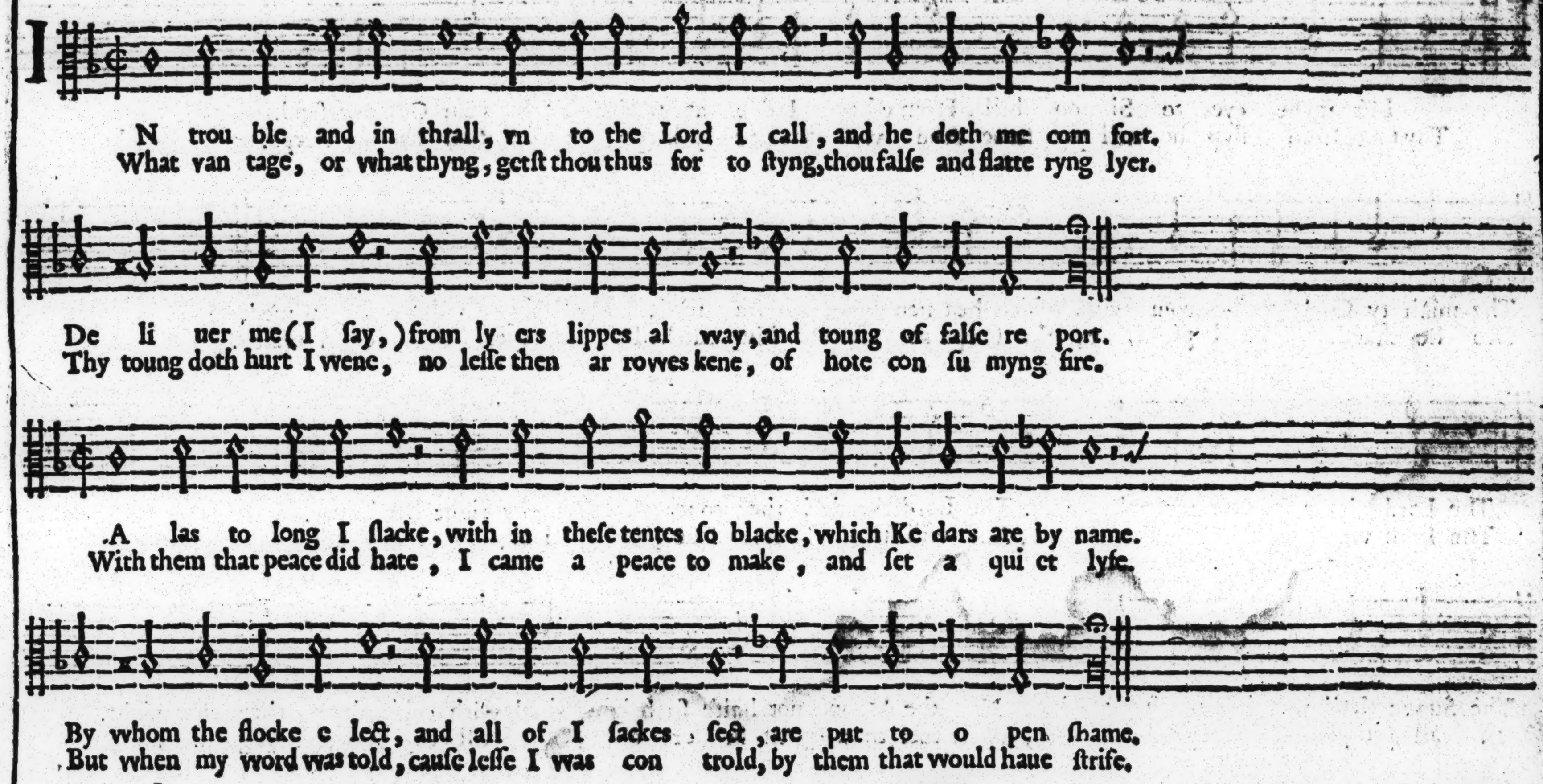
Leſ ſed are they that per fect are , and pure in mynde and hart: Whoſe lyues and con uer ſa ti on , from Gods lawes ne uer ſtart.
Doubt leſſe ſuch men go not a ſtray, nor doe no wic ked thing: Which ſted faſt ly walke in his pathes, with out a ny wan dryng.
O would to God it might thee pleaſe, my wayes ſo to ad dreſſe: That I might both in hart and voyce, thy lawes keepe and con feſſe.

Bleſ ſed are they that geue them ſelues, his ſta tutes to ob ſerue: See kyng the Lord with all their hart, and ne uer from him ſwerue.
It is thy will and commaundement, that with at ten tiue heede: Thy no ble and di uine pre ceptes, we learne & keepe in deede.
So ſhould no ſhame my lyfe at taynt, whileſt I thus ſet mine eyes: And bend my mynde al wayes to muſe, on thy ſa cred de crees.

Then will I prayſe with vp right hart, and ma gni fie thy name: When I ſhall learne thy iudge mentes iuſt, and like wiſe proue the ſame.
By what meanes may a young man beſt, his lyfe learne to a mend: If that he marke and keepe thy word, and there in his tyme ſpend.
With in my hart, and ſe cret thoughts, thy words I haue hid ſtill: That I might not at a ny tyme, of fend thy god ly will.

And whol ly will I geue my ſelfe, to keepe thy lawes moſt right: For ſake me not for e uer Lord, but ſhew thy grace and might.
Vn fay ned ly I haue thee ſought, and thus ſee kyng a byde: Oh ne uer ſuf fer me, O Lord, from thy pre ceptes to ſlyde.
Wel ma gni fie thy name, O Lord, and prayſe thee e uer more: Thy ſta tutes of moſt worthy fame, (O Lord) teach me ther fore.

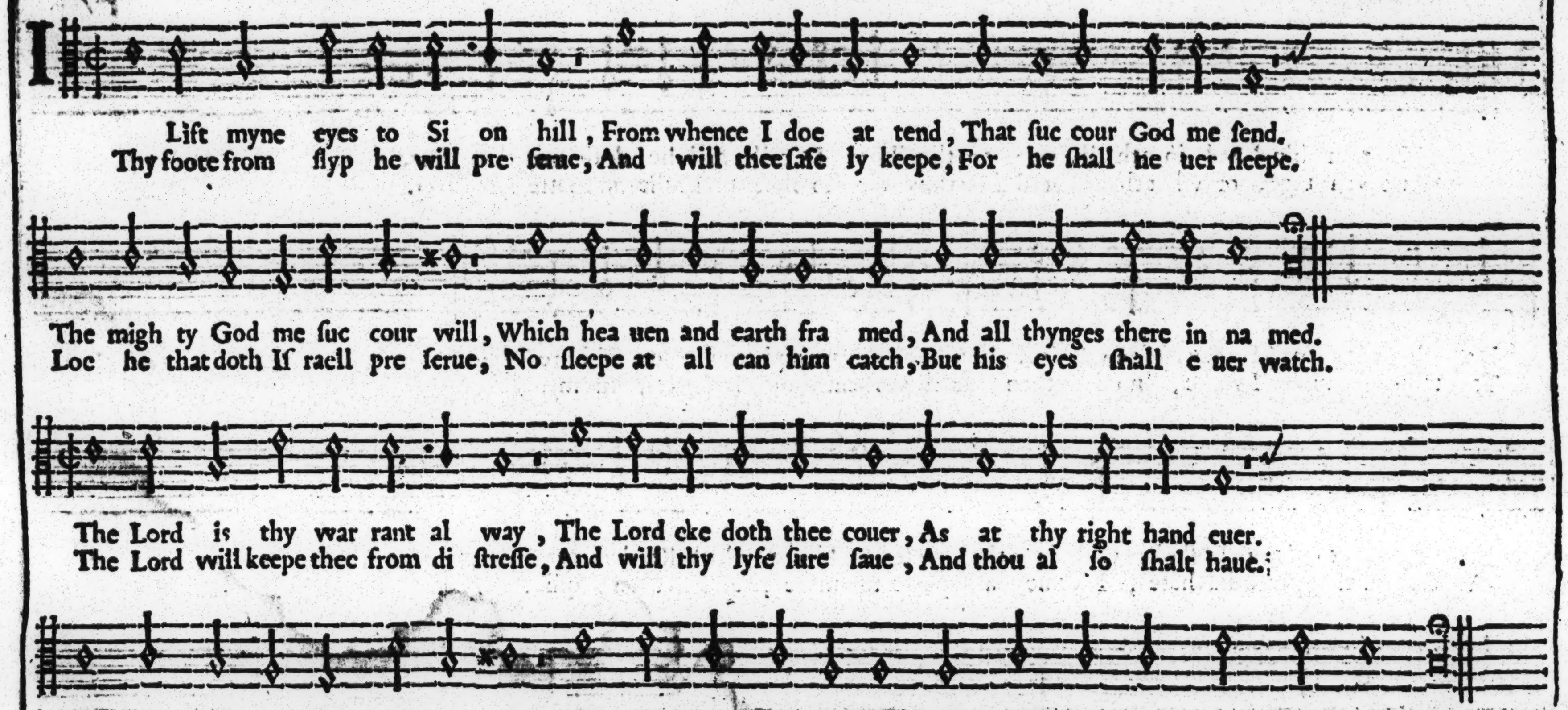
In


I
N trou ble and in thrall, vn to the Lord I call, and he doth me com fort.
What van tage, or what thyng, getſt thou thus for to ſtyng, thou falſe and flatte ryng lyer.
De li uer me (I ſay,) from ly ers lippes al way, and toung of falſe re port.
Thy toung doth hurt I wene, no leſſe then ar rowes kene, of hote con ſu myng fire.
A las to long I ſlacke, with in theſe tentes ſo blacke, which Ke dars are by name.
With them that peace did hate, I came a peace to make, and ſet a qui et lyfe.
By whom the flocke e lect, and all of I ſackes ſect, are put to o pen ſhame.
But when my word was told, cauſe leſſe I was con trold, by them that would haue ſtrife.

G.D.

The Cxxi. Pſalme.

Contratenor.



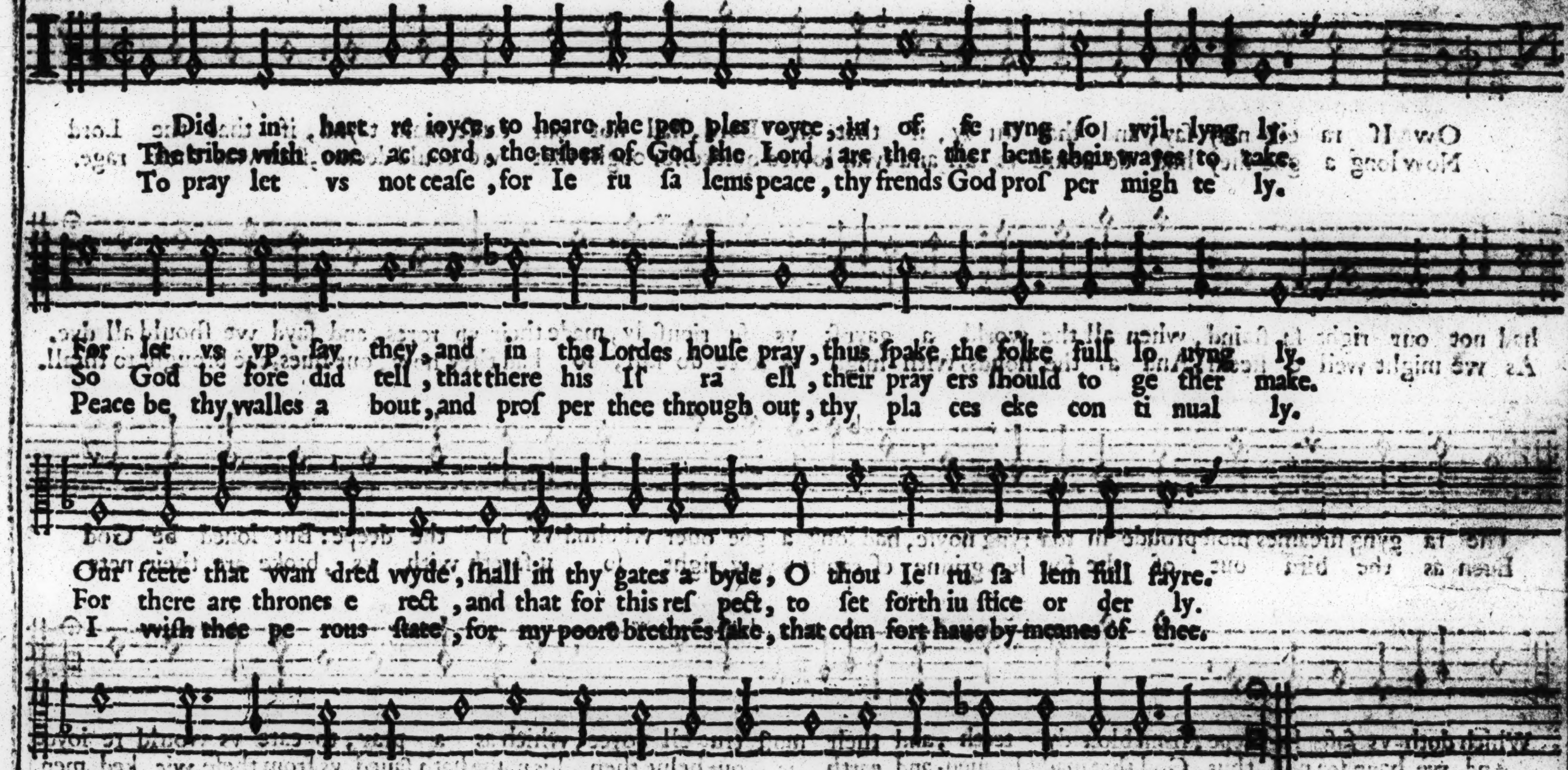
I Liſt myne eyes to Si on hill, From whence I doe at tend, That ſuc cour God me ſend.
Thy foote from ſlyp he will pre ſerue, And will thee ſafe ly keepe, For he ſhall ne uer ſleepe.

The migh ty God me ſuc cour will, Which hea uen and earth fra med, And all thynges there in na med.
Loe he that doth Iſ raell pre ſerue, No ſleepe at all can him catch, But his eyes ſhall e uer watch.

The Lord is thy war rant al way, The Lord eke doth thee couer, As at thy right hand euer.
The Lord will keepe thee from di ſtreſſe, And will thy lyfe ſure ſaue, And thou al ſo ſhalt haue.

The Sunne ſhall not thee parch by day, Nor the Moone not halfe ſo bright, Shall with cold hurt thee by night.
In all thy buſi neſſe good ſuc ceſſe, Where euer thou goeſt in or out, God will thy thynges bryng a bout.

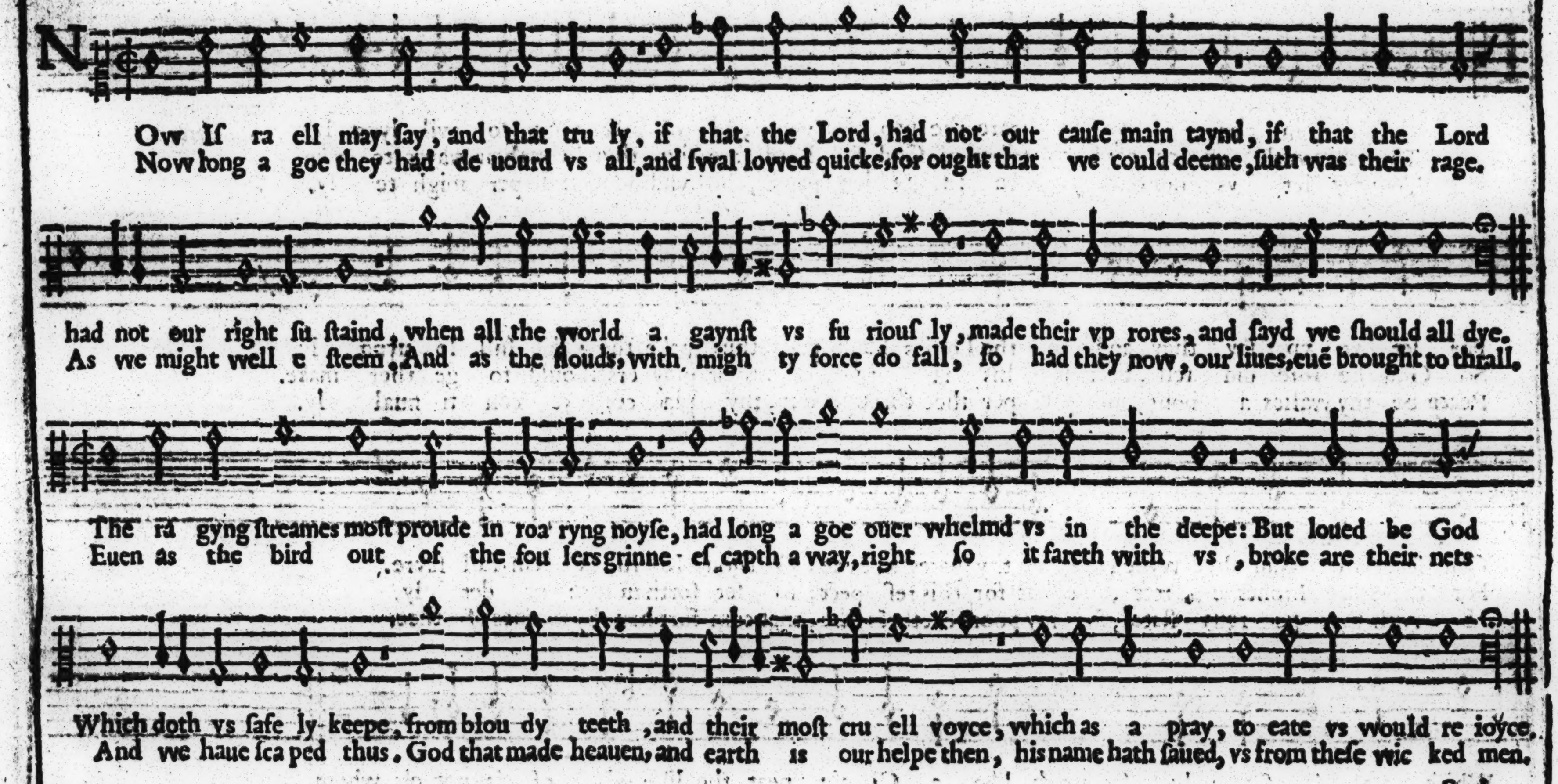
I did



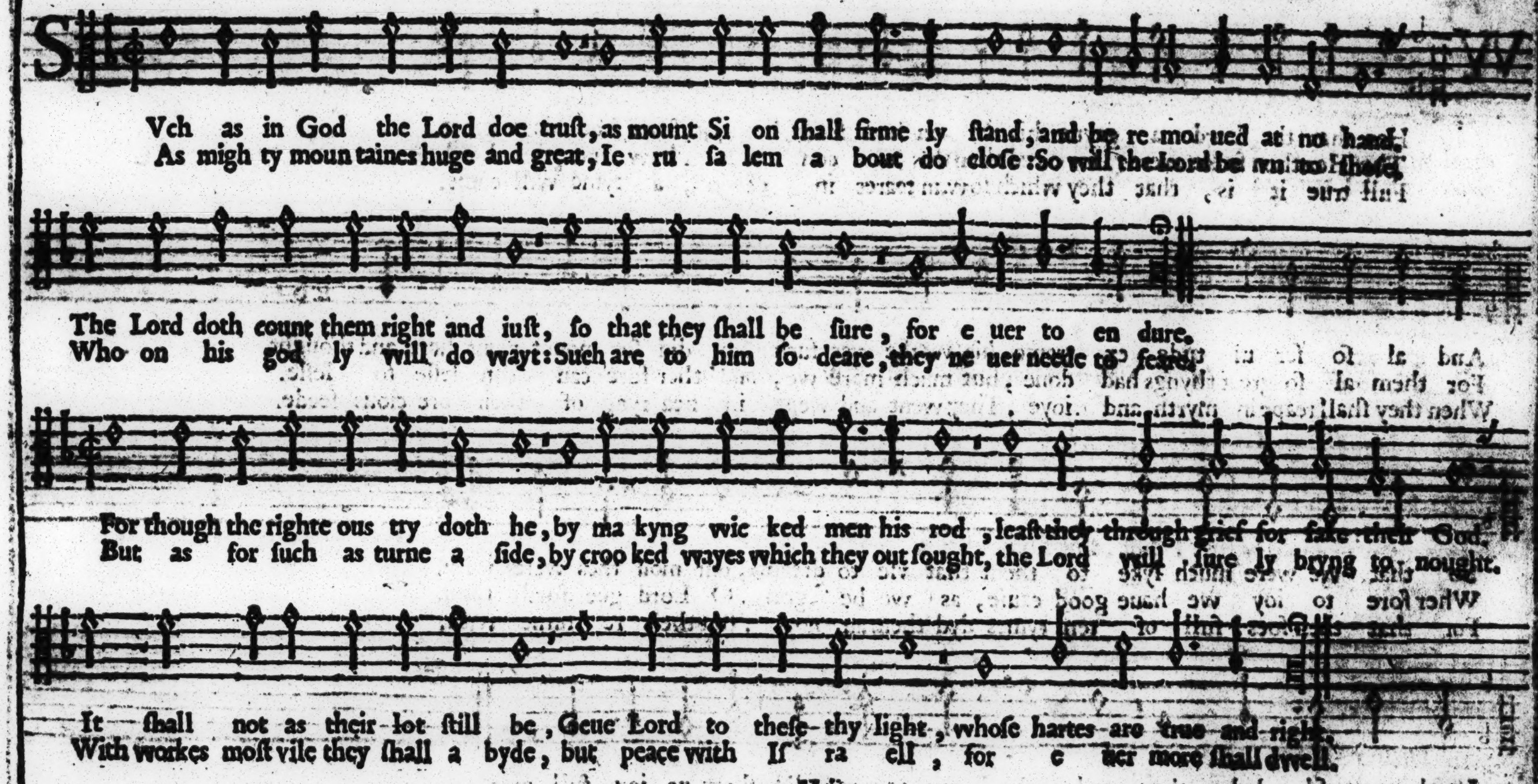
I Did in hart reioyce, to heare the peoples voyce, in offeryng ſo willyngly.
For let vs vp ſay they, and in the Lordes houſe pray, thus ſpake the folke full louyngly.
Our feete that wandred wyde, ſhall in thy gates abyde, O thou Ieruſalem full fayre.
Which art ſo ſeemely ſet, much like a Citie neat, the like whereof is not els where.

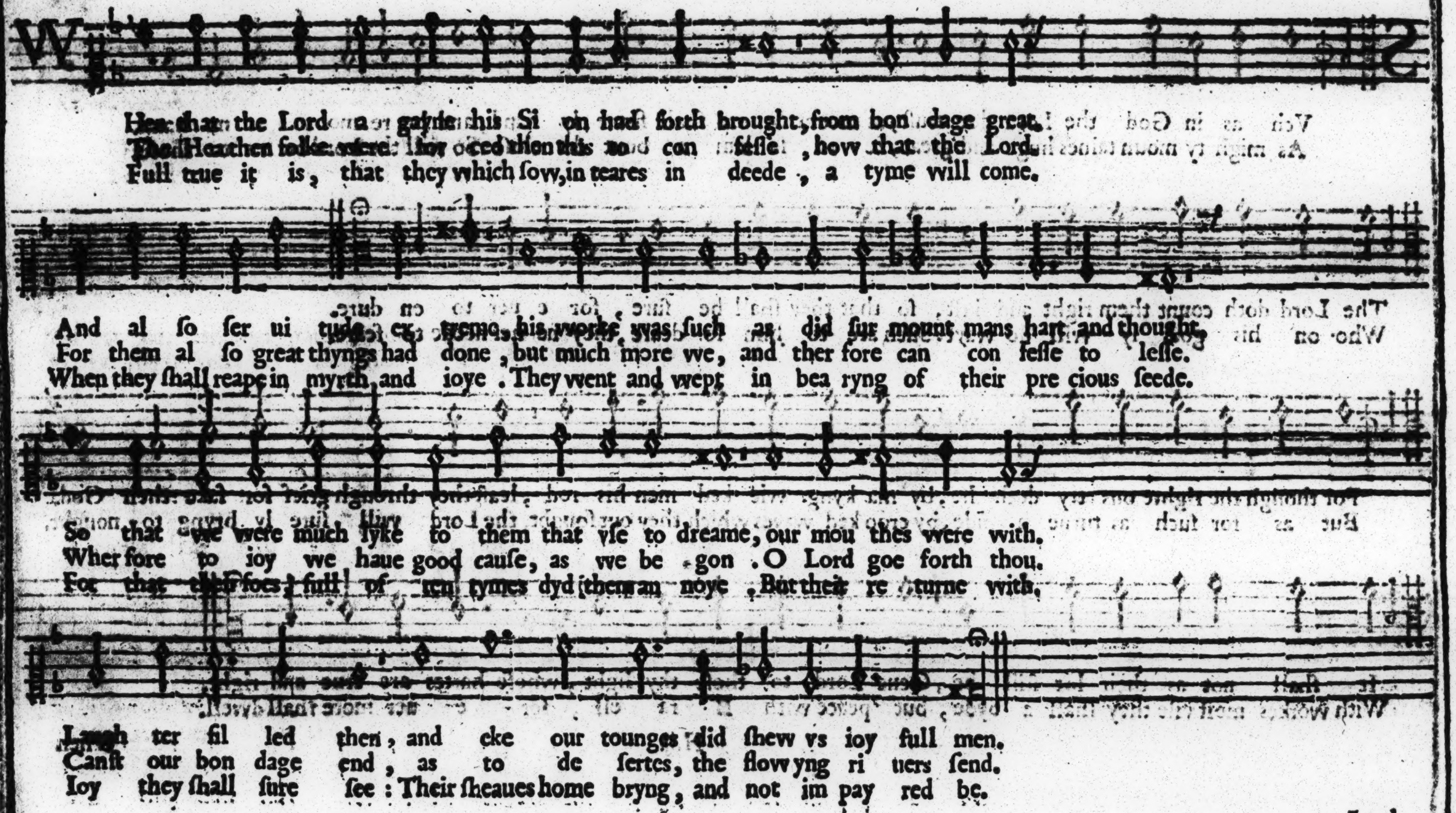
The tribes with one accord, the tribes of God the Lord, are thether bent their wayes to take.
So God before did tell, that there his Iſraell, their prayers ſhould together make.
For there are thrones erect, and that for this reſpect, to ſet forth iuſtice orderly.
Which thrones right to maintaine, to Dauids houſe pertaine, his folke to iudge accordyngly.

To pray let vs not ceaſe, for Ieruſalems peace, thy frends God proſper mightely.
Peace be, thy walles about, and proſper thee through out, thy places eke continually.
I wiſh thee perous ſtate, for my poore brethrẽs ſake, that comfort haue by meanes of thee.
Gods houſe doth me allure, thy wealth for to procure, ſo much alwayes as lyeth in me.

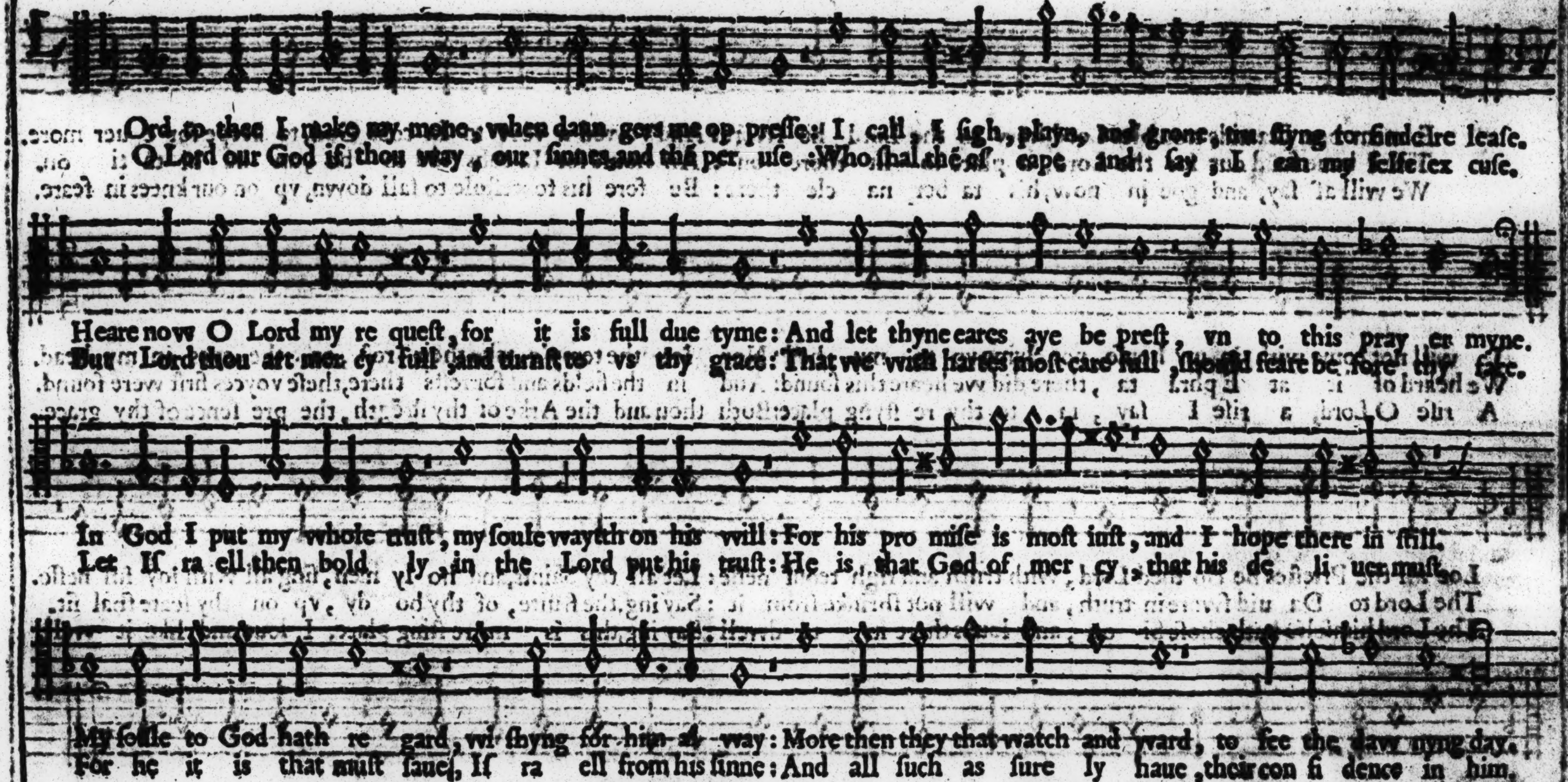

N
Ow Iſ ra ell may ſay, and that tru ly, if that the Lord, had not our cauſe main taynd, if that the Lord
Now long a goe they had de uourd vs all, and ſwal lowed quicke, for ought that we could deeme, ſuch was their rage.
had not our right ſu ſtaind, when all the world a gaynſt vs fu riouſ ly, made their vp rores, and ſayd we ſhould all dye.
As we might well e ſteem. And as the flouds, with migh ty force do fall, ſo had they now, our liues, euē brought to thrall.
The ra gyng ſtreames moſt proude in roa ryng noyſe, had long a goe ouer whelmd vs in the deepe: But loued be God
Euen as the bird out of the fou lers grinne eſ capth a way, right ſo it fareth with vs, broke are their nets
Which doth vs ſafe ly keepe, from blou dy teeth, and their moſt cru ell voyce, which as a pray, to eate vs would re ioyce.
And we haue ſca ped thus. God that made heauen, and earth is our helpe then, his name hath ſaued, vs from theſe wic ked men.

Such

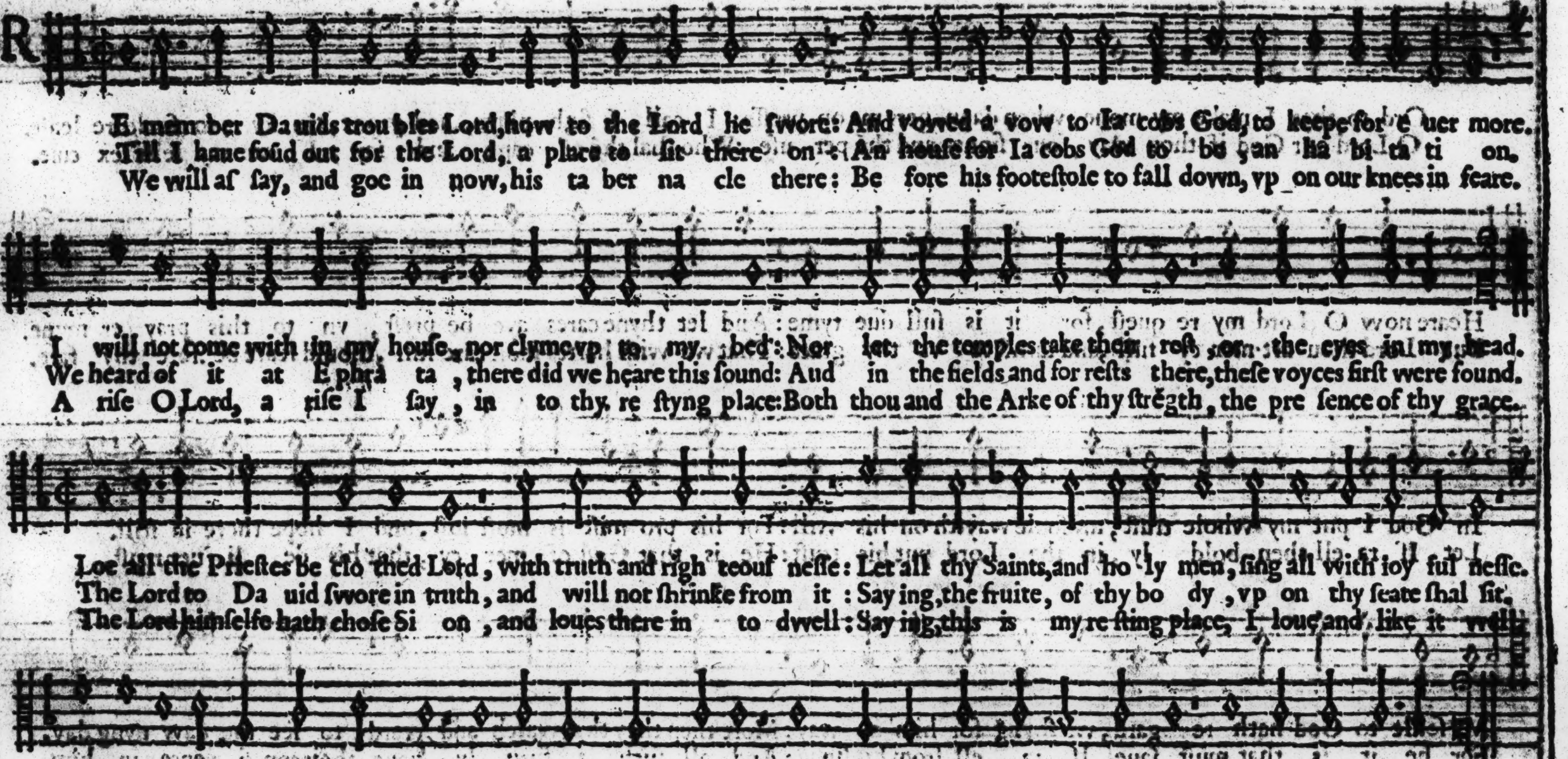

S
Such as in God the Lord doe truſt, as mount Si on ſhall firme ly ſtand, and be re mo ued at no hand.
As migh ty moun taines huge and great, Ie ru ſa lem a bout do cloſe: So will the Lord be vnto thoſe,
The Lord doth count them right and iuſt, ſo that they ſhall be ſure, for e uer to en dure.
Who on his god ly will do wayt: Such are to him ſo deare, they ne uer neede to feare.
For though the righte ous try doth he, by ma kyng wic ked men his rod, leaſt they through grief for ſake their God.
But as for ſuch as turne a ſide, by croo ked wayes which they out ſought, the Lord will ſure ly bryng to nought.
It ſhall not as their lot ſtill be, Geue Lord to theſe thy light, whoſe hartes are true and right.
With workes moſt vile they ſhall a byde, but peace with Iſ ra ell, for e uer more ſhall dwell.


Hear that the Lord a gayne his Si on had forth brought, from bon dage great.
The Heathen folke were forced then this to con feſſe, how that the Lord.
Full true it is, that they which ſow, in teares in deede, a tyme will come.
And al ſo ſer ui tude ex treme, his worke was ſuch as did ſur mount mans hart and thought.
For them al ſo great thyngs had done, but much more we, and ther fore can con feſſe to leſſe.
When they ſhall reape in myrth and ioye. They went and wept in bea ryng of their pre cious ſeede.
So that we were much lyke to them that vſe to dreame, our mou thes were with.
Wher fore to ioy we haue good cauſe, as we be gon. O Lord goe forth thou.
For that their foes full of ten tymes dyd them an noye, But their re turne with.
Laugh ter fil led then, and eke our tounges did ſhew vs ioy full men.
Canſt our bon dage end, as to de ſertes, the flowyng ri uers ſend.
Ioy they ſhall ſure ſee: Their ſheaues home bryng, and not im pay red be.

Lord


LOrd to thee I make my mone, when dan gers me op preſſe: I call, I ſigh, playn, and grone, truſtyng to finde releaſe.
O Lord our God if thou way, our ſinnes and thē per uſe: Who ſhal then eſ cape and ſay I can my ſelfe ex cuſe.
Heare now O Lord my re queſt, for it is full due tyme: And let thyne eares aye be preſt, vn to this pray er myne.
But Lord thou art mer cy full, and turnſt to vs thy grace: That we with hartes most care full, ſhould feare be fore thy face.
In God I put my whole truſt, my ſoule wayteth on his will: For his pro miſe is moſt iuſt, and I hope there in ſtill.
Let Iſ ra ell then bold ly, in the Lord put his truſt: He is that God of mer cy, that his de li uer muſt.
My ſoule to God hath re gard, wi ſhyng for him al way: More then they that watch and ward, to ſee the daw nyng day.
For he it is that muſt ſaue, Iſ ra ell from his ſinne: And all ſuch as ſure ly haue, their con fi dence in him.

H.iij. Remem-



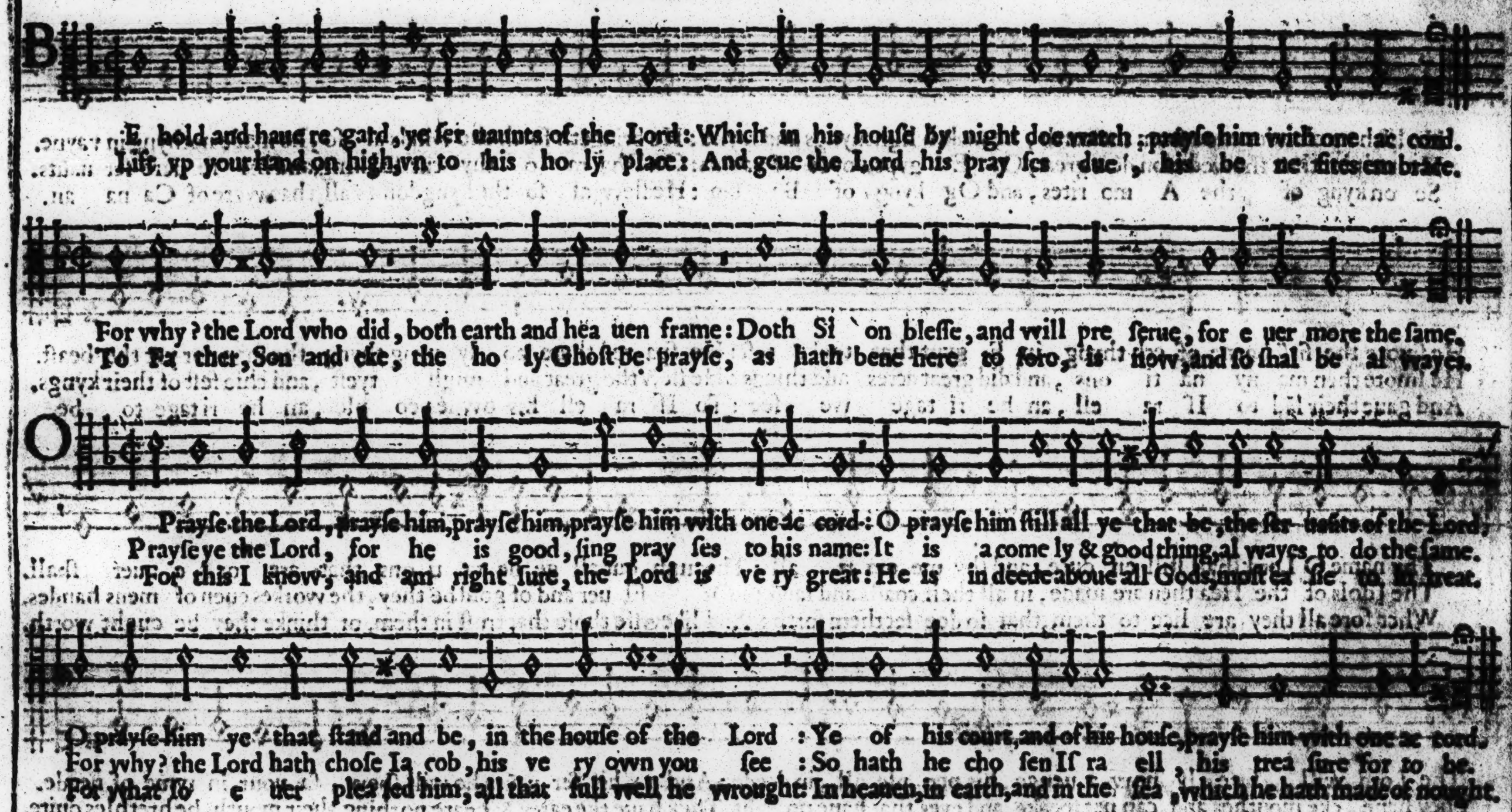
R E mem ber Da uids trou bles Lord, how to the Lord he ſwore: And vowed a vow to Ia cobs God, to keepe for e uer more.
Till I haue foūd out for the Lord, a place to ſit there on: An houſe for Ia cobs God to be, an ha bi ta ti on.
We will aſ ſay, and goe in now, his ta ber na cle there: Be fore his footeſtole to fall down, vp_on our knees in feare.

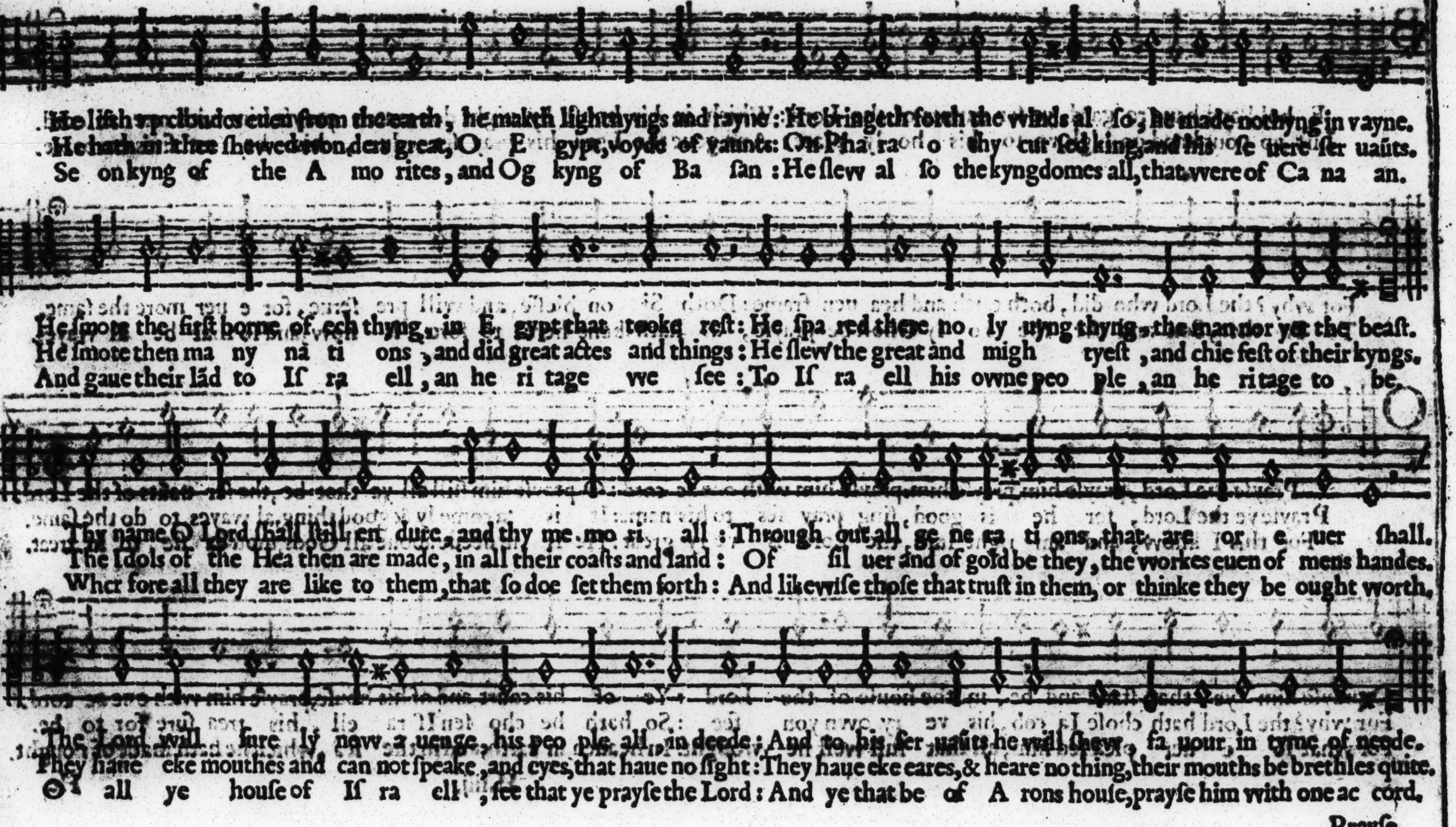
I will not come with in my houſe, nor clyme vp to my bed: Nor let the temples take their reſt, on the eyes in my head.
We heard of it at E phra ta, there did we heare this ſound: And in the fields and for reſts there, theſe voyces firſt were found.
A riſe O Lord, a riſe I ſay, in to thy re ſtyng place: Both thou and the Arke of thy ſtrēgth, the pre ſence of thy grace.

Loe all the Prieſtes be clo thed Lord, with truth and righ teouſ neſſe: Let all thy Saints, and ho ly men, ſing all with ioy ful neſſe.
The Lord to Da uid ſwore in truth, and will not ſhrinke from it: Say ing, the fruite, of thy bo dy, vp on thy ſeate ſhal ſit.
The Lord himſelfe hath choſe Si on, and loues there in to dwell: Say ing, this is my re ſting place, I loue and like it well.

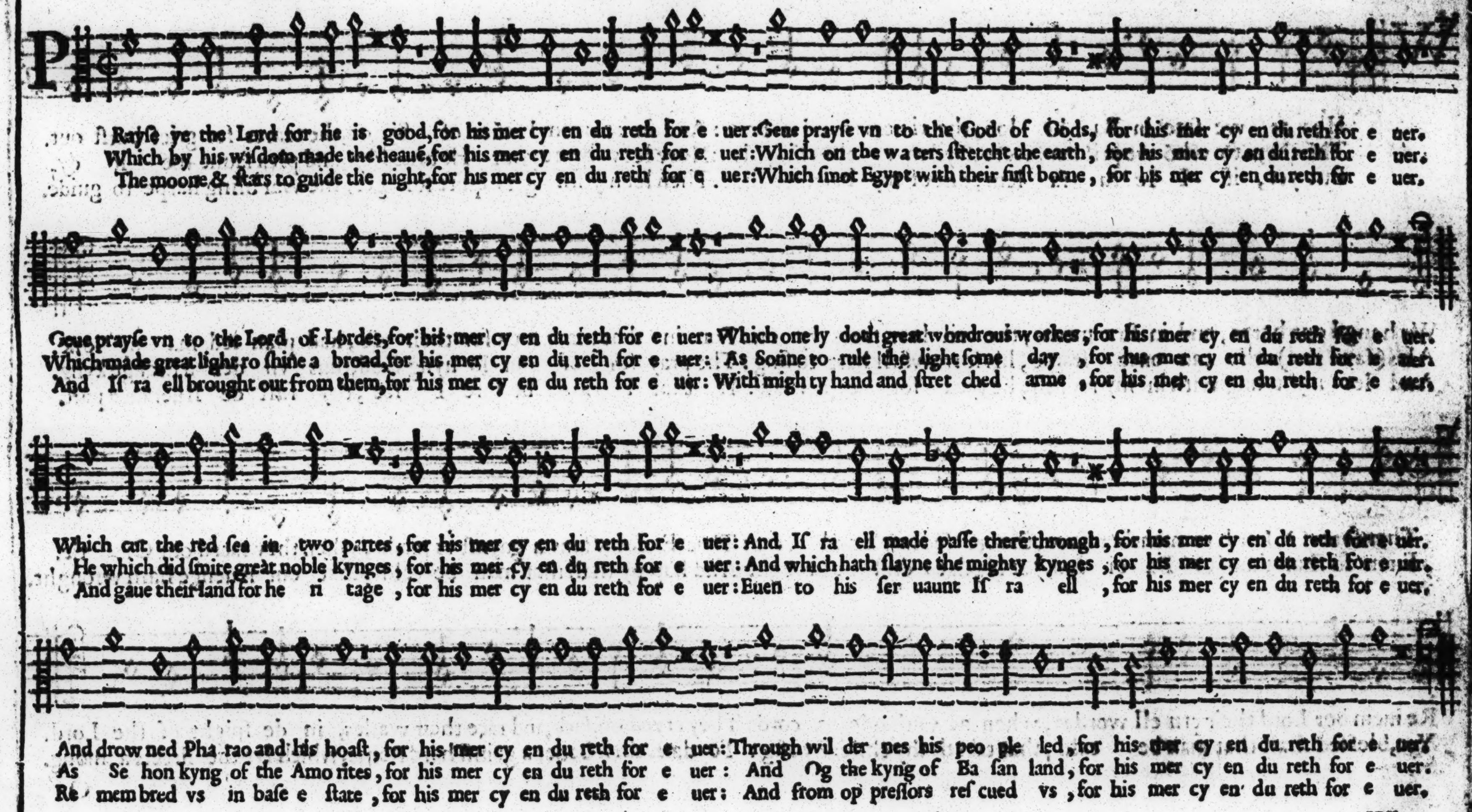
And for thy ſer uaunt Da uids, ſake, re fuſe not Lord I ſay: The face of thyne an noyn ted one, nor turne thy face a way.
And if thy ſonnes my couenaunt keepe, that I ſhall learne ech one: Then ſhall thy ſonnes for e uer ſit, vp on thy princely throne.
And I will bleſſe, with great en creaſe, her vi ctuals, eue ry where: And I will ſa tiſ fie with bread, the nee dy that be there.

Behold


B
E hold and haue re gard, ye ſer uaunts of the Lord: Which in his houſe by night doe watch, prayſe him with one ac cord.
Lift vp your hand on high, vn to his ho ly place: And geue the Lord his pray ſes due, his be ne fites em brace.
For why? the Lord who did, both earth and hea uen frame: Doth Si on bleſſe, and will pre ſerue, for e uer more the ſame.
To Fa ther, Son and eke, the ho ly Ghoſt be prayſe, as hath bene here to foro, is now, and ſo ſhal be al wayes.
O
Prayſe the Lord, prayſe him, prayſe him, prayſe him with one ac cord: O prayſe him ſtill all ye that be, the ſer uaunts of the Lord.
Prayſe ye the Lord, for he is good, ſing pray ſes to his name: It is a come ly & good thing, al wayes to do the ſame.
For this I know, and am right ſure, the Lord is ve ry great: He is in deede aboue all Gods, moſt ex ſe lent in treat.
O prayſe him ye that ſtand and be, in the houſe of the Lord: Ye of his court, and of his houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.
For why? the Lord hath choſe Ia cob, his ve ry own you ſee: So hath he cho ſen Iſ ra ell, his trea ſure for to be.
For what ſo e uer plea ſed him, all that full well he wrought: In heauen, in earth, and in the ſea, which he hath made of nought.

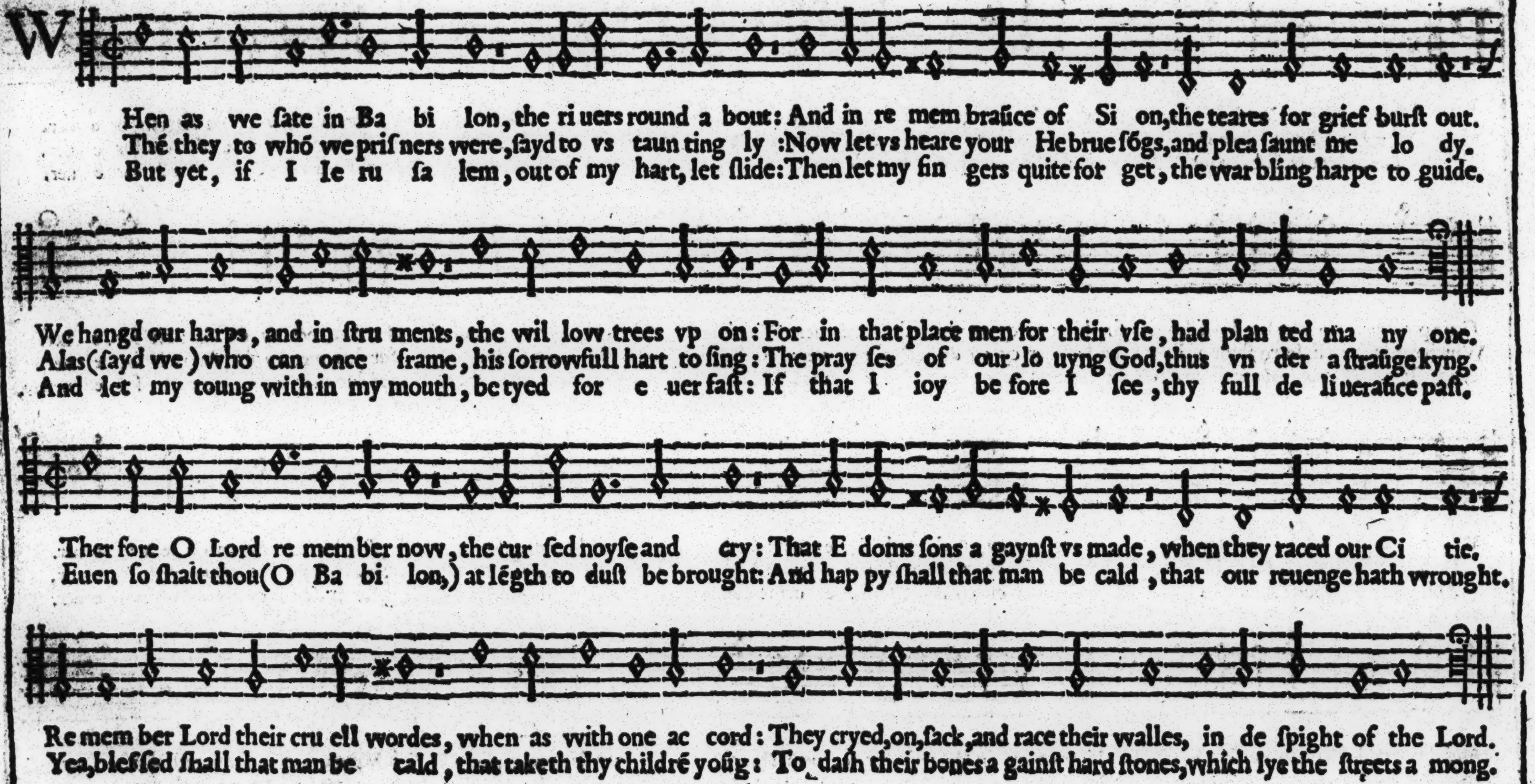

He lifth vp clowdes euen from the earth, he maketh lightnyngs and rayne: He bringeth forth the winds al ſo, he made nothyng in vayne.
He hath in thee ſhewed wonders great, O E gypt, voyde of vauntes: On Pha ra o thy cur ſed king, and his ſer uaũts.
Se on kyng of the A mo rites, and Og kyng of Ba ſan: He ſlew al ſo the kyngdomes all, that were of Ca na an.
He ſmote the firſt borne of ech thyng, in E gypt that tooke reſt: He ſpa red there no ly uyng thyng, the man nor yet the beaſt.
He ſmote then ma ny na ti ons, and did great actes and things: He ſlew the great and migh tyeſt, and chie feſt of their kyngs.
And gaue their lād to Iſ ra ell, an he ri tage we ſee: To Iſ ra ell his owne peo ple, an he ri tage to be.
Thy name O Lord ſhall ſtill en dure, and thy me mo ri all: Through out all ge ne ra ti ons, that are or e uer ſhall.
The Idols of the Hea then are made, in all their coaſts and land: Of ſil uer and of gold be they, the workes euen of mens handes.
Wher fore all they are like to them, that ſo doe ſet them forth: And likewiſe thoſe that truſt in them, or thinke they be ought worth.
The Lord will ſure ly now a uenge, his peo ple all, in deede: And to his ſer uaũts he will ſhew, fa uour, in tyme of neede.
They haue eke mouthes and can not ſpeake, and eyes, that haue no ſight: They haue eke eares, & heare no thing, their mouths be brethles quite.
O all ye houſe of Iſ ra ell, ſee that ye prayſe the Lord: And ye that be of A rons houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.

Prayſe


P Rayſe ye the Lord for he is good, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Geue prayſe vn to the God of Gods, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which by his wiſdom made the heauē, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which on the wa ters ſtretcht the earth, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
The moone & ſtars to guide the night, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which ſmot Egypt with their firſt borne, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Geue prayſe vn to the Lord of Lordes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Which one ly doth great wondrous workes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which made great light to ſhine a broad, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: As Sonne to rule the light ſome day, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And Iſ ra ell brought out from them, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: With migh ty hand and ſtret ched arme, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Which cut the red ſea in two partes, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And Iſ ra ell made paſſe there through, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
He which did ſmite great noble kynges, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And which hath ſlayne the mighty kynges, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And gaue their land for he ri tage, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Euen to his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
And drow ned Pha rao and his hoaſt, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: Through wil der nes his peo ple led, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
As Se hon kyng of the Amo rites, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And Og the kyng of Ba ſan land, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.
Re membred vs in baſe e ſtate, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer: And from op preſſors reſ cued vs, for his mer cy en du reth for e uer.

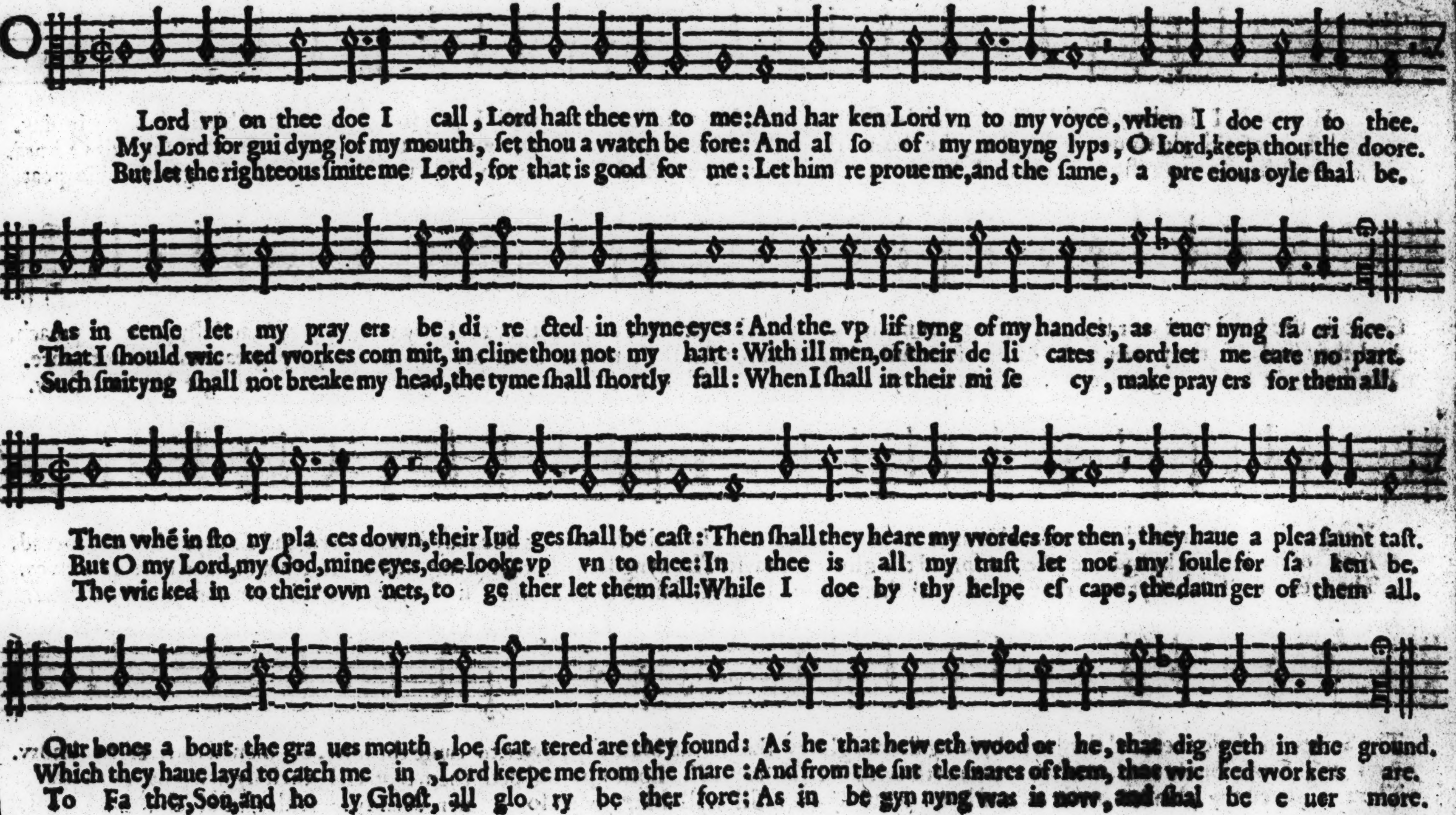
The Cxxxvij. Pſalme.

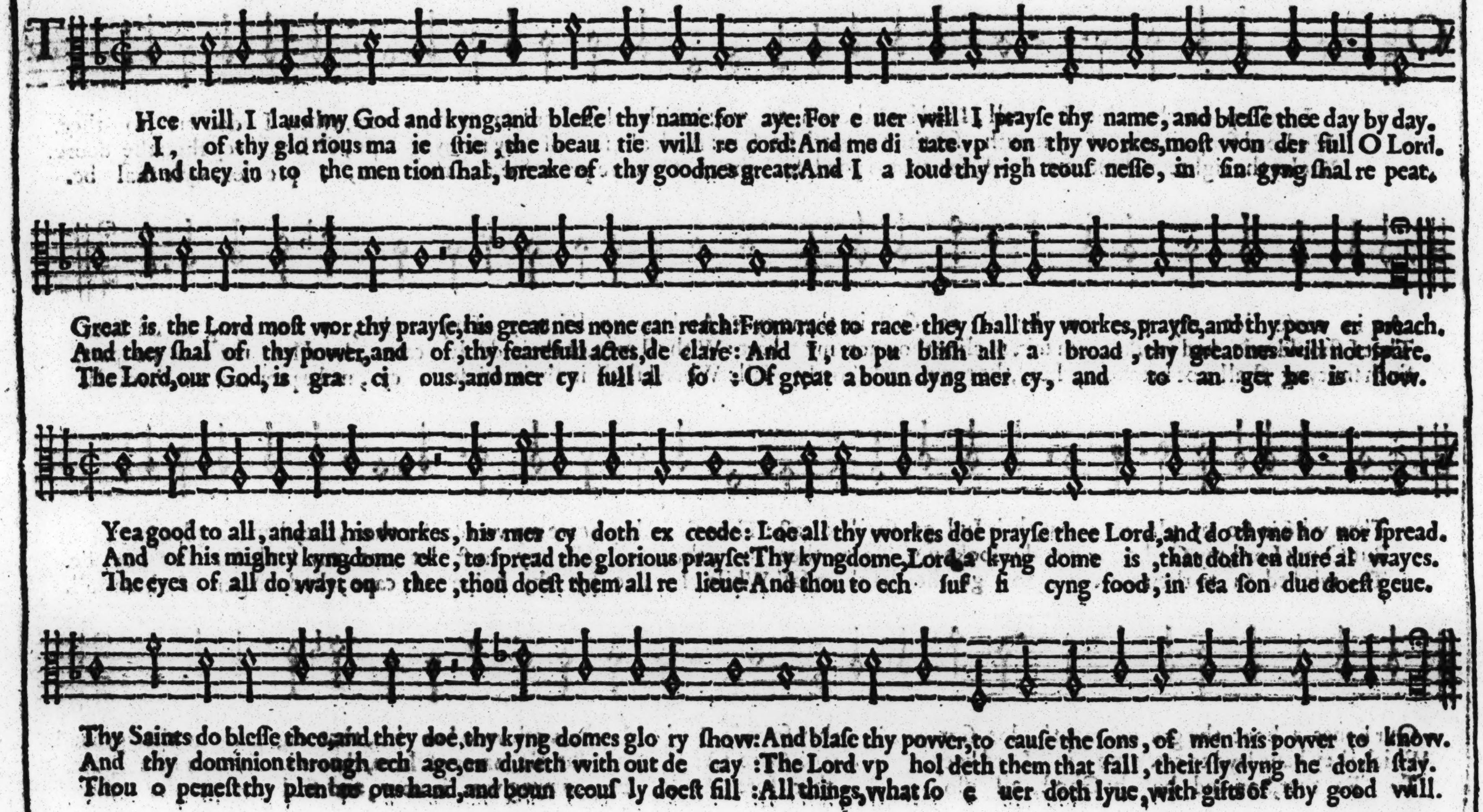
Contratenor.

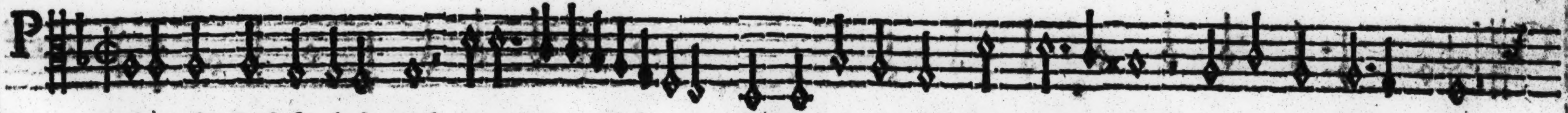

W
Hen as we ſate in Ba bi lon, the ri uers round a bout: And in re mem brãce of Si on, the teares for grief burſt out.
Thẽ they to whõ we priſ ners were, ſayd to vs taun ting ly: Now let vs heare your He brue ſõgs, and plea ſaunt me lo dy.
But yet, if I Ie ru ſa lem, out of my hart, let ſlide: Then let my fin gers quite for get, the war bling harpe to guide.
We hangd our harps, and in ſtru ments, the wil low trees vp on: For in that place men for their vſe, had plan ted ma ny one.
Alas (ſayd we) who can once frame, his ſorrowfull hart to ſing: The pray ſes of our lo uyng God, thus vn der a ſtrãge kyng.
And let my toung with in my mouth, be tyed for e uer faſt: If that I ioy be fore I ſee, thy full de li uerãce paſt.
Ther fore O Lord re mem ber now, the cur ſed noyſe and cry: That E doms ſons a gaynſt vs made, when they raced our Ci tie.
Euen ſo ſhalt thou (O Ba bi lon,) at lẽgth to duſt be brought: And hap py ſhall that man be cald, that our reuenge hath wrought.
Re mem ber Lord their cru ell wordes, when as with one ac cord: They cryed, on, ſack, and race their walles, in de ſpight of the Lord.
Yea, bleſſed ſhall that man be cald, that taketh thy childrẽ yõg: To daſh their bones a gainſt hard ſtones, which lye the ſtreets a mong.

O

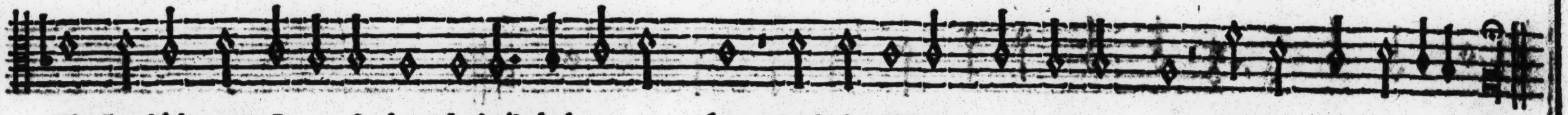
G.D. The Cxli. Pſalme. Contratenor.


Lord vp on thee doe I call, Lord haſt thee vn to me: And har ken Lord vn to my voyce, when I doe cry to thee.
My Lord for gui dyng of my mouth, ſet thou a watch be fore: And al ſo of my mouyng lyps, O Lord, keep thou the doore.
But let the righteous ſmite me Lord, for that is good for me: Let him re proue me, and the ſame, a pre cious oyle ſhal be.
As in cenſe let my pray ers be, di re cted in thyne eyes: And the vp lif tyng of my handes, as eue nyng ſa cri fice.
That I ſhould wic ked workes com mit, in cline thou not my hart: With ill men, of their de li cates, Lord let me eate no part.
Such ſmityng ſhall not breake my head, the tyme ſhall ſhortly fall: When I ſhall in their mi ſe cy, make pray ers for them all.
Then whē in ſto ny pla ces down, their Iud ges ſhall be caſt: Then ſhall they heare my wordes for then, they haue a plea ſaunt taſt.
But O my Lord, my God, mine eyes, doe looke vp vn to thee: In thee is all my truſt let not, my ſoule for ſa ken be.
The wic ked in to their own nets, to ge ther let them fall: While I doe by thy helpe eſ cape, the daun ger of them all.
Our bones a bout the gra ues mouth, loe ſcat tered are they found: As he that hew eth wood or he, that dig geth in the ground.
Which they haue layd to catch me in, Lord keepe me from the ſnare: And from the ſut tle ſnares of them, that wic ked wor kers are.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

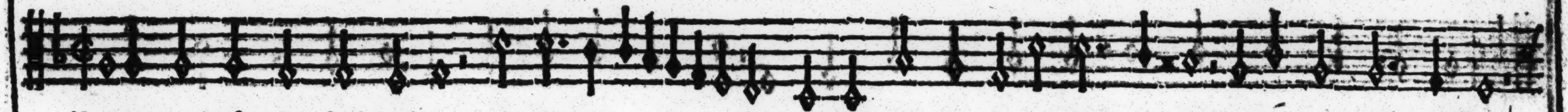

T
Hee will, I laud my God and kyng, and bleſſe thy name for aye: For e uer will I prayſe thy name, and bleſſe thee day by day.
I, of thy glo rious ma ie ſtie, the beau tie will re cord: And me di tate vp on thy workes, moſt won der full O Lord.
And they in to the men tion ſhal, breake of thy goodnes great: And I a loud thy righ teouſ neſſe, in ſin gyng ſhal re peat.
Great is the Lord moſt wor thy prayſe, his great nes none can reach: From race to race they ſhall thy workes, prayſe, and thy pow er preach.
And they ſhal of thy power, and of, thy fearfull actes, de clare: And I, to pu bliſh all a broad, thy great nes will not ſpare.
The Lord, our God, is gra ci ous, and mer cy full al ſo: Of great a boun dyng mer cy, and to an ger he is ſlow.
Yea good to all, and all his workes, his mer cy doth ex ceede: Loe all thy workes doe prayſe thee Lord, and do thyne ho nor ſpread.
And of his mighty kyngdome eke, to ſpread the glorious prayſe: Thy kyngdome, Lord, a kyng dome is, that doth en dure al wayes.
The eyes of all do wayt on thee, thou doeſt them all re lieue: And thou to ech ſuf fi cyng food, in ſea ſon due doeſt geue.
Thy Saints do bleſſe thee, and they doe, thy kyng domes glo ry ſhow: And blaſe thy power, to cauſe the ſons, of men his power to know.
And thy dominion through ech age, en dureth with out de cay: The Lord vp hol deth them that fall, their ſly dyng he doth ſtay.
Thou o peneſt thy plen te ous hand, and boun teouſ ly doeſt fill: All things, what ſo e uer doth lyue, with gifts of thy good will.



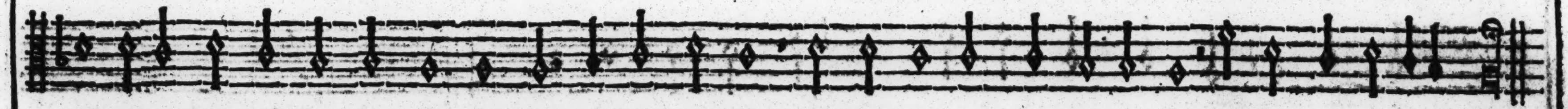
Prayſe ye the Lord for it is good, vn to our God to ſing: For it is plea ſaunt, and to prayſe, it is a come ly thyng.
He heales the bro ken in their hart, their ſores vp doth he bynd: He counth the num ber of the ſtarres, and names them in their kynd.
Sing vn to God the Lord with prayſe, vn to the Lord re ioyce: And to our God vp on the harpe, ad uaunce your ſin gyng voyce.



The Lord his owne Ie ru ſa lem, he buil deth vp a lone: And the diſ perſt of Iſ ra ell, doth ga ther in to one.
Great is the Lord, great is his power, his wiſedome in fi nite: The Lord relieueth the meek, & throweth, to ground the wic ked wight.
He coue reth heauē with clouds and, for the earth prepareth rayne: And on the moun taines he doth make, the graſſe to grow a gayne.

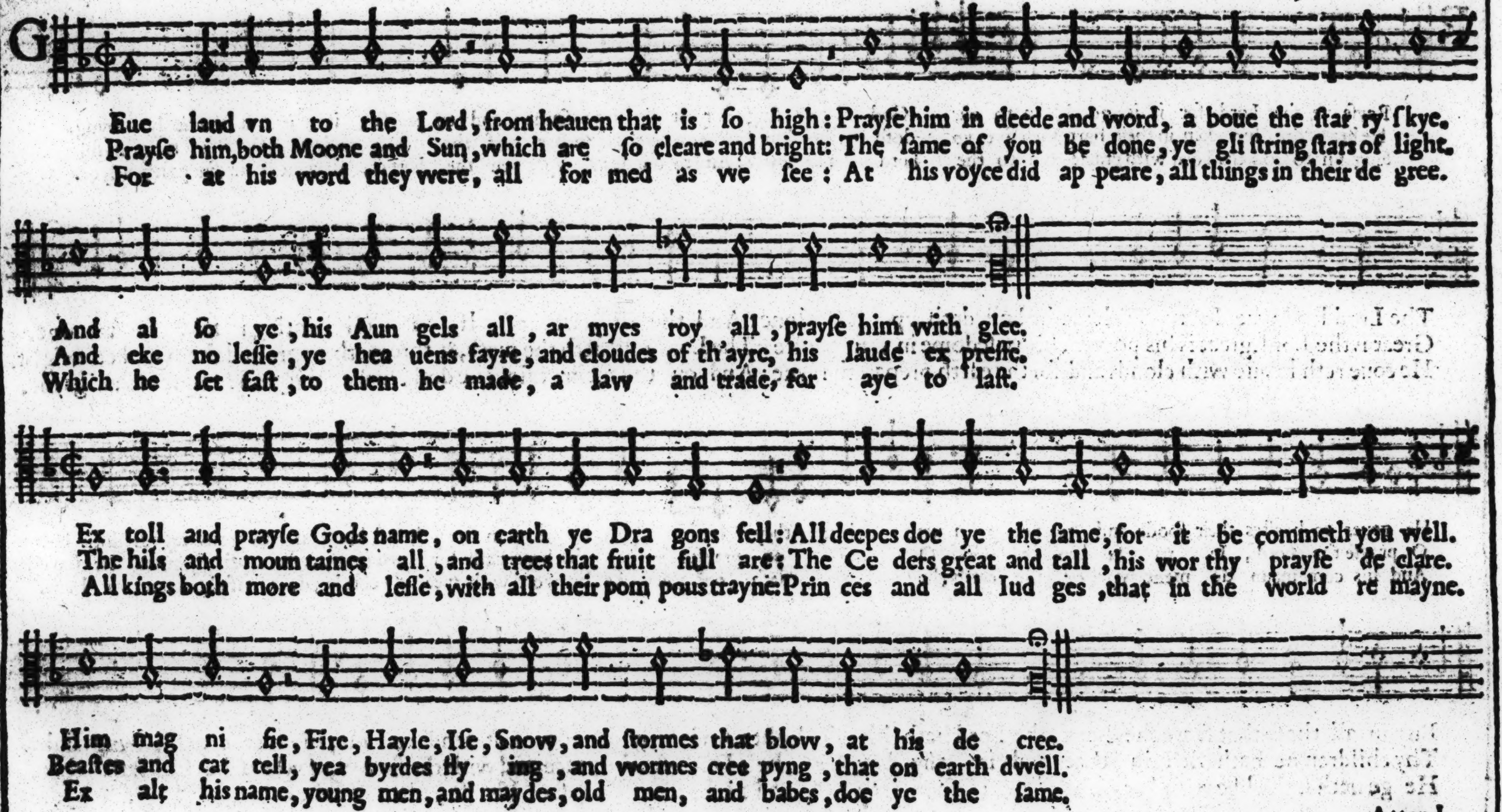


He geues to beaſtes their foode and to, young Ra uens when they cry: His plea ſure not in ſtrength of horſe, nor in mans legges doth lye.
O, prayſe the Lord, Ie ru ſa lem, thy God, O Si on prayſe: For he the barre hath for ged ſtrong, wherewith thy gates he ſtayes.
And his com maun de ment vp on the earth, he ſen deth out: And eke his word with ſpee dy courſe, doth ſwiftely runne a bout.

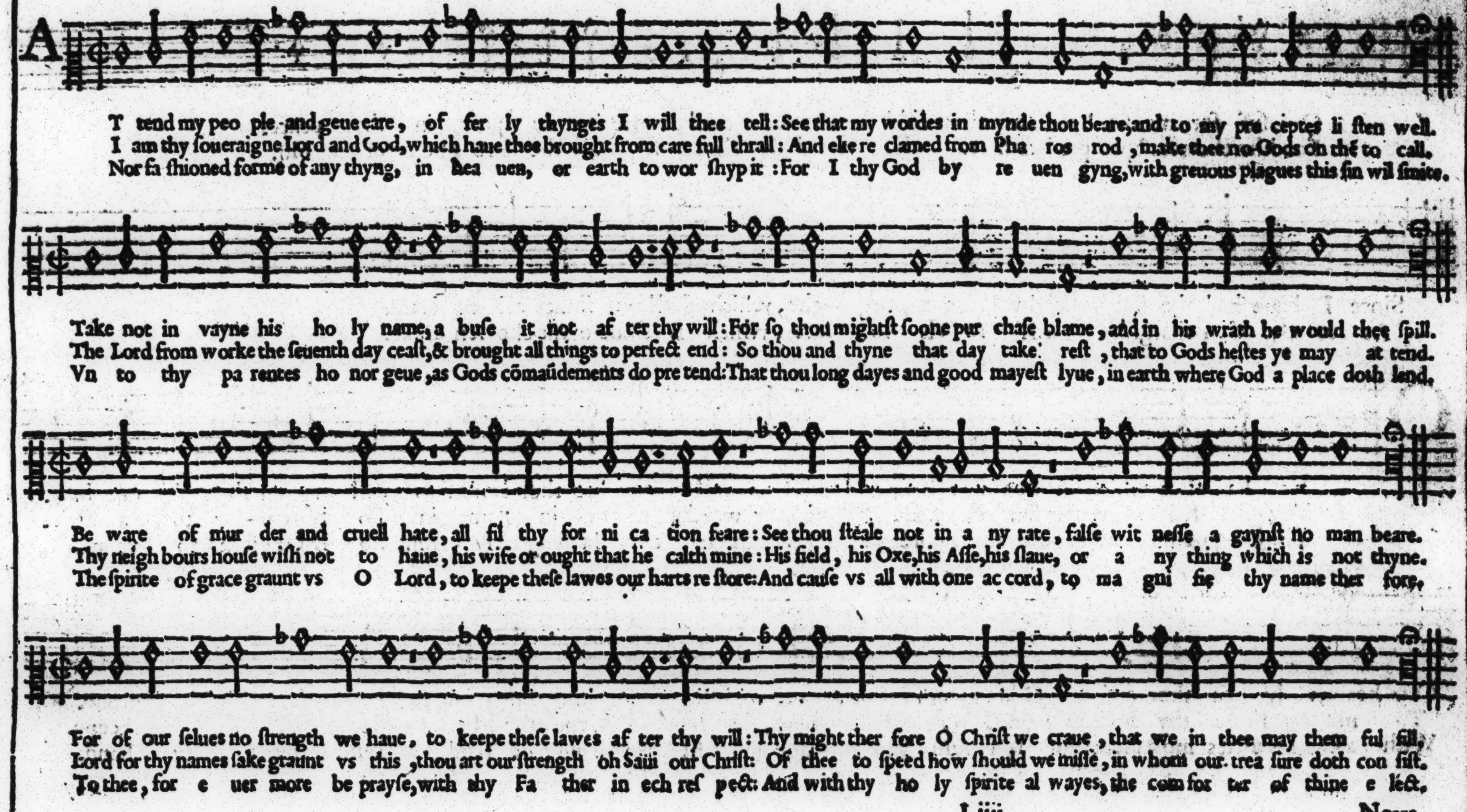


But in all thoſe that feare the Lord, the Lord hath his de light: And ſuch as do at tend vp on, his mer cyes ſhi nyng light.
Thy children he hath bleſt in thee. and in thy bor ders he: Doth ſet the peace, and with the flower, of wheat he fil leth thee.
He ge ueth ſnow like woll, hore froſt, like a ſhes doth he ſpread: Like mor ſels caſts his iſe, ther of, the cold who can a byde.

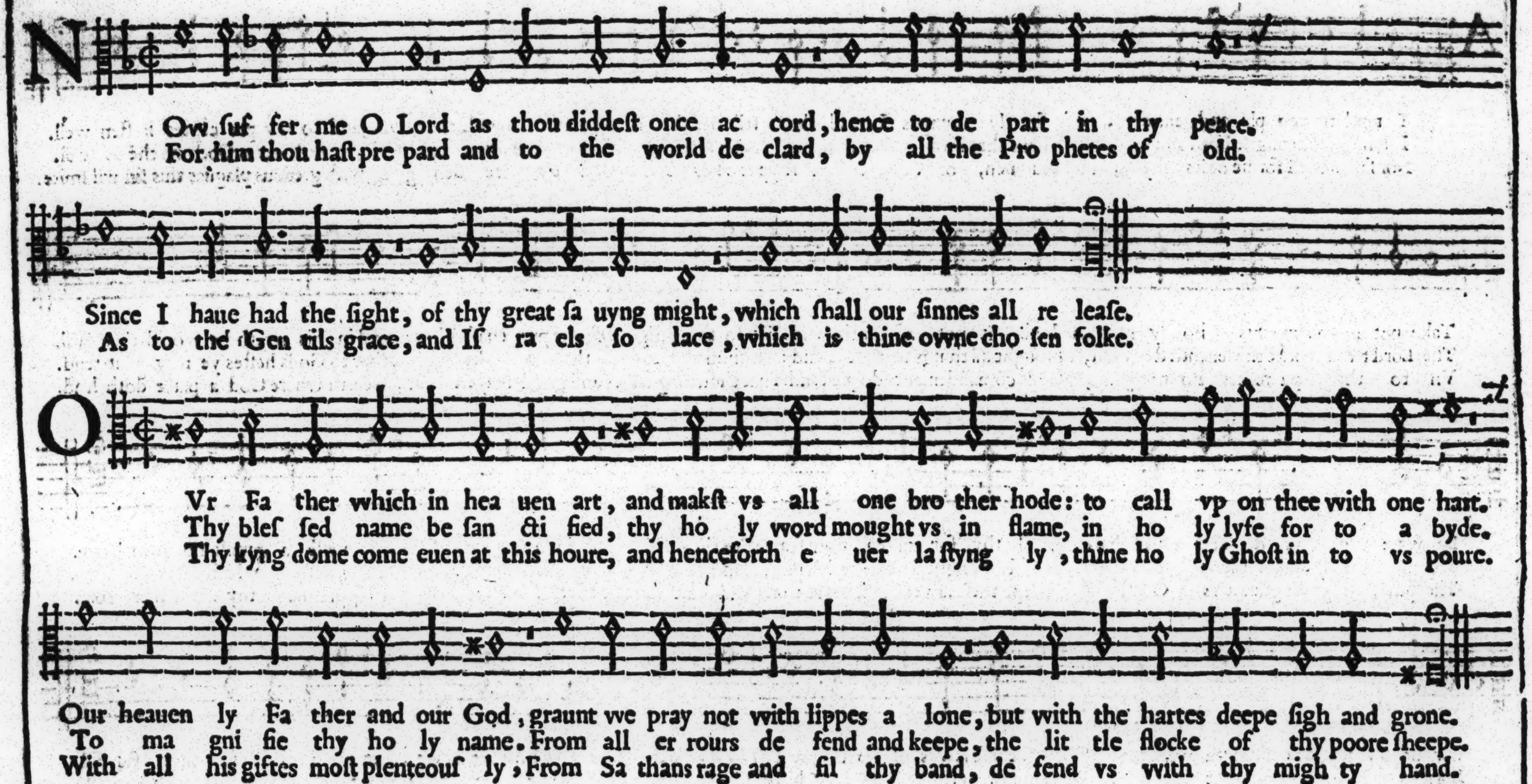
The Cxlviij. Pſalme.


G
Eue laud vn to the Lord, from heauen that is ſo high: Prayſe him in deede and word, a boue the ſtar ry ſkye.
Prayſe him, both Moone and Sun, which are ſo cleare and bright: The ſame of you be done, ye gli ſtring ſtars of light.
For at his word they were, all for med as we ſee: At his voyce did ap peare, all things in their de gree.
And al ſo ye, his Aun gels all, ar myes roy all, prayſe him with glee.
And eke no leſſe, ye hea uens fayre, and cloudes of th'ayre, his laude ex preſſe.
Which he ſet faſt, to them he made, a lavv and trade, for aye to laſt.
Ex toll and prayſe Gods name, on earth ye Dra gons fell: All deepes doe ye the ſame, for it be commeth you well.
The hils and moun taines all, and trees that fruit full are: The Ce ders great and tall, his wor thy prayſe de clare.
All kings both more and leſſe, with all their pom pous trayne: Prin ces and all Iud ges, that in the world re mayne.
Him mag ni fie, Fire, Hayle, Iſe, Snow, and ſtormes that blow, at his de cree.
Beaſtes and cat tell, yea byrdes fly ing, and wormes cree pyng, that on earth dwell.
Ex alt his name, young men, and maydes, old men, and babes, doe ye the ſame.

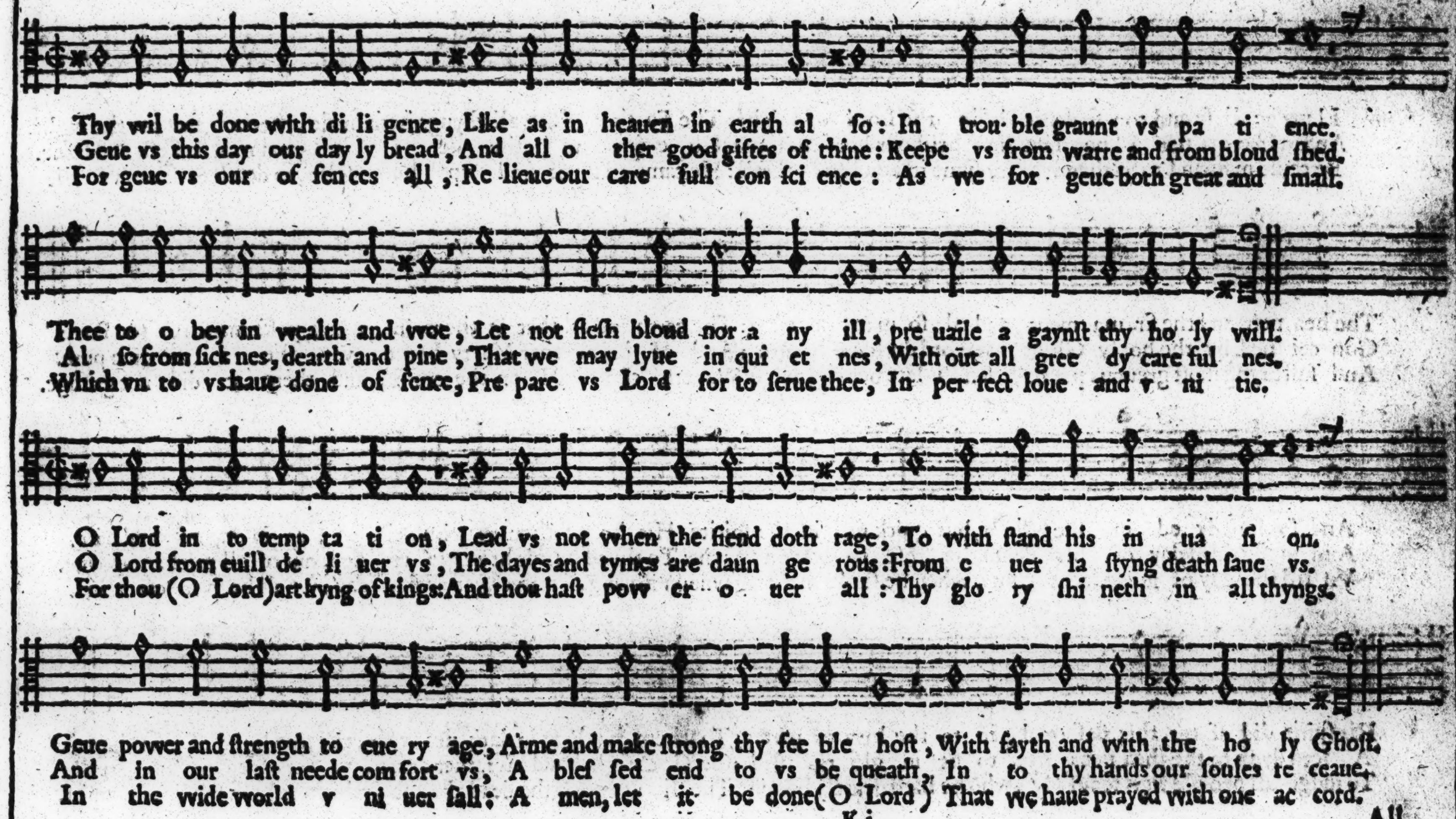
¶ The end of the Pſalmes.

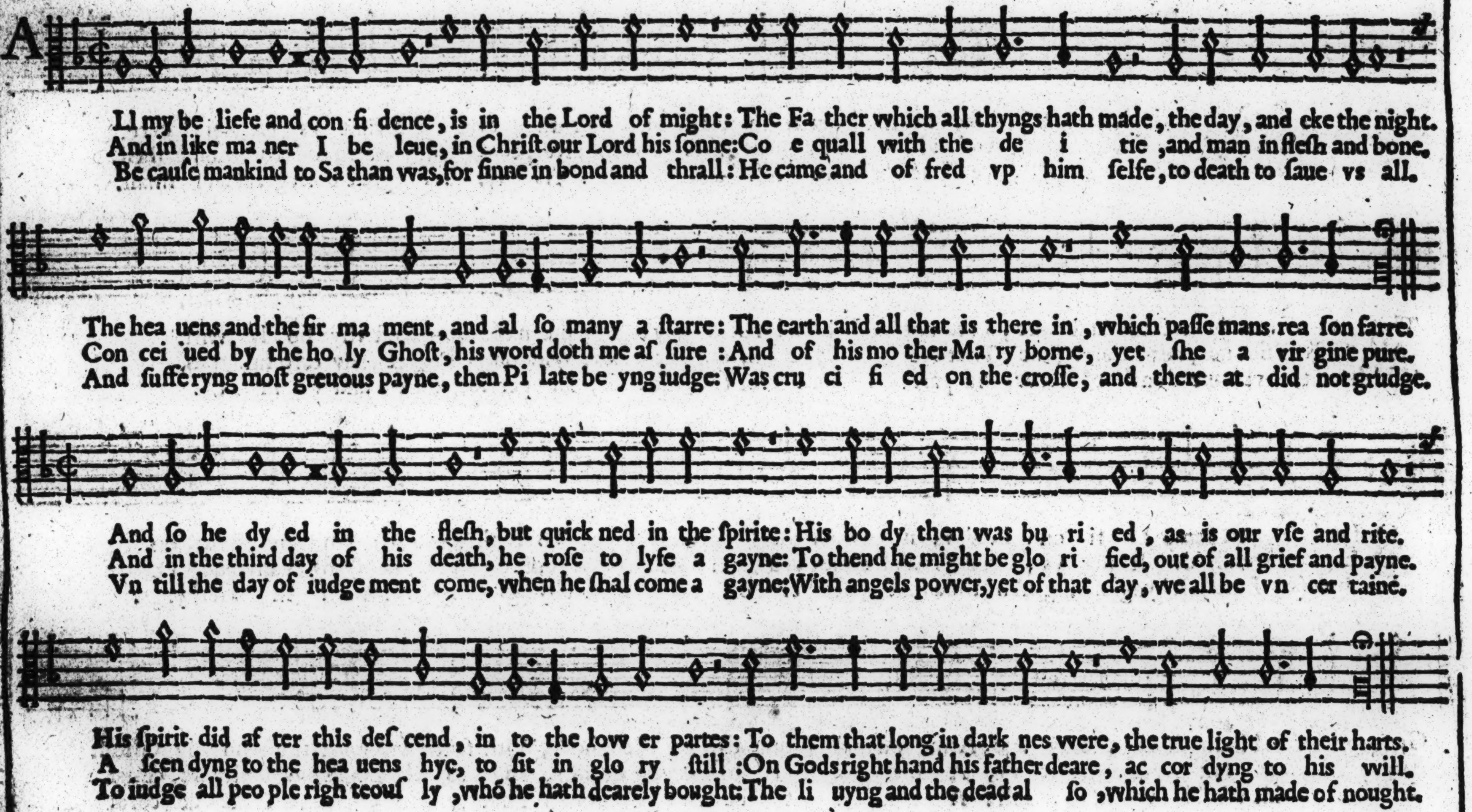

AT tend my peo ple and geue eare, of fer ly thynges I will thee tell: See that my wordes in mynde thou beare, and to my pre ceptes li ſten well.
I am thy ſoueraigne Lord and God, which haue thee brought from care full thrall: And eke re clamed from Pha ros rod, make thee no Gods on the to call.
Nor fa ſhioned forme of any thyng, in hea uen, or earth to wor ſhyp it: For I thy God by re uen gyng, with greuous plagues this ſin wil ſmite.
Take not in vayne his ho ly name, a buſe it not af ter thy will: For ſo thou mightſt ſoone pur chaſe blame, and in his wrath he would thee ſpill.
The Lord from worke the ſeuenth day ceaſt, & brought all things to perfect end: So thou and thyne that day take reſt, that to Gods heſtes ye may at tend.
Vn to thy pa rentes ho nor geue, as Gods cōmaũdements do pre tend: That thou long dayes and good mayeſt lyue, in earth where God a place doth lend.
Be ware of mur der and cruell hate, all fil thy for ni ca tion feare: See thou ſteale not in a ny rate, falſe wit neſſe a gaynſt no man beare.
Thy neigh bours houſe wiſh not to haue, his wife or ought that he calth mine: His field, his Oxe, his Aſſe, his ſlaue, or a ny thing which is not thyne.
The ſpirite of grace graunt vs O Lord, to keepe theſe lawes our harts re ſtore: And cauſe vs all with one ac cord, to ma gni fie thy name ther fore.
For of our ſelues no ſtrength we haue, to keepe theſe lawes af ter thy will: Thy might ther fore O Chriſt we craue, that we in thee may them ful fill.
Lord for thy names ſake graunt vs this, thou art our ſtrength oh Sauiour Chriſt: Of thee to ſpeed how ſhould we miſſe, in whom our trea ſure doth con ſiſt.
To thee, for e uer more be prayſe, with thy Fa ther in ech reſ pect: And with thy ho ly ſpirite al wayes, the com for ter of thine e lect.

G.D. The ſong of Simeon, and the Lordes Prayer. Contratenor.


NOw ſuf fer me O Lord as thou diddeſt once ac cord, hence to de part in thy peace.
For him thou haſt pre pard and to the world de clard, by all the Pro phetes of old.
Since I haue had the ſight, of thy great ſa uyng might, which ſhall our ſinnes all re leaſe.
As to the Gen tils grace, and Iſ ra els ſo lace, which is thine owne cho ſen folke.
OVr Fa ther which in hea uen art, and makſt vs all one bro ther hode: to call vp on thee with one hart.
Thy bleſ ſed name be ſan cti fied, thy ho ly word mought vs in flame, in ho ly lyfe for to a byde.
Thy kyng dome come euen at this houre, and henceforth e uer la ſtyng ly, thine ho ly Ghoſt in to vs poure.
Our heauen ly Fa ther and our God, graunt we pray not with lippes a lone, but with the hartes deepe ſigh and grone.
To ma gni fie thy ho ly name. From all er rours de fend and keepe, the lit tle flocke of thy poore ſheepe.
With all his giftes moſt plenteouſ ly, From Sa thans rage and fil thy band, de fend vs with thy migh ty hand.

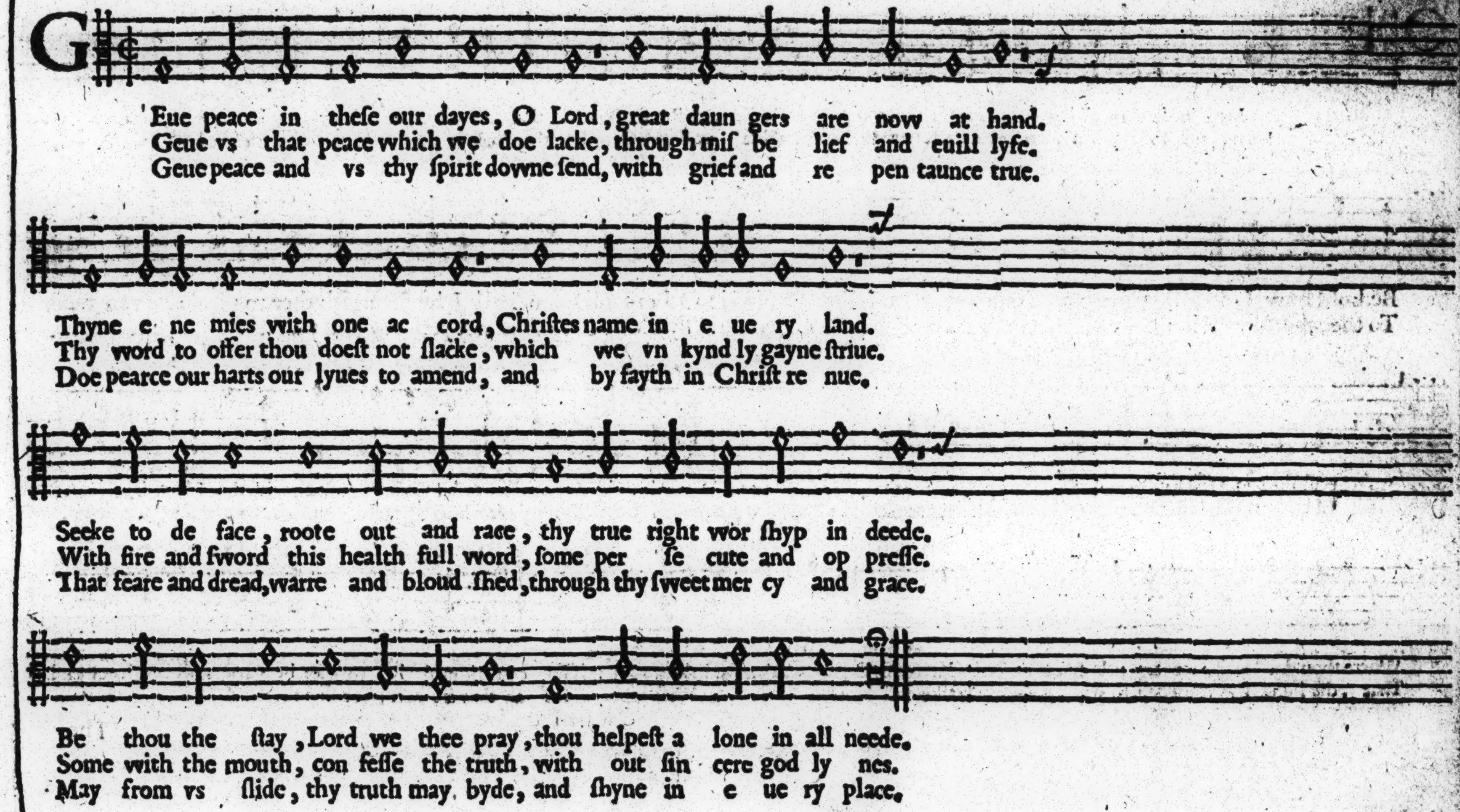
G.Daman. The Lordes Prayer. Contratenor.


Thy wil be done with di li gence, Like as in heauen in earth al ſo: In trou ble graunt vs pa ti ence.
Geue vs this day our day ly bread, And all o ther good giftes of thine: Keepe vs from warre and from bloud ſhed.
For geue vs our of fen ces all, Re lieue our care full con ſci ence: As we for geue both great and ſmall.
Thee to o bey in wealth and woe, Let not fleſh bloud nor a ny ill, pre uaile a gaynſt thy ho ly will.
Al ſo from ſick nes, dearth and pine, That we may lyue in qui et nes, With out all gree dy care ful nes.
Which vn to vs haue done of fence, Pre pare vs Lord for to ſerue thee, In per fect loue and v ni tie.
O Lord in to temp ta ti on, Lead vs not when the fiend doth rage, To with ſtand his in ua ſi on.
O Lord from euill de li uer vs, The dayes and tymes are daun ge rous: From e uer la ſtyng death ſaue vs.
For thou (O Lord) art kyng of kings: And thou haſt pow er o uer all: Thy glo ry ſhi neth in all thyngs.
Geue power and ſtrength to eue ry age, Arme and make ſtrong thy fee ble hoſt, With fayth and with the ho ly Ghoſt.
And in our laſt neede com fort vs, A bleſ ſed end to vs be queath, In to thy hands our ſoules re ceaue.
In the wide world v ni uer ſall: A men, let it be done (O Lord) That we haue prayed with one ac cord.

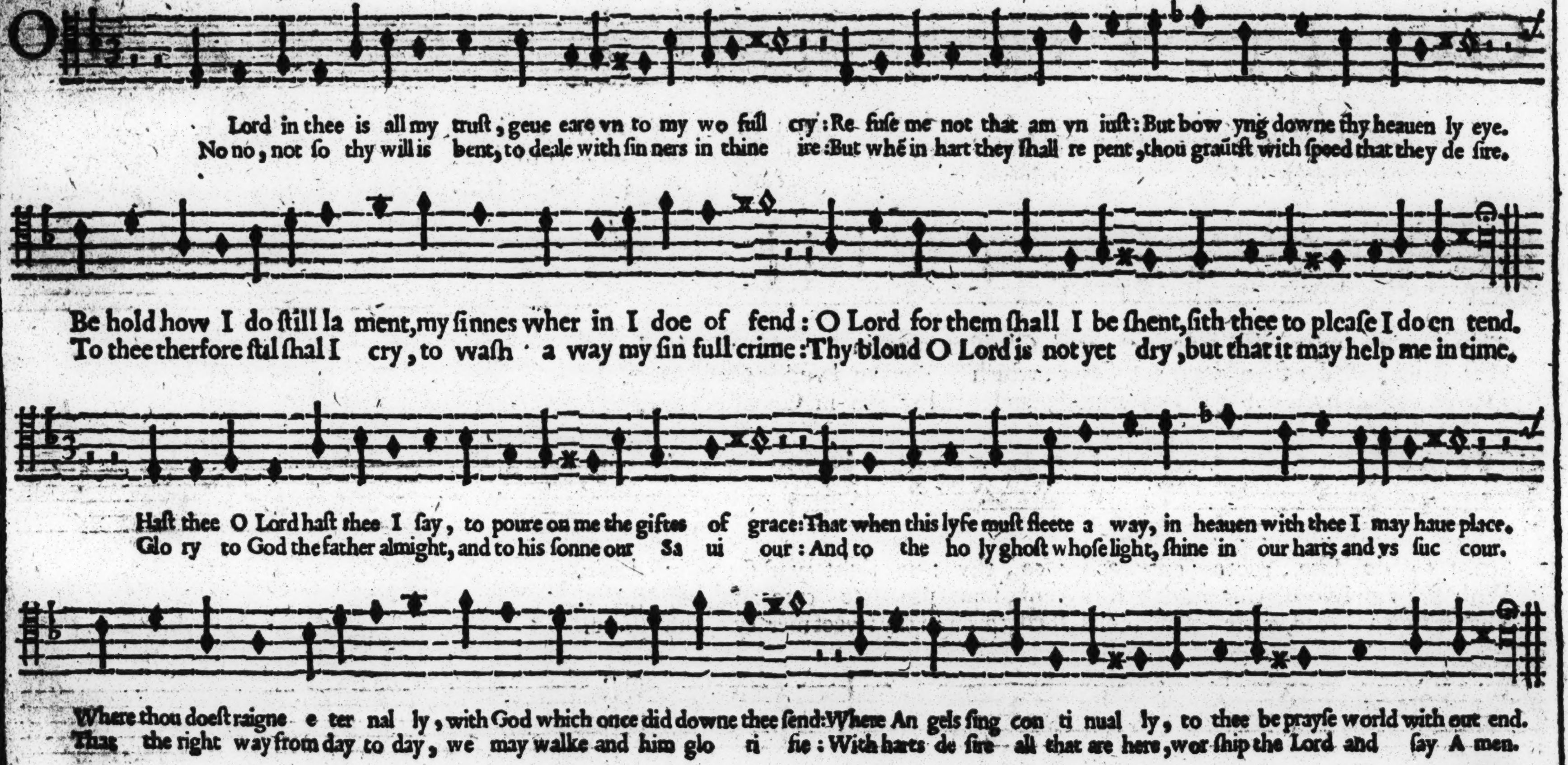

A
Ll my be liefe and con fi dence, is in the Lord of might: The Fa ther which all thyngs hath made, the day, and eke the night.
And in like ma ner I be leue, in Chriſt our Lord his ſonne: Co e quall with the de i tie, and man in fleſh and bone.
Be cauſe mankind to Sa than was, for ſinne in bond and thrall: He came and of fred vp him ſelfe, to death to ſaue vs all.
The hea uens and the fir ma ment, and al ſo many a ſtarre: The earth and all that is there in, which paſſe mans rea ſon farre.
Con cei ued by the ho ly Ghoſt, his word doth me aſ ſure: And of his mo ther Ma ry borne, yet ſhe a vir gine pure.
And ſuffe ryng moſt greuous payne, then Pi late be yng iudge: Was cru ci fi ed on the croſſe, and there at did not grudge.
And ſo he dy ed in the fleſh, but quick ned in the ſpirite: His bo dy then was bu ri ed, as is our vſe and rite.
And in the third day of his death, he roſe to lyfe a gayne: To thend he might be glo ri fied, out of all grief and payne.
Vn till the day of iudge ment come, when he ſhal come a gayne: With angels power, yet of that day, we all be vn cer taine.
His ſpirit did af ter this deſ cend, in to the low er partes: To them that long in dark nes were, the true light of their harts.
A ſcend yng to the hea uens hye, to ſit in glo ry ſtill: On Gods right hand his father deare, ac cor dyng to his will.
To iudge all peo ple righ teouſ ly, whō he hath dearely bought: The li uyng and the dead al ſo, which he hath made of nought.

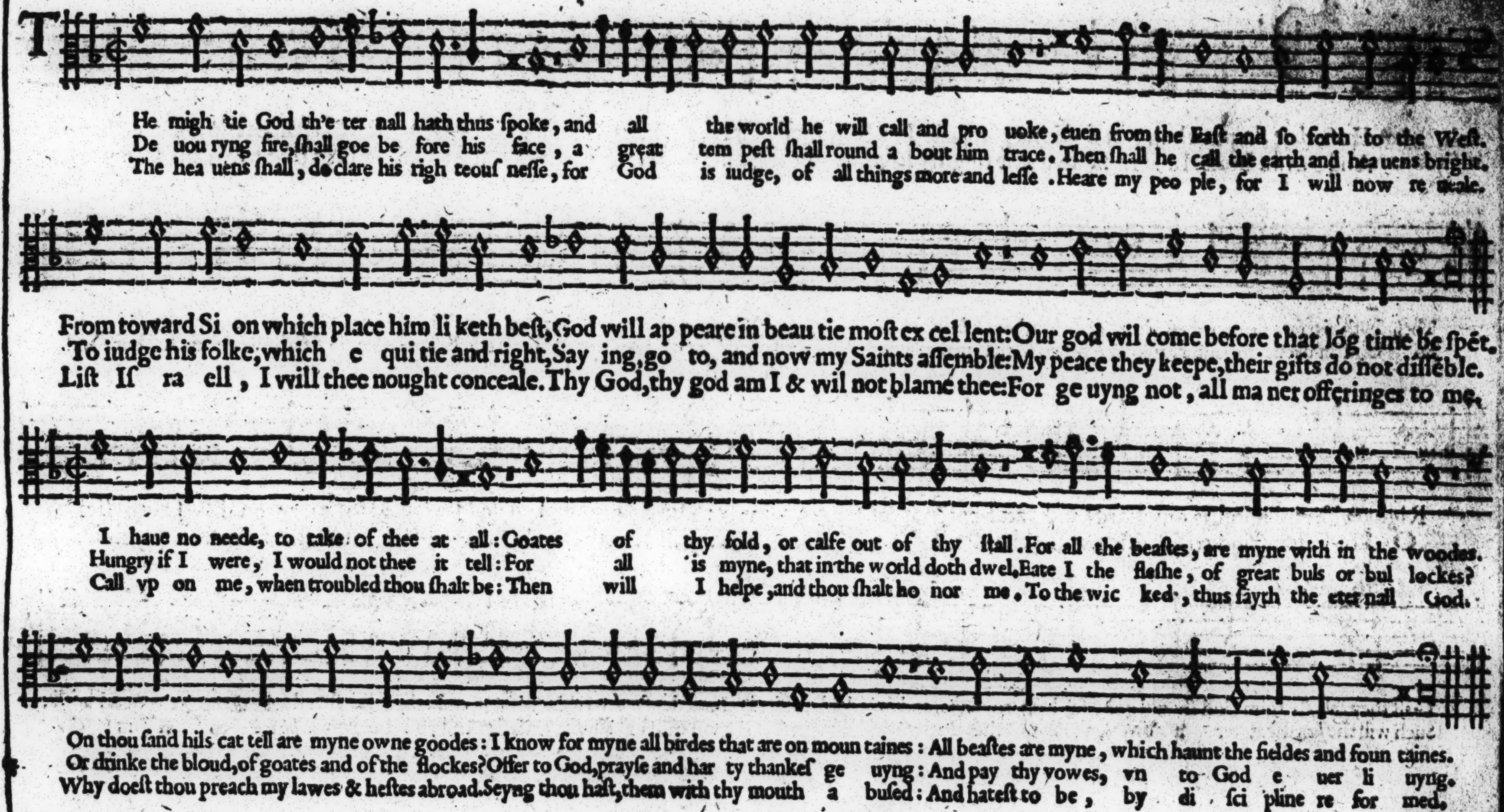
Geue

G.D. Da pacem Domine. Contratenor.


G
Eue peace in theſe our dayes, O Lord, great daun gers are now at hand.
Geue vs that peace which we doe lacke, through miſ be lief and euill lyfe.
Geue peace and vs thy ſpirit downe ſend, with grief and re pen taunce true.
Thyne e ne mies with one ac cord, Chriſtes name in e ue ry land.
Thy word to offer thou doeſt not ſlacke, which we vn kynd ly gayne ſtriue.
Doe pearce our harts our lyues to amend, and by fayth in Chriſt re nue.
Seeke to de face, roote out and race, thy true right wor ſhyp in deede.
With fire and ſword this health full word, ſome per ſe cute and op preſſe.
That feare and dread, warre and bloud ſhed, through thy ſweet mer cy and grace.
Be thou the ſtay, Lord we thee pray, thou helpeſt a lone in all neede.
Some with the mouth, con feſſe the truth, with out ſin cere god ly nes.
May from vs ſlide, thy truth may byde, and ſhyne in e ue ry place.

G.D. **The Lamentation.** *Contratenor.*


Lord in thee is all my truſt, geue eare vn to my wo full cry: Re fuſe me not that am vn iuſt: But bow yng downe thy heauen ly eye.
No no, not ſo thy will is bent, to deale with ſin ners in thine ire: But whē in hart they ſhall re pent, thou grauntſt with ſpeed that they de ſire.
Be hold how I do ſtill la ment, my ſinnes wher in I doe of fend: O Lord for them ſhall I be ſhent, ſith thee to pleaſe I do en tend.
To thee therfore ſtil ſhal I cry, to waſh a way my ſin full crime: Thy bloud O Lord is not yet dry, but that it may help me in time.
Haſt thee O Lord haſt thee I ſay, to poure on me the giftes of grace: That when this lyfe muſt fleete a way, in heauen with thee I may haue place.
Glo ry to God the father almight, and to his ſonne our Sa ui our: And to the ho ly ghoſt whoſe light, ſhine in our harts and vs ſuc cour.
Where thou doeſt raigne e ter nal ly, with God which once did downe thee ſend: Where An gels ſing con ti nual ly, to thee be prayſe world with out end.
That the right way from day to day, we may walke and him glo ri fie: With harts de ſire all that are here, wor ſhip the Lord and ſay A men.



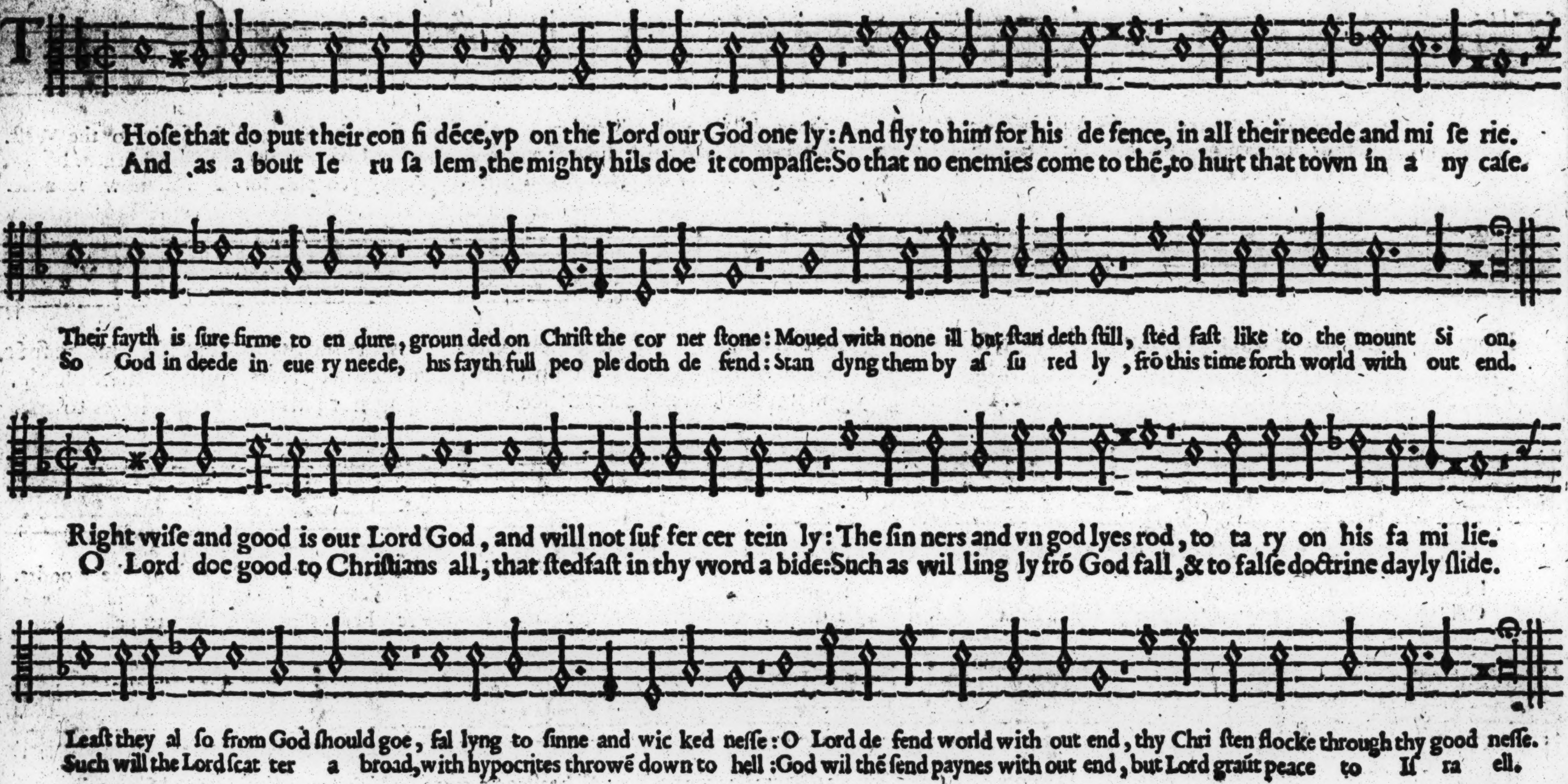
THe mightie God th'eternall hath thus ſpoke, and all the world he will call and prouoke, euen from the Eaſt and ſo forth to the Weſt.
Deuouryng fire, ſhall goe before his face, a great tempeſt ſhall round about him trace. Then ſhall he call the earth and heauens bright.
The heauens ſhall, declare his righteouſneſſe, for God is iudge, of all things more and leſſe. Heare my people, for I will now reueale.

From toward Sion which place him liketh beſt, God will appeare in beautie moſt excellent: Our god wil come before that lõg time be ſpẽt.
To iudge his folke, which equitie and right, Saying, go to, and now my Saints aſſemble: My peace they keepe, their gifts do not diſſẽble.
Liſt Iſraell, I will thee nought conceale. Thy God, thy god am I & wil not blame thee: Forgeuyng not, all maner offeringes to me.

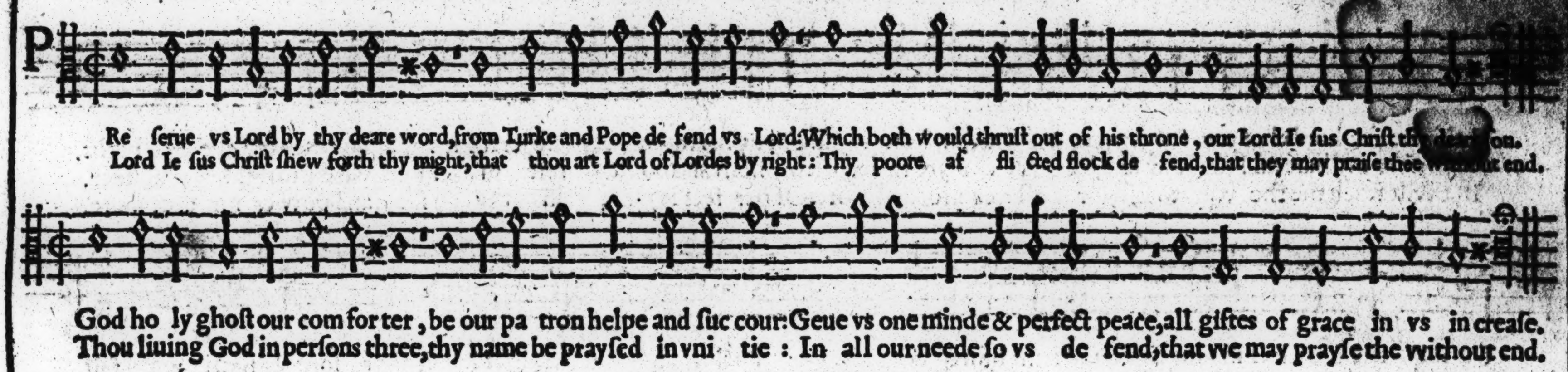
I haue no neede, to take of thee at all: Goates of thy fold, or calfe out of thy ſtall. For all the beaſtes, are myne within the woodes.
Hungry if I were, I would not thee it tell: For all is myne, that in the world doth dwel. Eate I the fleſhe, of great buls or bullockes?
Call vpon me, when troubled thou ſhalt be: Then will I helpe, and thou ſhalt honor me. To the wicked, thus ſayth the eternall God.

On thouſand hils cattell are myne owne goodes: I know for myne all birdes that are on mountaines: All beaſtes are myne, which haunt the fieldes and fountaines.
Or drinke the bloud, of goates and of the flockes? Offer to God, prayſe and hartythankeſgeuyng: And pay thy vowes, vnto God euer liuyng.
Why doeſt thou preach my lawes & heſtes abroad. Seyng thou haſt, them with thy mouth abuſed: And hateſt to be, by diſcipline reformed.

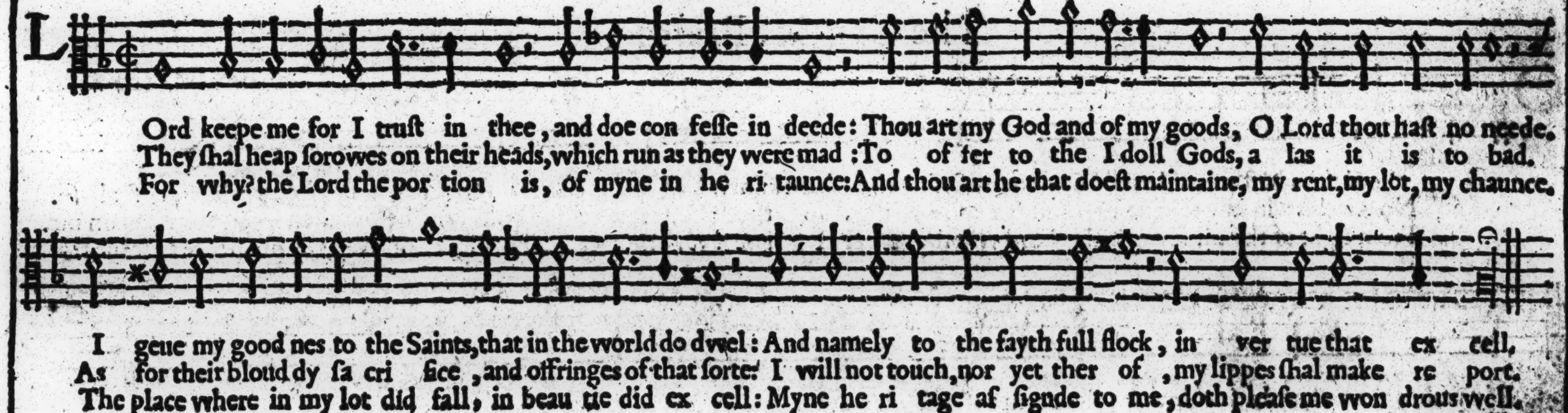
G.D. Qui confidunt in Domino. Pſalme. Cxxv. *Contratenor.*

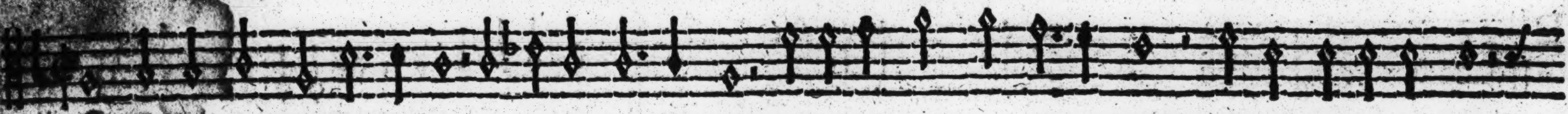

THoſe that do put their con fi déce, vp on the Lord our God one ly: And fly to him for his de fence, in all their neede and mi ſe rie.
And as a bout Ie ru ſa lem, the mighty hils doe it compaſſe: So that no enemies come to thé, to hurt that town in a ny caſe.
Their fayth is ſure firme to en dure, groun ded on Chriſt the cor ner ſtone: Moued with none ill but ſtan deth ſtill, ſted faſt like to the mount Si on.
So God in deede in eue ry neede, his fayth full peo ple doth de fend: Stan dyng them by aſ ſu red ly, frō this time forth world with out end.
Right wiſe and good is our Lord God, and will not ſuf fer cer tein ly: The ſin ners and vn god lyes rod, to ta ry on his fa mi lie.
O Lord doe good to Chriſtians all, that ſtedfaſt in thy word a bide: Such as wil ling ly frō God fall, & to falſe doctrine dayly ſlide.
Leaſt they al ſo from God ſhould goe, fal lyng to ſinne and wic ked neſſe: O Lord de fend world with out end, thy Chri ſten flocke through thy good neſſe.
Such will the Lord ſcat ter a broad, with hypocrites throwē down to hell: God wil thē ſend paynes with out end, but Lord grāt peace to Iſ ra ell.

Pre-

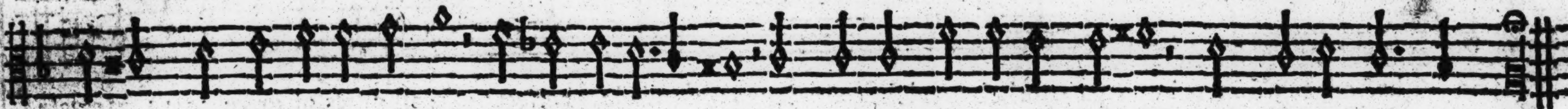

P
Re ſerue vs Lord by thy deare word, from Turke and Pope de fend vs Lord: Which both would thruſt out of his throne, our Lord Ie ſus Chriſt thy deare ſon.
Lord Ie ſus Chriſt ſhew forth thy might, that thou art Lord of Lordes by right: Thy poore af fli cted flock de fend, that they may praiſe thee without end.
God ho ly ghoſt our com for ter, be our pa tron helpe and ſuc cour: Geue vs one minde & perfect peace, all giftes of grace in vs in creaſe.
Thou liuing God in perſons three, thy name be prayſed in vni tie: In all our neede ſo vs de fend, that we may prayſe the without end.

The xvi. Pſalme.


L
Ord keepe me for I truſt in thee, and doe con feſſe in deede: Thou art my God and of my goods, O Lord thou haſt no neede.
They ſhal heap ſorowes on their heads, which run as they were mad: To of fer to the I doll Gods, a las it is to bad.
For why? the Lord the por tion is, of myne in he ri taunce: And thou art he that doeſt maintaine, my rent, my lot, my chaunce.
I geue my good nes to the Saints, that in the world do dwel: And namely to the fayth full flock, in ver tue that ex cell.
As for their bloud dy ſa cri fice, and offringes of that ſorte: I will not touch, nor yet ther of, my lippes ſhal make re port.
The place where in my lot did fall, in beau tie did ex cell: Myne he ri tage aſ ſignde to me, doth pleaſe me won drous well.



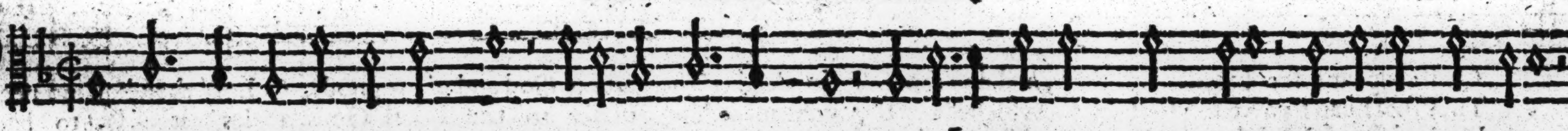
I thanke the Lord that cau ſed me, to vn der ſtand the right: For by his meanes my ſe cret thoughts, do teach me eue ry night.
Wherfore my hart and tõgue al ſo, doe both re ioyce to gether: My fleſh and bo dy reſt in hope, whẽ I this thing con ſider.
But wilt teach me the way to life, for all treaſures and ſtore: Of per fect ioy are in thy face, and pow er for euer more.



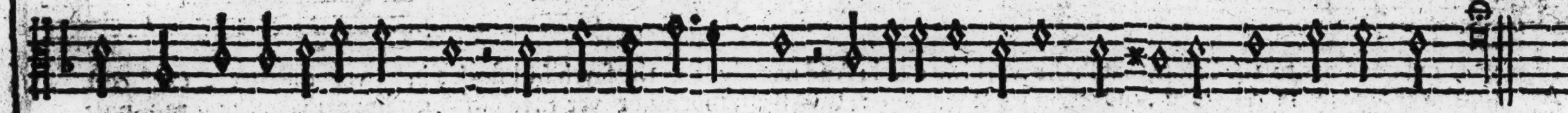
I ſet the Lord ſtill in my ſight, and truſt him o uer all: For he doth ſtand on my right hand, ther fore I ſhall not fall.
Thou wilt not leaue my ſoule in graue, for Lord thou lo ueſt me: Nor yet wilt geue thine ho ly one, cor rup tion for to ſee.
Now bleſ ſed be the fa ther firſt, and bleſ ſed be the ſon: And bleſ ſed be the ho ly ghoſt, by whom all things were done.

The Cxxxix. Pſalme.

O

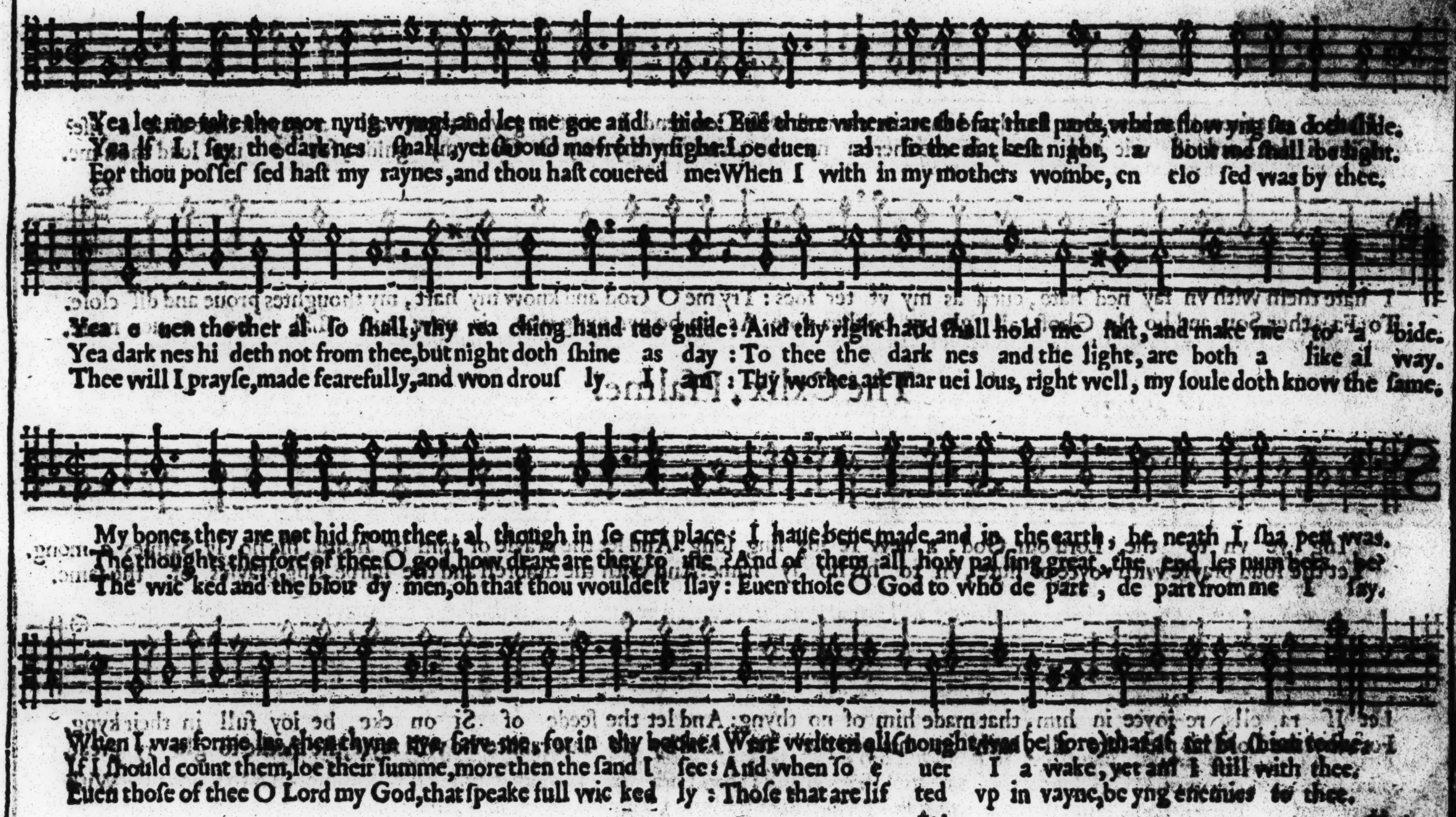


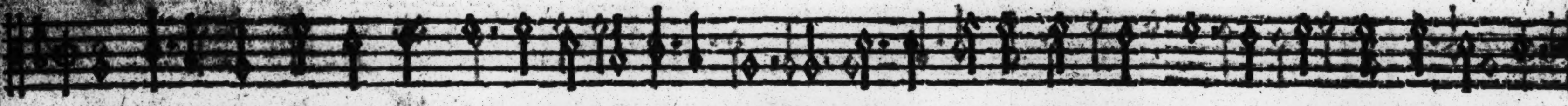
Lord thou haſt me tride and knowen, my ſitting thou doeſt know: And ri ſing eke, my thoughts a far, thou vn der ſtandſt al ſo.
No word is in my tongue O Lord, but knowne it is to thee: Thou me behind holdſt and before, thou layeſt thy hand on me.
From ſight of thy all ſeyng ſprite, Lord whether ſhall I goe? Or whether ſhall I flye a way, thy pre ſence to ſcape fro?



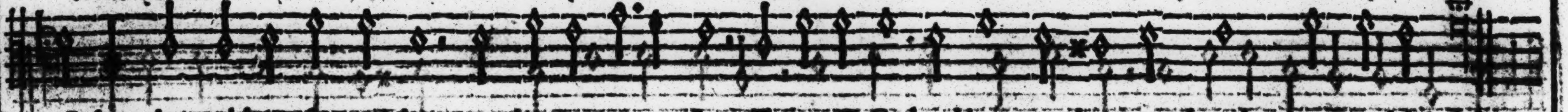
My pathes yea and my ly ing downe, thou com paſ ſeſt al wayes: And by fa mi liar cu ſtome art, ac quain ted with my wayes.
To won der full a boue my reach, Lord is thy cun nyng ſkill: It is ſo hye that I the ſame can not at tayne vn till.
To hea uen if I mount a loft, loe thou art pre ſent there: In hell if I lye down be low, euẽ there thou doeſt ap peare.

Yea


Yea let me take the mor nyng wyngs, and let me goe and hide: But there where are the far theſt parts, where flow yng ſea doth ſlide.
Yea if I ſay, the dark nes ſhall, yet ſhroud me fro thy ſight: Loe euen al ſo the dar keſt night, a bout me ſhall be light.
For thou poſſeſ ſed haſt my raynes, and thou haſt couered me: When I with in my mothers wombe, en clo ſed was by thee.
Yea e uen thother al ſo ſhall, thy rea ching hand me guide: And thy right hand ſhall hold me faſt, and make me to a bide.
Yea dark nes hi deth not from thee, but night doth ſhine as day: To thee the dark nes and the light, are both a like al way.
Thee will I prayſe, made fearefully, and won drouſ ly I am: Thy workes are mar uei lous, right well, my ſoule doth know the ſame.
My bones they are not hid from thee, al though in ſe cret place: I haue bene made and in the earth, be neath I ſha pen was.
The thoughts therfore of thee O god, how deare are they to me? And of them all how paſ ſing great, the end les num bers be?
The wic ked and the blou dy men, oh that thou wouldeſt ſlay: Euen thoſe O God to whō de part, de part from me I ſay.
When I was forme les, then thyne eye ſaw me, for in thy booke: Were written all (nought was be fore) that af ter fa ſhion tooke.
If I ſhould count them, loe their ſumme, more then the ſand I ſee: And when ſo e uer I a wake, yet am I ſtill with thee.
Euen thoſe of thee O Lord my God, that ſpeake full wic ked ly: Thoſe that are lif ted vp in vayne, be yng enemies to thee.

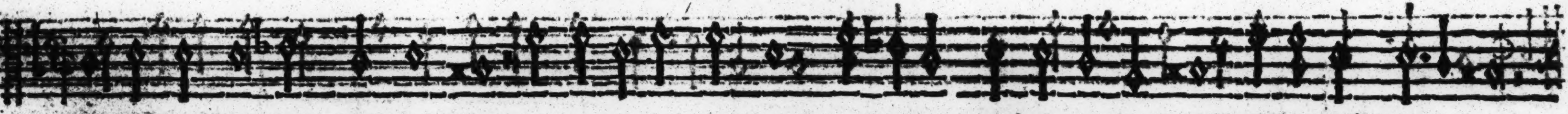


Hate I not them that hate thee, Lord, and that in earnest wise: Contend I not agaynst them all, agaynst thee that arise?
Consider Lord if wickednes, in me there any be: And in thy way O God my guide, for euer lead thou me.

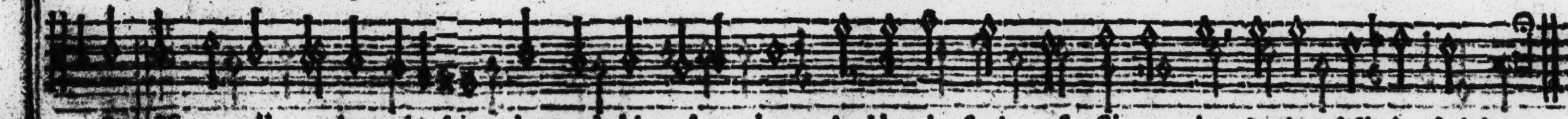


I hate them with vnfayned hate, euen as my vtter foes: Try me O God and know my hart, my thoughtes proue and disclose.
To Father, Son, and holy Ghost, all glory be therefore: As in begynnyng was, is now, and shall be euer more.

The Cxlix. Psalme.



Sing ye vnto the Lord our God, a new reioysing song: And let the prayse of him be heard, his holy Saintes among.
Let the loud prayse with voyce of flute, vnto his holy name: And with the timbrell and the harpe, sing prayses of the same.

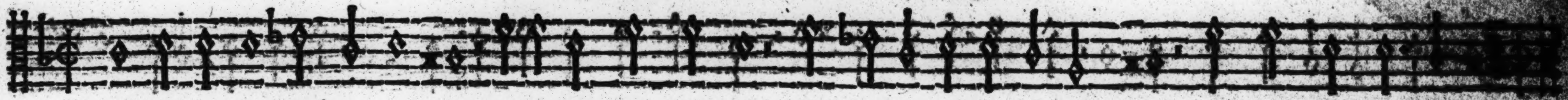


Let Israell reioyce in him, that made him of no thyng: And let the seede of Sion eke, be ioyfull in their kyng.
For why the Lord his pleasure all, hath in his people set: And by deliuerance he will rayse, the meeke to glory great.

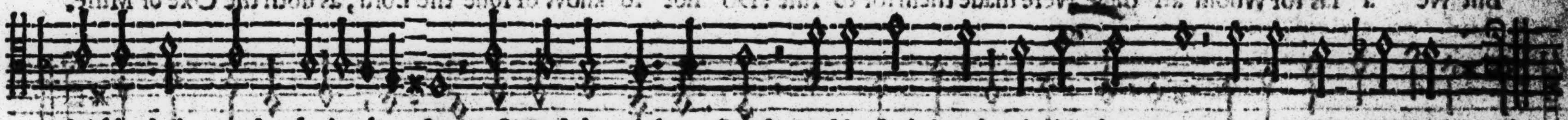
With

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.

Contratenor.

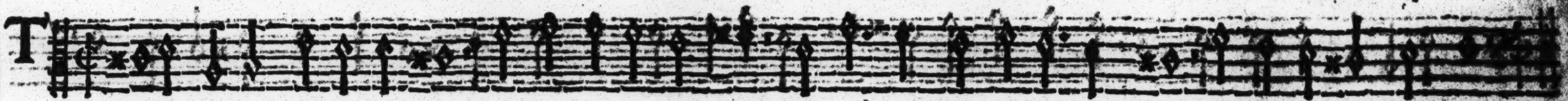


With glory and with honor now, let all the Saintes reioyce: And now a loud vpon their beds, aduaunce their ſingyng voyce.
To plague the Heathē and correct, the people with their hāds: To bynd their ſtately kings in chaines, their Lordes in yron bandes.

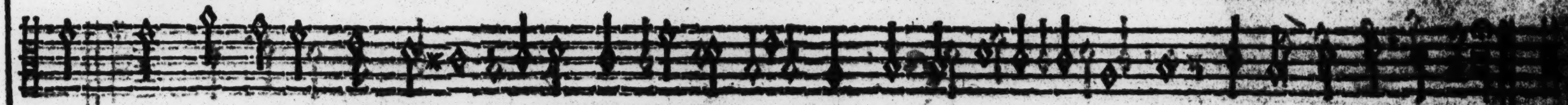


And in their mouthes let be the actes, of God the mighty Lord: And in their handes eke let them beare, a double edged ſword.
To execute on thē the dome, that written is before: This honor all his Saints ſhal haue, prayſe ye the Lord therfore.

¶A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.



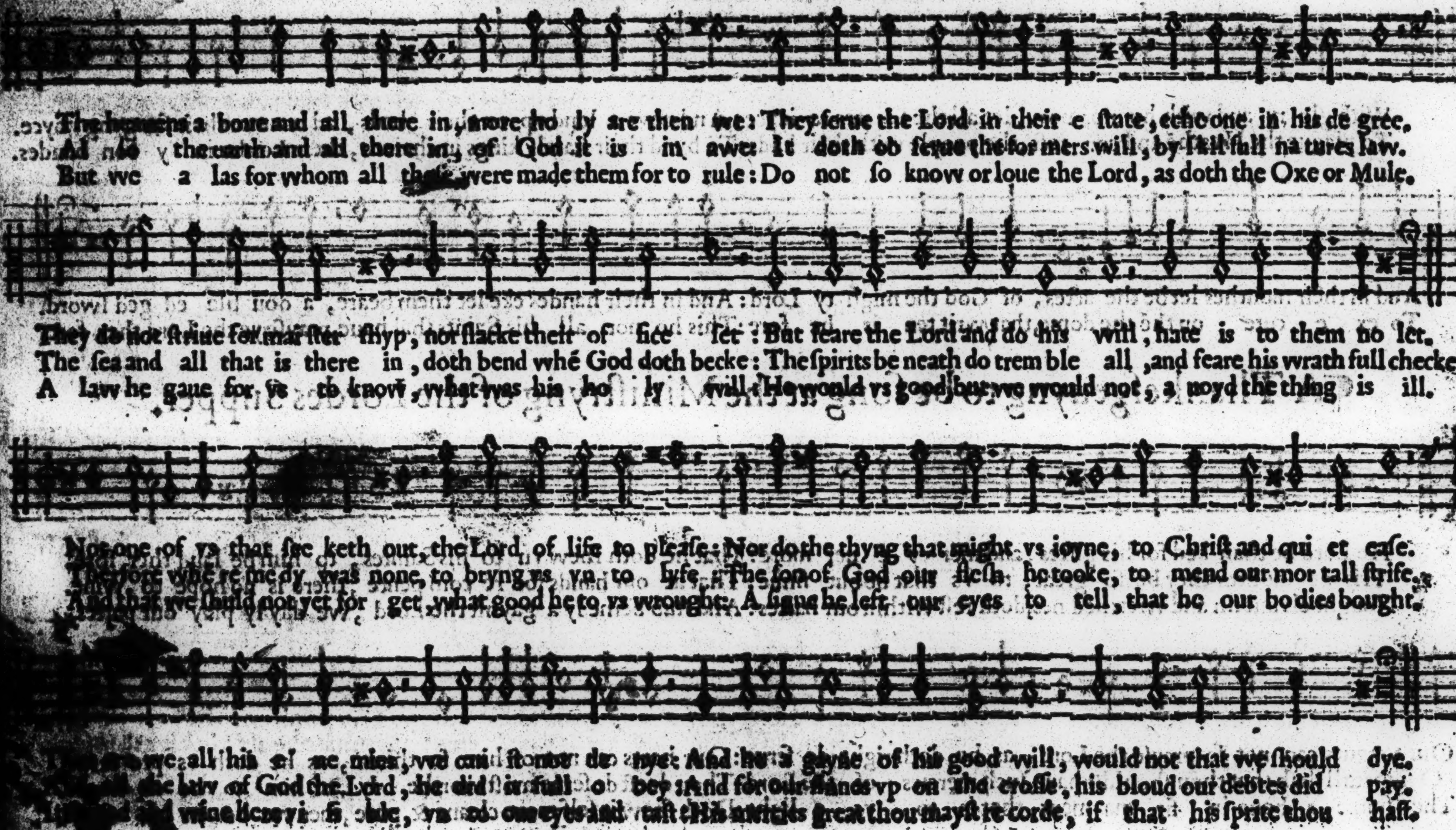
THe Lord be thanked for his giftes, and mercy euer more: That he doth ſhew vnto his Saintes, to him be laud therfore.
His benefites they be ſo great, to vs that be but ſinne: That at our handes for recompence, there is no hope to [illegible]
Nought els but ſin and wretchednes, doth reſt within our hartes: And ſtubbernely agaynſt the Lord, we dayly play our partes.



Our tongues can not ſo prayſe the Lord, as he doth right deſerue: Our harts can not of him ſo thinke, as he doth vs preſerue.
O ſinnefull fleſh that thou ſhouldſt haue, ſuch mercies of the Lord: Thou doeſt deſerue moſt worthie, by Law of him to be [illegible]
The ſunne a boue in firmament, that is to vs a light: Doth ſhew it ſelf more cleane & pure, then we be in his [illegible]

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.

Contratenor.



The heauens a boue and all there in, more ho ly are then we: They ſerue the Lord in their e ſtate, eche one in his de gree.
Al ſo y the earth and all there in, of God it is in awe: It doth ob ſerue the for mers will, by ſkil full na tures law.
But we a las for whom all theſe were made them for to rule: Do not ſo know or loue the Lord, as doth the Oxe or Mule.

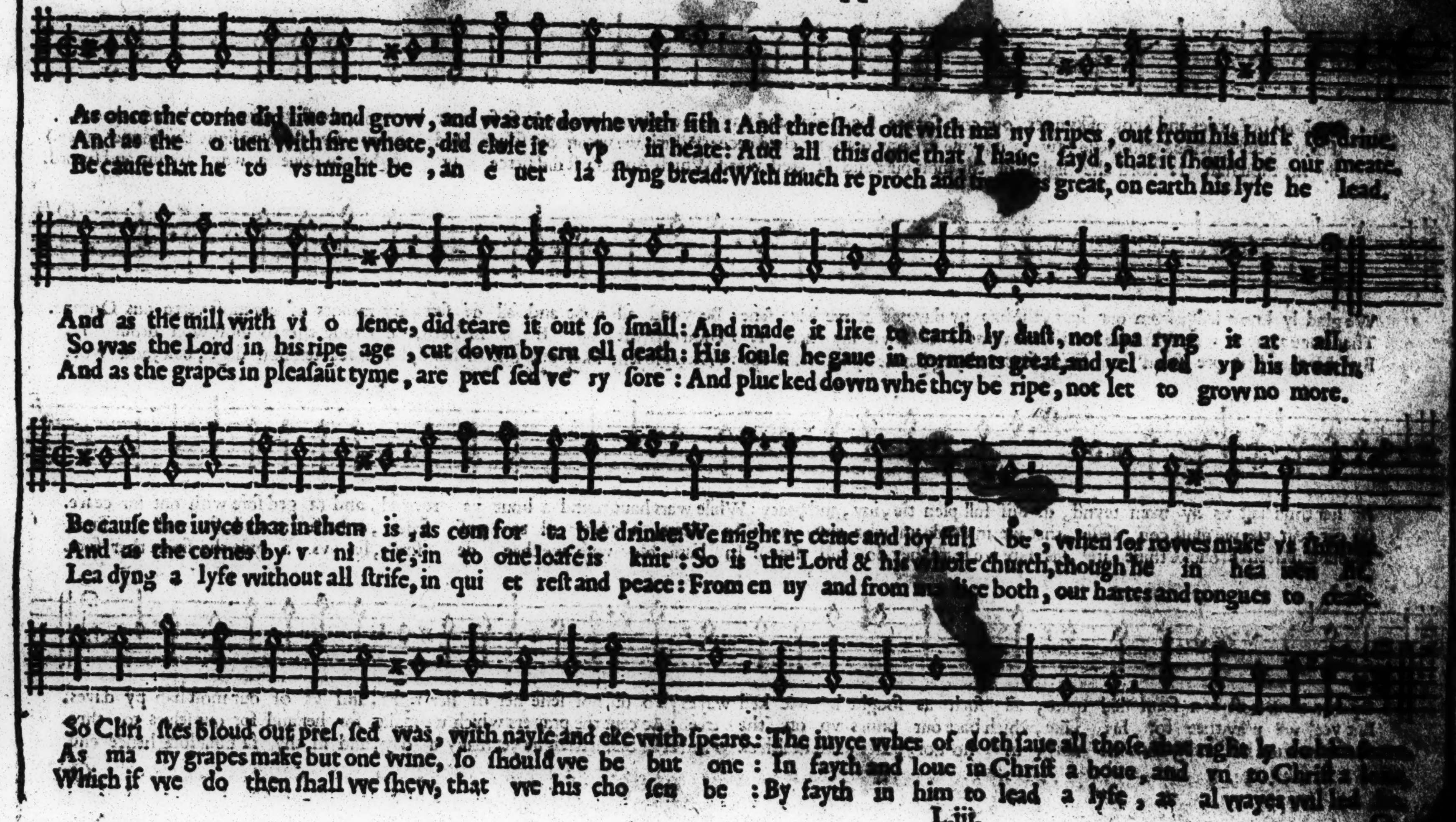
They do not ſtriue for maiſter ſhyp, nor ſlacke their of fice let: But feare the Lord and do his will, hate is to them no let.
The ſea and all that is there in, doth bend whē God doth becke: The ſpirits be neath do trem ble all, and feare his wrath full checke.
A law he gaue for vs to know, what was his ho ly will: He would vs good, but we would not, a uoyd the thing is ill.

None one of vs that ſee keth out, the Lord of life to pleaſe: Nor do the thyng that might vs ioyne, to Chriſt and qui et eaſe.
Therfore whē re me dy was none, to bryng vs vn to lyfe: The ſonne of God our fleſh he tooke, to mend our mor tall ſtrife.
And that we ſhuld not yet for get, what good he to vs wrought: A ſigne he left our eyes to tell, that he our bo dies bought.

[illegible] we all his e ne mies, we can not it de nye: And he a gayne of his good will, would not that we ſhould dye.
[illegible] the law of God the Lord, he did in full o bey: And for our ſinnes vp on the croſſe, his bloud our debtes did pay.
[illegible] and wine here vi ſi ble, vn to our eyes and taſt: His benefites great thou mayſt re corde, if that his ſprite thou haſt.

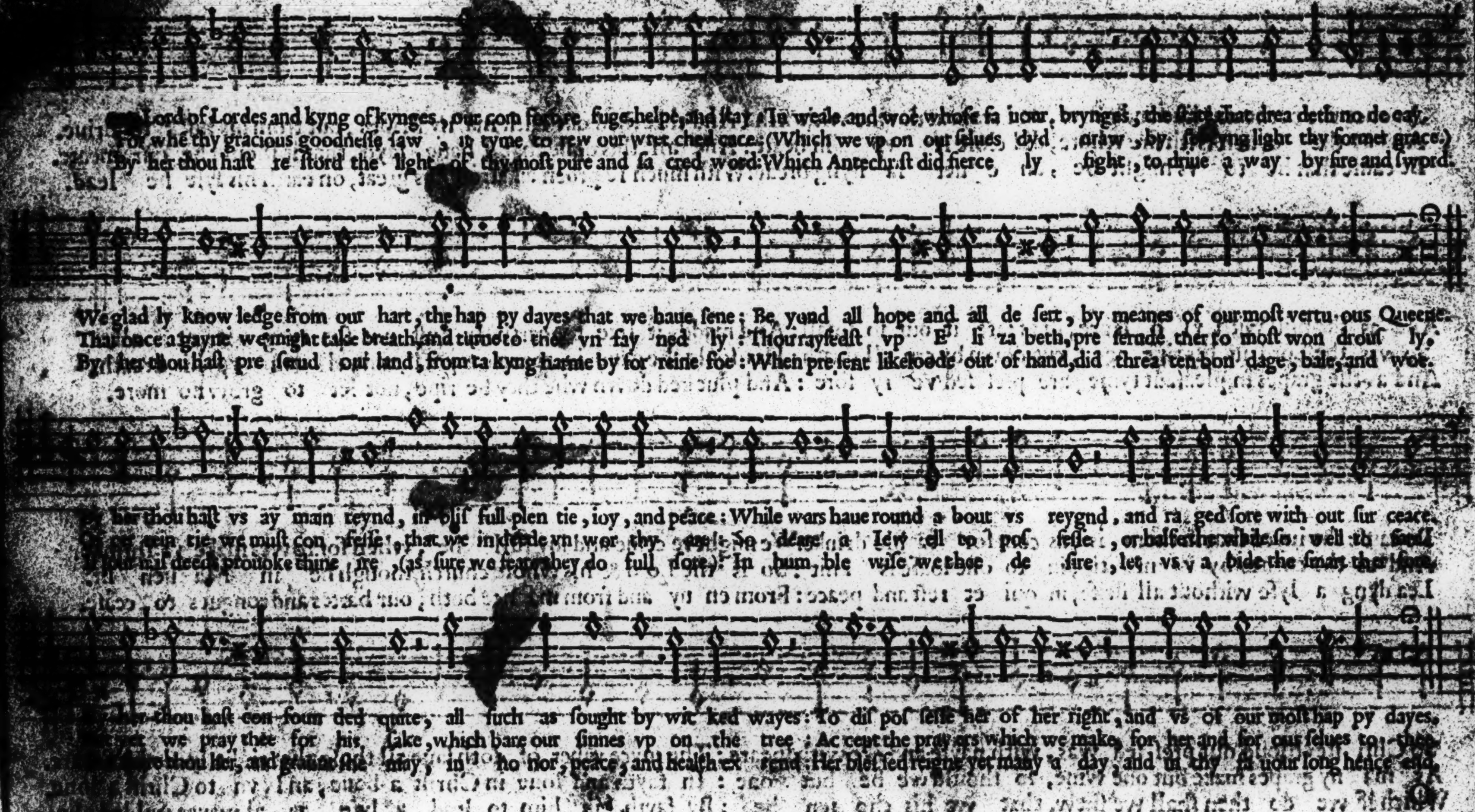
As

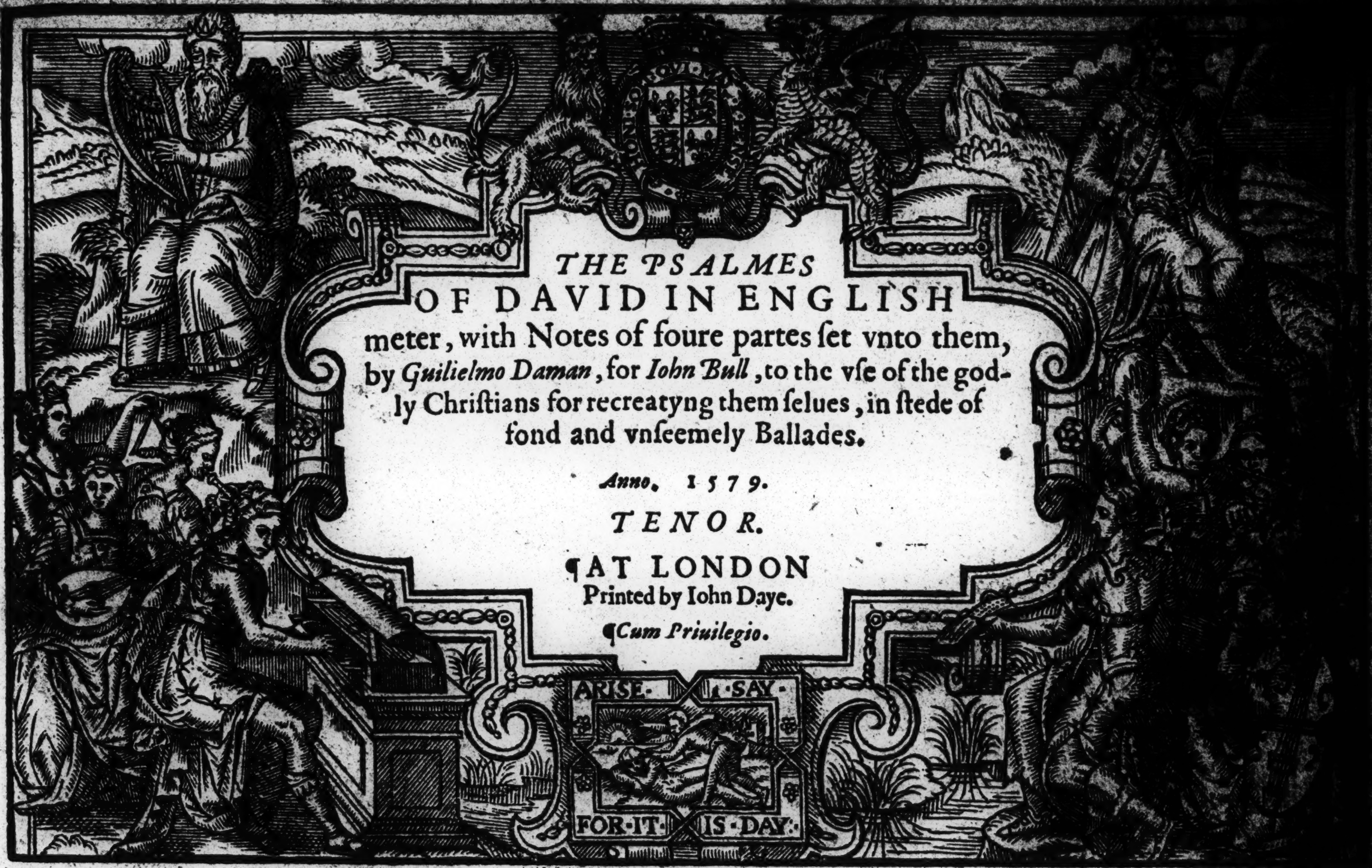
G.D. A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper. *Contratenor.*


As once the corne did liue and grow, and was cut downe with ſith: And threſhed out with many ſtripes, out from his huſk to driue.
And as the ouen with fire whote, did cloſe it vp in heate: And all this done that I haue ſayd, that it ſhould be our meate.
Becauſe that he to vs might be, an euerlaſtyng bread: With much reproch and [illegible] great, on earth his lyfe he lead.
And as the mill with violence, did teare it out ſo ſmall: And made it like to earthly duſt, not ſparyng it at all.
So was the Lord in his ripe age, cut down by cruell death: His ſoule he gaue in torments great, and yelded vp his breath.
And as the grapes in pleaſaũt tyme, are preſſed very ſore: And plucked down whẽ they be ripe, not let to grow no more.
Becauſe the iuyce that in them is, as comfortable drinke: We might receiue and ioyfull be, when ſorrowes make vs thinke.
And as the cornes by vnitie, into one loafe is knit: So is the Lord & his whole church, though he in heauen [illegible]
Leadyng a lyfe without all ſtrife, in quiet reſt and peace: From enuy and from malice both, our hartes and tongues to ceaſe.
So Chriſtes bloud out preſſed was, with nayle and eke with ſpeare: The iuyce wherof doth ſaue all thoſe, that right ly [illegible]
As many grapes make but one wine, ſo ſhould we be but one: In fayth and loue in Chriſt aboue, and vn to Chriſt a [illegible]
Which if we do then ſhall we ſhew, that we his choſen be: By fayth in him to lead a lyfe, as alwayes vs [illegible]

A Prayer and thankeſgeuyng to God for the Queenes Maieſtie.

Contratenor


[illegible] Lord of Lordes and kyng of kynges, our comforter, fuge, helpe, and ſtay: In weale and woe, whoſe fauour bryngeſ, the ſtate that dreadeth no decay.
For whē thy gracious goodneſſe ſaw, in tyme to rew our wretched caſe: (Which we vpon our ſelues dyd draw, by ſettyng light thy former grace.)
By her thou haſt reſtord the light of thy moſt pure and ſacred word: Which Antechriſt did fiercely fight, to driue away by fire and ſword.
We gladly knowledge from our hart, the happy dayes that we haue ſene: Beyond all hope and all deſert, by meanes of our moſt vertuous Queene.
That once agayne we might take breath, and turne to thee vnfaynedly: Thou rayſedſt vp Elizabeth, preſerude therto moſt wondrouſly,
By her thou haſt preſerud our land, from takyng harme by forreine foe: When preſent likelode out of hand, did threaten bondage, bale, and woe.
By her thou haſt vs ay maintaynd, in bliſfull plentie, ioy, and peace: While wars haue round about vs reygnd, and raged ſore without ſurceace.
Of certeintie we muſt confeſſe, that we in dede vnworthy [illegible]: So deare a Iewell to poſſeſſe, or halfe the while ſo well to [illegible].
[illegible] our ill deedes prouoke thine ire, (as ſure we feare they do full ſore): In humble wiſe we thee deſire, let vs abide the ſmart therfore.
[illegible] her thou haſt confounded quite, all ſuch as ſought by wicked wayes: To diſpoſſeſſe her of her right, and vs of our moſt happy dayes.
[illegible] we pray thee for his ſake, which bare our ſinnes vpon the tree: Accept the prayers which we make, for her and for our ſelues to thee.
[illegible] thou her, and graunt ſhe may, in honor, peace, and health extend Her bleſſed reigne yet many a day, and in thy fauour long hence end.



THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH

meter, with Notes of foure partes ſet vnto them,
by *Guilielmo Daman*, for *Iohn Bull*, to the vſe of the godly
Chriſtians for recreatyng them ſelues, in ſtede of
fond and vnſeemely Ballades.

Anno. 1579.

TENOR.

¶AT LONDON
Printed by Iohn Daye.
¶*Cum Priuilegio.*

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

Edward Hake Gent. vpon the Edition of theſe Pſalmes in meter, to the Reader.

LIke as by ſondry good lawes and conſtitutions politicall, ſome thyngs, which ſeeme to be in propertie priuate, by reaſon of poſſeſsion which men haue in the ſame, are yet in their vſe publicque, and to retaine them, is oftentymes perillous and at all tymes iniurious: For example: whereas by the lawes of this Realme, ſondry men hauing landes and poſſeſsions hereditary, if there happẽ to be diſcouered within the ſame any mynes precious, or any thyng what ſoeuer, which the Lawyers comprehend vnder the title of *Treaſure troue:* Theſe thynges ſo found, albeit they may thought priuate, and the propertie therof to appertaine to the Finder, or at the leaſt, to thoſe onely to whõ the Freehold or poſſeſsiõ of the Soyle belõgeth, yet are they in deede publicque, as apperteinyng to the vſe of a publicque perſone, to the vſe I meane of our ſouereigne by reaſon of her Prerogatiue.

Euen ſo (gentle Reader) by compariſon not altogether vnapt, it ſtandeth with the giftes and qualities of the mynde, beyng diſcouered and brought to light by the induſtry of man: Which, albeit they may ſeeme to be at the priuate deuotiõ and free diſpoſition of the partie from whom they proceeded: Yet if they be ſuch as either the Church of God or the cõmon wealth may take profite by, they forthwith ceaſe to be priuate, and are become (as I may ſay) *Deodands*, to weete, thynges to be ſacrificed to the Lord, whether they be to the good vſe of his Church or to the profitable vſe of the common wealth.

Which premiſſes duely conſidered, (in the application therof) after that by priuate meanes and for his priuate delite, the publiſher of theſe Pſalmes *Iohn Bull* Citezen and Goldſmith of London, had by peecemeale gottẽ and gathered together frõ the fertile Soyle of his honeſt frẽd *Guilielmo Daman* one of her Maieſties Muſitions, ſuch fruites as not meanely ingẽdred and increaſed in him ſelfe ſpeciall cõfortes, and recreations aſwell ſpirituall as corporall: He thought his bonde in this behalfe no whit more eaſie, nor his poſſeſſiõ more priuate thẽ hath bene declared in the caſes premiſed: And therfore with a ſingle regarde of diſcharging his duety therin, (the Author of the Sõges neuer intẽdyng the publiſhing of the ſame) he haſted forthwith of him ſelf, with the onely good and godly forwardnes of the Printer (who to his well deſerued prayſe, hath ſpared neither charges nor trauaile herein) to commit the ſame to the Preſſe, leaſt he might haue ſeemed by lõg detayning and dayly vſing of them to his priuate delite, to haue fared with his brethren as wretched Myſers of this world are wont to do in the diſpoſition of their goodes, which whẽ they may no lõger keepe by reaſon that by death or by other meanes they are to be ſeparated frõ them, then doe they (and not before) diſtribute and diſpoſe thẽ to the benefite of others: Or rather as vnprofitable wantons, who when they haue had their full pleaſures of the thynges they delited in, of very lothſomnes doe then deliuer them ouer to the world, or to ſuch as to whom (before tymes) they affoorded not one iote for their comfort.

And now, touchyng matter of commendation to be thought vpon, as due to both perſons and cauſe: This I ſay: that to commend either the ſayd Publiſher or Printer, in the godly accompliſhment of this good worke, or to commende the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes, whether for the excellencie of the Harmony, or for the ſkilfull handlyng therof: Theſe thinges I muſt leaue to be done by thoſe, whoſe commendations ſhall ſtand for allowable Cenſures, which I confeſſe (eſpecially in the matter of Muſicke) may in no wiſe be attributed to any Iudgement of myne.

But yet thus farre I am to aduertiſe all thoſe that ſhall yeeld any Cẽſure hereupon: to weete, that the author and compoſer of the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes neuer ment thẽ to the vſe of any learned and cunnyng Muſition, but altogether reſpected the pleaſuryng of his priuate frend, who in deede profeſſed nought els in him ſelfe ſaue onely a fauour and ſingular good likyng of Muſicke. Agayne, touchyng the Author: He

being tyed (as is knowē to the learned) altogether to the part of the Tenors, or common tunes: what ſcope or libertie could he haue to ſet forth within the compaſſe of ſo ſmall a limite, any thing profound to the delectation of the learned?

Laſtly, to thruſt my penne into the large fieldes of prayſes and due commendations of Muſicke in generall, whether they ſtand to be made by the Iudgement of reaſon, or by the Cenſure of the holy Ghoſt deliuered in the word: This I doubt not, I might eaſely begyn, yea and plētyfully proceede in, but how or where I ſhould make an end (authorities and places in that behalfe beyng ſo infinite) truely truely I know not. I leaue Muſicke therfore to be commended by and of her ſelfe, and the warraunt of Muſickes commendation, I leaue to God and to Nature, who ſhall mightyly, nay, glorioufly yeeld forth the ſame to all ſuch as will aſke and enquire therof. *Read.1.Sam.16.23.2 Kyng.3.15.Ephe.5.19.1.Cor.14.15.*

Neuertheleſſe in any thyng by me here written, I haue not meant to defende any the abuſes of Muſicke whatſoeuer committed in the Church of God, or rather the prophanyng of Gods diuine ſeruice by Muſicke (as in tyme of Popery) namely by ouer curious, yea, and as I may ſay ouer tragicall diſmembryng not onely of wordes but of letters and ſillables in the holy Pſalmes and Anthemes appointed to the prayſing of God: For what hath either Muſicke or any thing els betwene heauen and earth to be commended for, farther, then that it ſhall ſerue to ſet forth the glory and comfort of the eternall word? which thyng whenſoeuer it ſhall ceaſe to doe, and ſhall aduaunce it ſelfe aboue or before the ſence thereof, it is not onely not to be allowed of, but alſo with all force of law to be thruſt out of the Church. But this our Muſicke well imployed vpon theſe Pſalmes, is altogether free from ſuch abuſes. God graunt we may vſe it to our comfort and to the prayſes of his name. Amen.

Edward Hake.

FINIS.

¶ A Table of all the Pſalmes ſet forth by Guilielmo Daman, one of her Maieſties Muſitions, in foure partes conteined in this Booke.

95. Pſal. O Come let vs ſing.
¶Veni Creator Spiritus.
Come holy Ghoſt eternall God. 1
100. pſal. All people that on earth do dwell. 2
O Lord of whom I doe depend. 2
¶Te Deum Laudamus.
We prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee. 4
¶The ſong of the three children.
O all ye workes of God the Lord. 5
¶Benedictus Dominus.
The onely Lord of Iſraell. 6
¶Magnificat anima mea.
My ſoule doth magnifie the Lord. 7
¶Nunc dimittis ſeruum tuum.
O Lord becauſe my harts deſire. 8
¶Quicunque Vult.
What man ſoeuer he be that. 9
¶The Lamentation of a Sinner.
O Lord turne not away thy face. 10
¶The Lordes Prayer.
Our Father which in heauen art. 11
¶The ten Commaundementes.
Harke Iſraell and what I ſay. 12
¶The complaint of a Sinner.
Where righteouſneſſe doth ſay. 13

¶These are at the beginnyng.

1. Pſal. The man is bleſt, that hath not bent. 14
3. pſal. O Lord how are my foes increaſe. 15
14. pſal. There is no God as fooliſh men. 16
18. pſal. O God my ſtrength and fortitude. 17
21. pſal. O Lord how ioyfull is the kyng. 18
23. pſal. My ſhepheard is the liuyng Lord. 19
25. pſal. I lift myne hart to thee, my God. 20
26. pſal. Lord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt. 21
30. pſal. All laud and prayſe with hart. 22
33. pſal. Ye righteous in the Lord reioyce. 23
41. pſal. The man is bleſt that carefull is. 24
44. pſal. Our eares haue heard our Fathers tell. 25
45. pſal. My hart doth take in hand, ſome godly. 26
46. pſal. The Lord is our defence and ayde. 27
50. pſal. The God of Gods the Lord. 28
51. pſal. O Lord conſider my diſtreſſe. 29
52. pſal. Why doeſt thou tyraunt boaſt abroad. 30
59. pſal. Send ayde and ſaue me from my foes. 31
61 ~~65.~~ pſal. Regard O Lord for I complayne. 32
68. pſal. Let God ariſe and then his foes. 33
69. pſal. Saue me O God and that. 34
72. pſal. Lord geue thy Iudgementes. 35
77. pſal. I with my voyce to God doe cry. 36
78. pſal. Attend my people to my law. 37
81. pſal. Be light and glad in God reioyce. 38
88. pſal. Lord God of health the hope. 39
95. pſal. O come let vs lift vp our voyce. 40
103 pſal. My ſoule geue laud vnto the Lord. 41
104 pſal. My ſoule prayſe the Lord. 42

The Table of the Pſalmes.

111 pſal. With hart I doe accord, to prayſe. 43
112. pſal. The man is bleſt that God doth feare. 44
113. pſal. Ye children which do ſerue the Lord. 45
119. pſal. Bleſſed are they that are perfect. 46
120. pſal. In trouble and in thrall. 47
121. pſal. I lift myne eyes to Sion hill. 48
122. pſal. I did in hart reioyce, to heare. 49
124. pſal. Now Iſraell may ſay, and that truly. 50
125. pſal. Such as in God the Lord do truſt. 51
126. pſal. When that the Lord agayne. 52
130. pſal. Lord to thee I make my mone. 53
132. pſal. Remember Dauids troubles Lord. 54
134. pſal. Behold and haue regard. 55
135. pſal. O prayſe the Lord, prayſe him. 56
136. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for he is good. 57
137. pſal. When as we ſat in Babilon. 58
141. pſal. O Lord vpon thee doe I call. 59
145. pſal. Thee will I laud my God. 60
147. pſal. Prayſe ye the Lord for it is good. 61
148. pſal. Geue laud vnto the Lord. 62

¶These ye ſhall haue at the end.

¶The ten Commaundementes.

Attend my people and geue eare. 63

¶The ſong of Simeon.

Now ſuffer me O Lord as thou. 64

¶The Lordes Prayer.

Our Father which in heauen art. 64

¶The xii. Articles of the Chriſtian Fayth.

All my belief and confidence. 65

¶Da Pacem Domine.

Geue peace in theſe our dayes. 67

¶The Lamentation.

O Lord in thee is all my truſt. 68
50. pſal. The mighty God the eternall. 69
125. pſal. Thoſe that do put their confidence. 70
Preſerue vs Lord by thy deare word. 71
16. pſal. Lord keepe me for I truſt in thee. 71
139. pſal. O Lord thou haſt me tride. 72
149. pſal. Sing ye vnto the Lord our God. 74

¶A Thankeſgeuyng after the Lordes Supper.

The Lord be thanked for his giftes. 75

¶A Prayer for the Queenes Maieſtie.

O Lord of Lordes and kyng. 78

¶A Prayer for mercy.

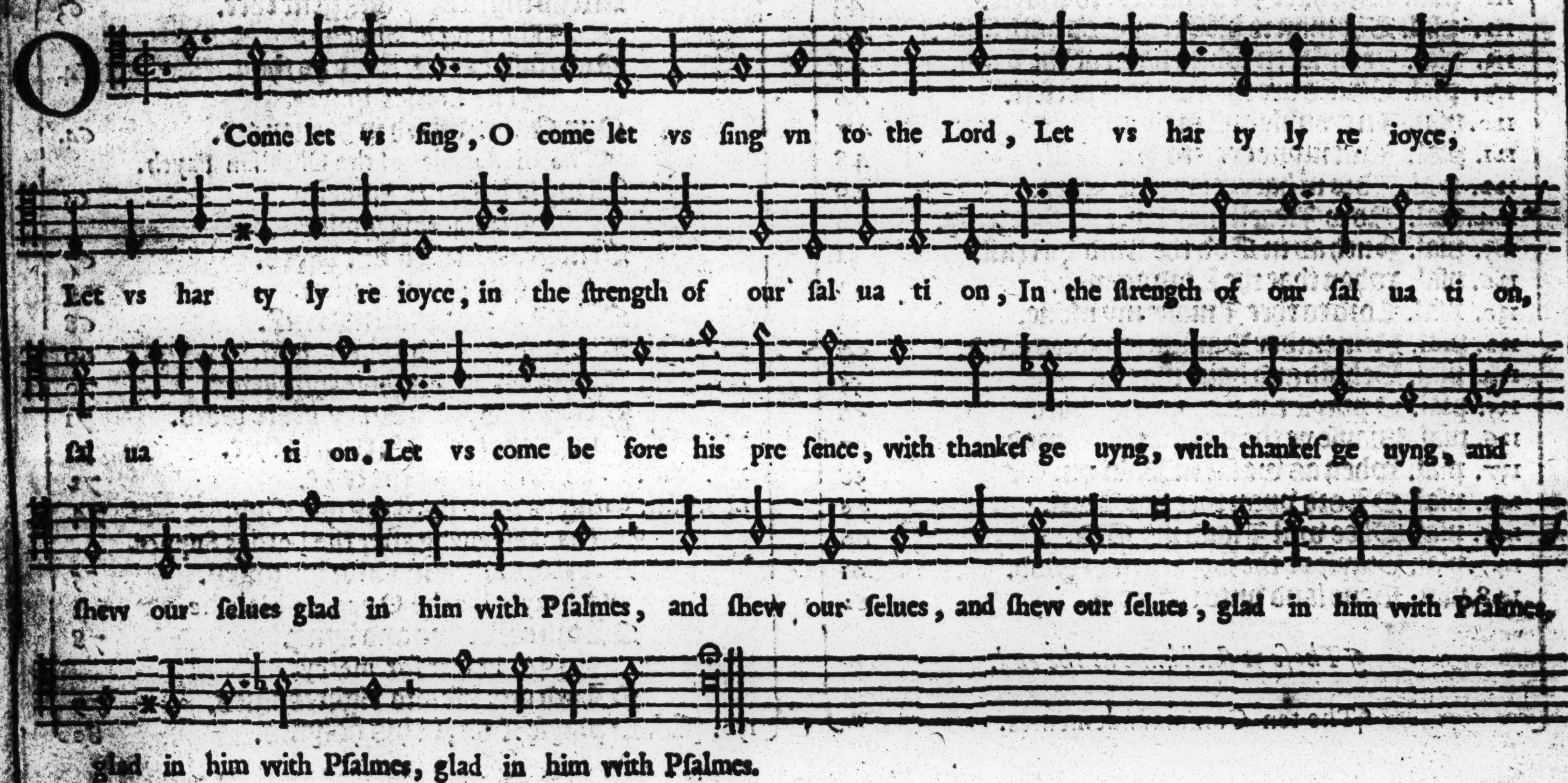
O Lord our life and righteouſnes. 79
150. pſal. O prayſe God, in his holynes. 80

¶Here endes the Table.

G.Daman.

The XCv. Pſalme.

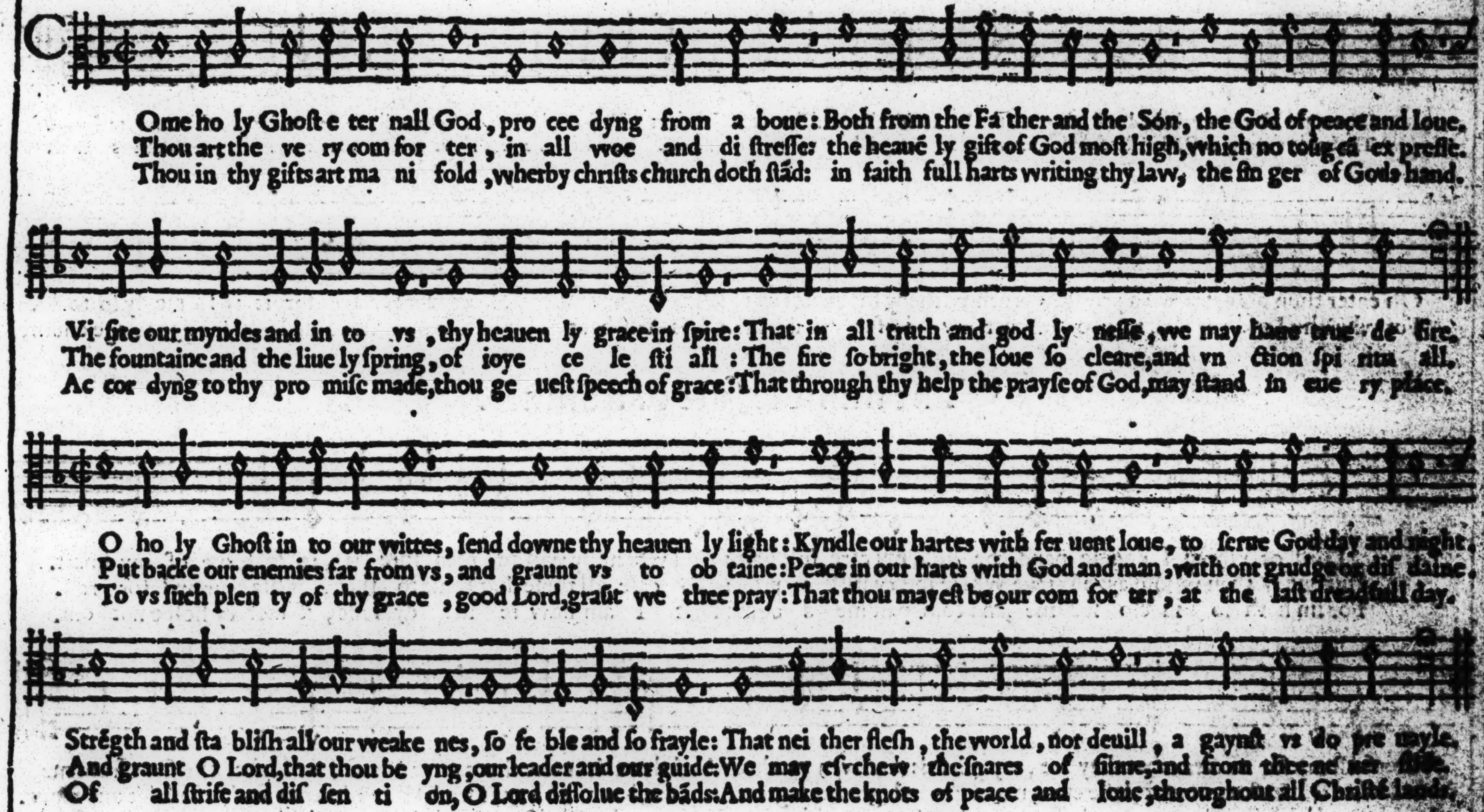
Tenor.


O Come let vs ſing, O come let vs ſing vn to the Lord, Let vs har ty ly re ioyce,
Let vs har ty ly re ioyce, in the ſtrength of our ſal ua ti on, In the ſtrength of our ſal ua ti on,
ſal ua ti on. Let vs come be fore his pre ſence, with thankeſ ge uyng, with thankeſ ge uyng, and
ſhew our ſelues glad in him with Pſalmes, and ſhew our ſelues, and ſhew our ſelues, glad in him with Pſalmes,
glad in him with Pſalmes, glad in him with Pſalmes.

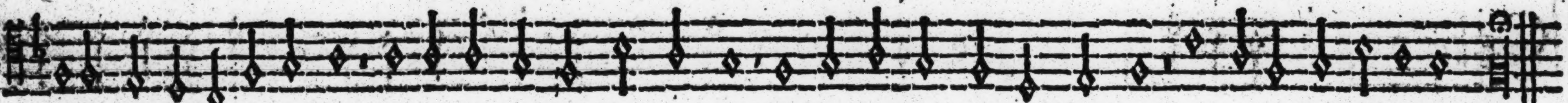
Come

G. Damane.

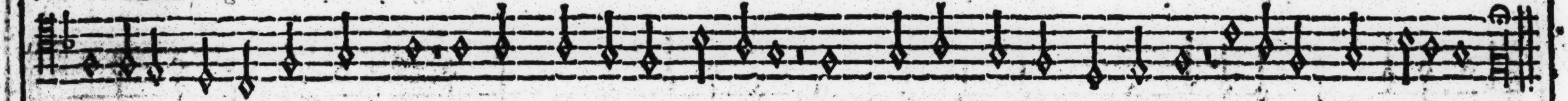
Veni Creator.


Come ho ly Ghoſt e ter nall God, pro cee dyng from a boue: Both from the Fa ther and the Sõn, the God of peace and loue.
Thou art the ve ry com for ter, in all woe and di ſtreſſe: the heauẽ ly gift of God moſt high, which no tõg cã ex preſſe.
Thou in thy gifts art ma ni fold, wherby chriſts church doth ſtãd: in faith full harts writing thy law, the fin ger of Gods hand.
Vi ſite our myndes and in to vs, thy heauen ly grace in ſpire: That in all truth and god ly neſſe, we may haue true de ſire.
The fountaine and the liue ly ſpring, of ioye ce le ſti all: The fire ſo bright, the loue ſo cleare, and vn ction ſpi ritu all.
Ac cor dyng to thy pro miſe made, thou ge ueſt ſpeech of grace: That through thy help the prayſe of God, may ſtand in eue ry place.
O ho ly Ghoſt in to our wittes, ſend downe thy heauen ly light: Kyndle our hartes with fer uent loue, to ſerue God day and night.
Put backe our enemies far from vs, and graunt vs to ob taine: Peace in our harts with God and man, without grudge or diſ daine.
To vs ſuch plen ty of thy grace, good Lord, grãt we thee pray: That thou mayeſt be our com for ter, at the laſt dreadfull day.
Strẽgth and ſta bliſh all our weake nes, ſo fe ble and ſo frayle: That nei ther fleſh, the world, nor deuill, a gaynſt vs do pre uayle.
And graunt O Lord, that thou be yng, our leader and our guide: We may eſchew the ſnares of ſinne, and from thee ne uer ſlide.
Of all ſtrife and diſ ſen ti on, O Lord diſſolue the bãds: And make the knots of peace and loue, throughout all Chriſtẽ lands.

G.D. Iubilate Deo omnis. Pſalme.100. Tenor.

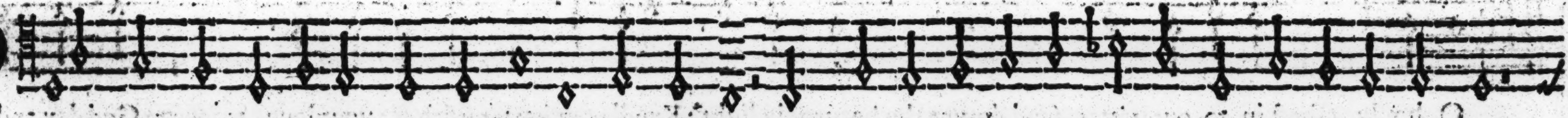


All people that on earth do dwell, ſing to the Lord with cheareful voyce: Him ſerue with feare, his prayſe forth tell, come ye before him and reioyce.
The Lord ye know is God in deede, without our ayde he did vs make: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, and for his ſheepe he doth vs take.

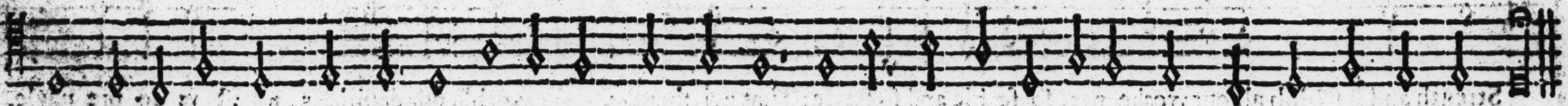


Oh enter then his gates with prayſe, approch with ioy his courts vnto: Prayſe, laud and bleſſe his name alwayes, for it is ſeemely ſo to do.
For why? the Lord our God is good, his mercy is for euer ſure: His truth at all tymes firmely ſtode, and ſhal frō age to age endure.

¶ The humble ſute of a Sinner.



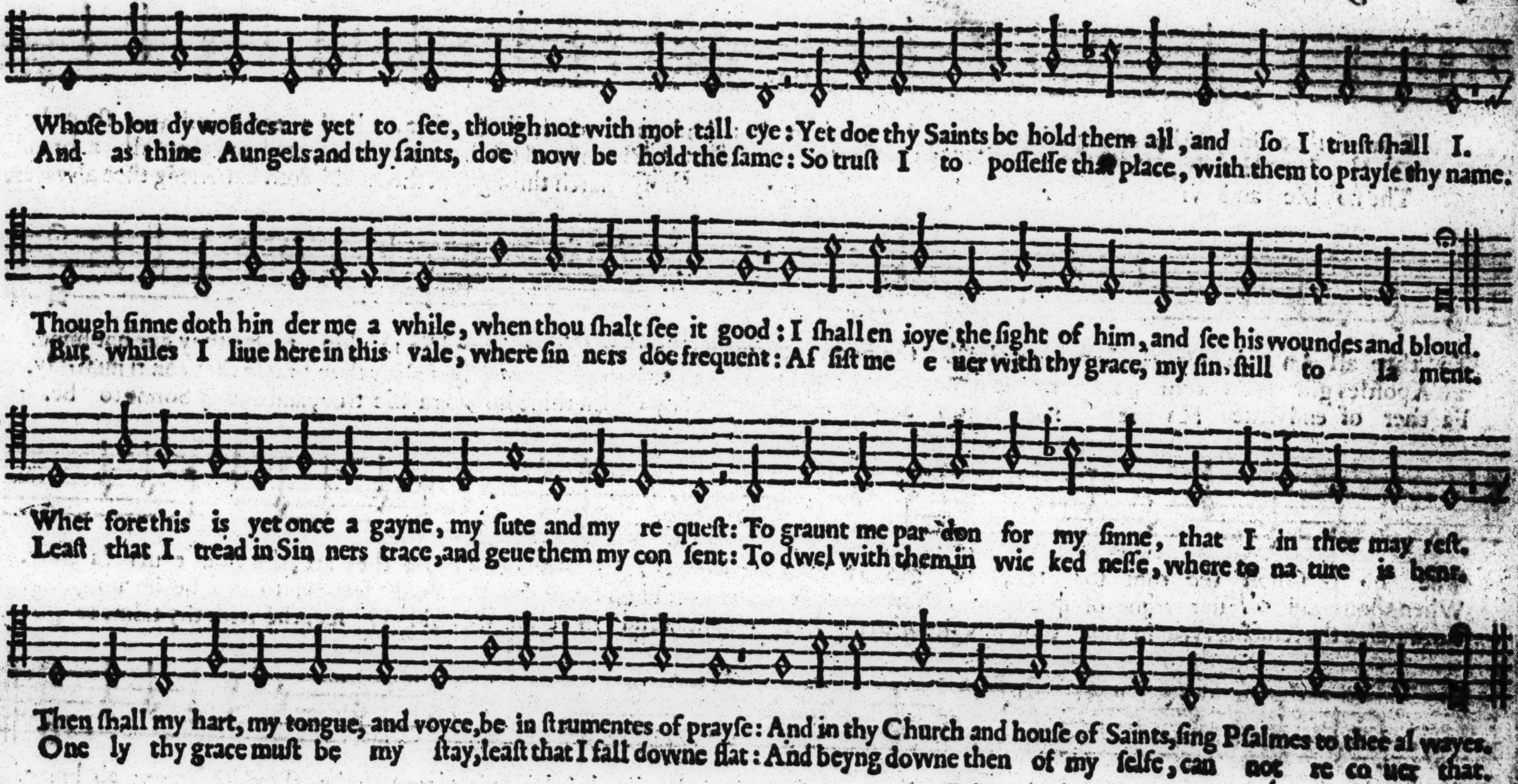
O Lord of whom I doe depend, behold my carefull hart: And when thy will and pleaſure is, releaſe me of my ſmart.
But onely thou whoſe ayde I craue, whoſe mercy ſtill is preſt: To eaſe all thoſe that come to thee, for ſuccour and for reſt.
For ſin hath ſo incloſed me, and compaſt me about: That I am now remedyleſſe, if mercy helpe not out.



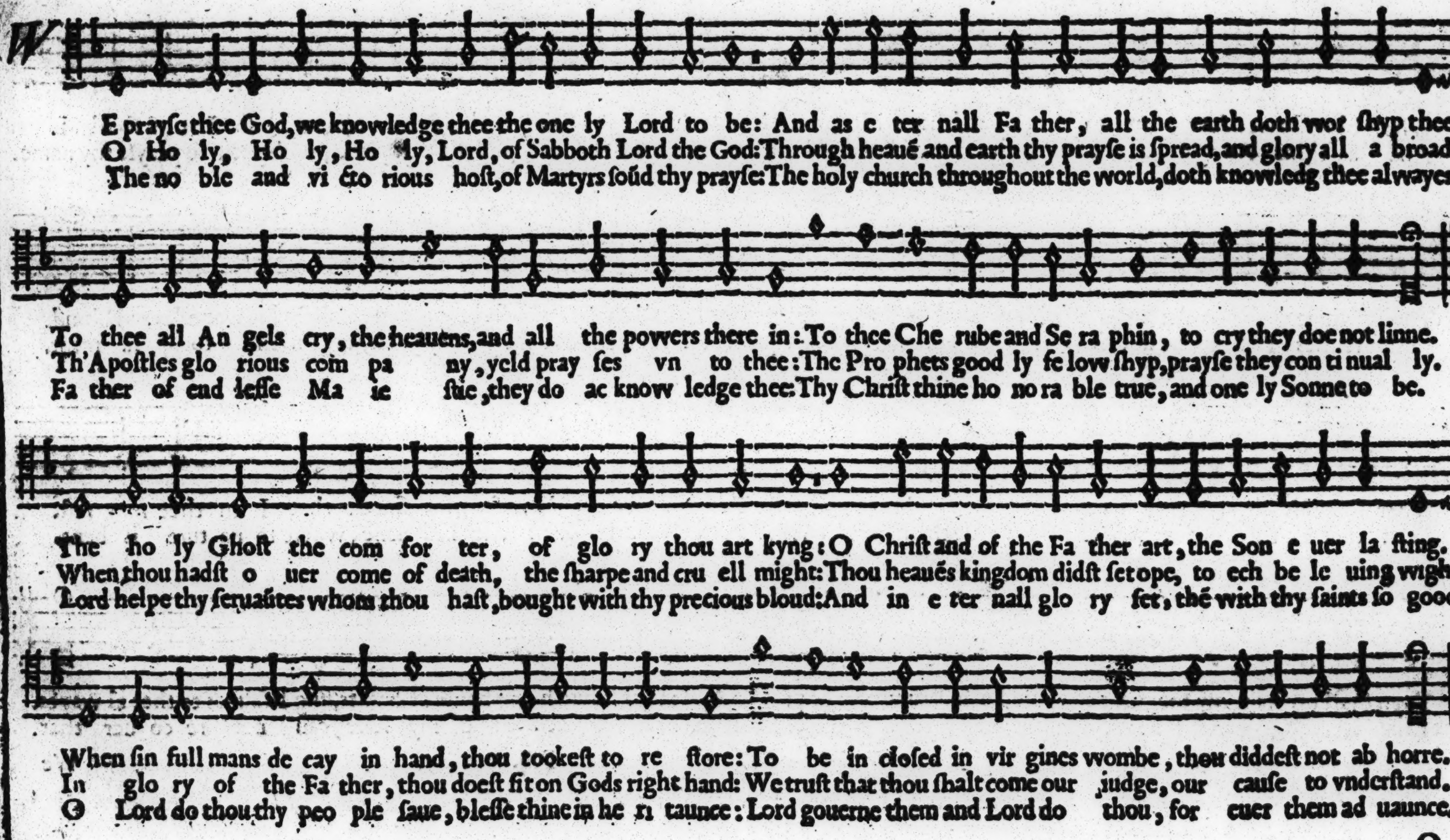
Thou ſeeſt my ſorrowes what they are, my grief is knowen to thee: And there is none that can remoue, or take the ſame from me.
And ſith thou ſeeſt my reſtleſſe eyes, my teares and greuous grone: Attend vnto my ſute O Lord, marke wel my plaint and mone.
For mortall man can not releſſe, or mitigate this payne: But euen thy Chriſt my Lord and God, which for my ſinnes was ſlayne.

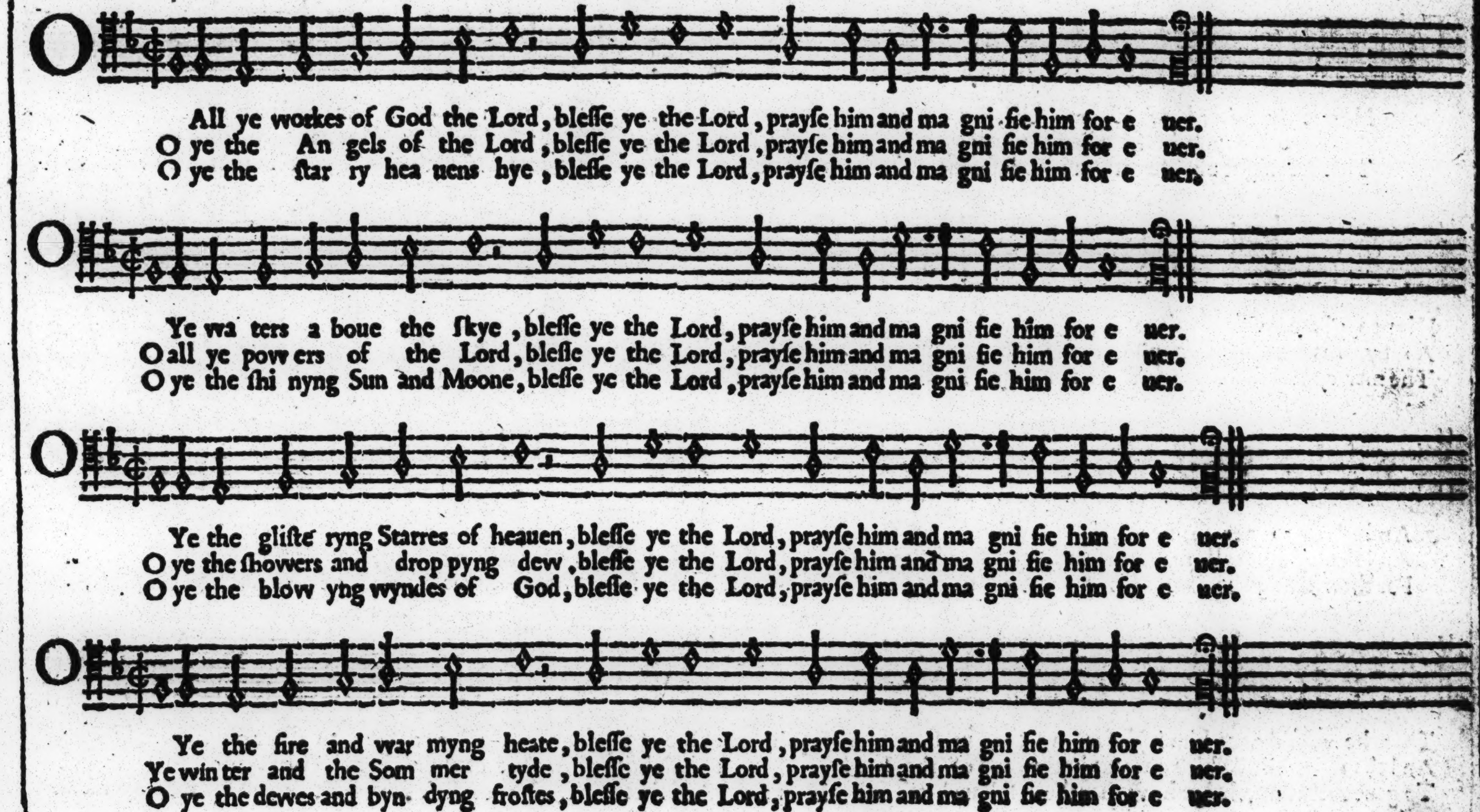
Whoſe

G.D. The humble ſute of a Sinner. Tenor.

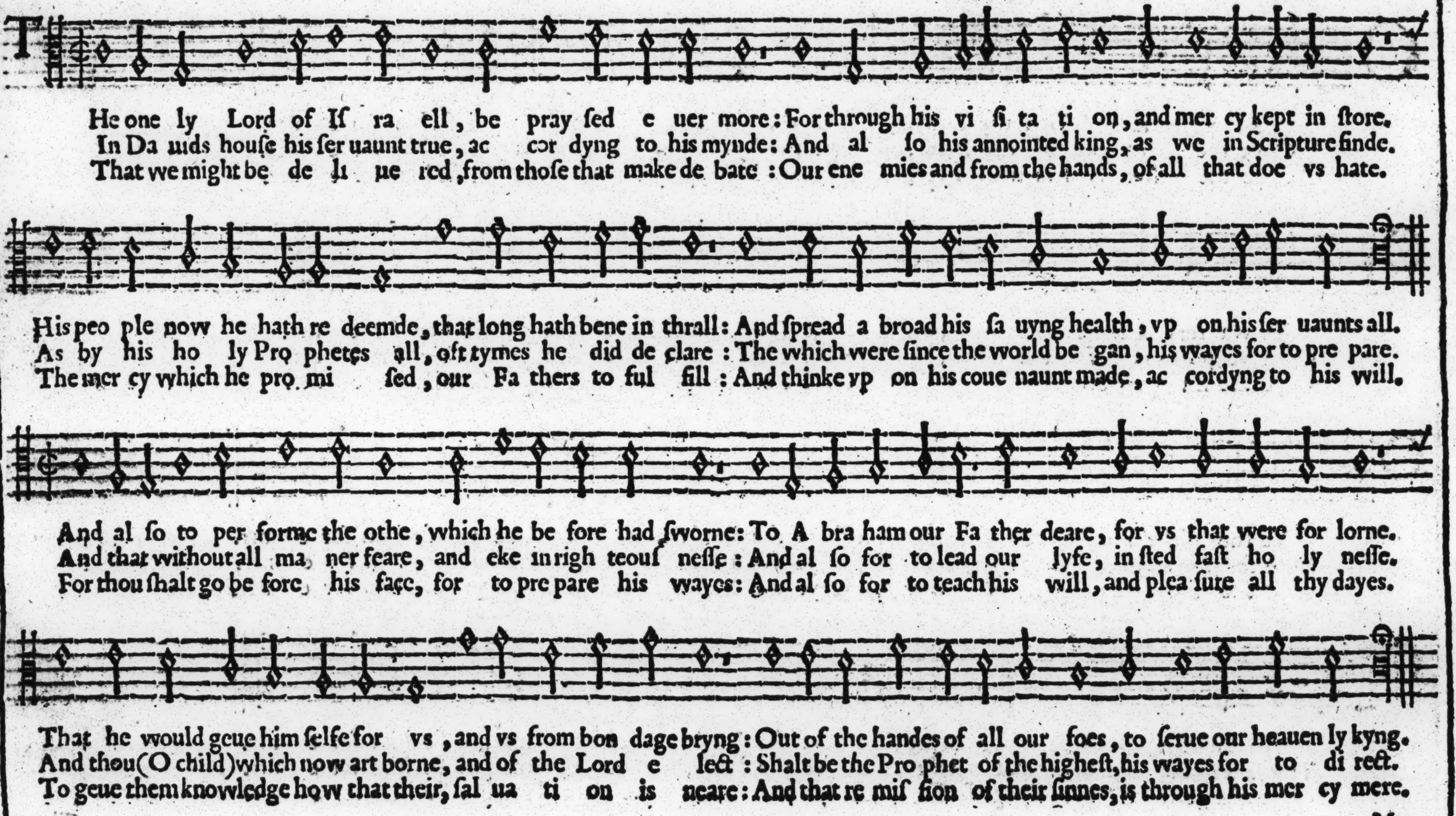

Whoſe blou dy woũdes are yet to ſee, though not with mor tall eye: Yet doe thy Saints be hold them all, and ſo I truſt ſhall I.
And as thine Aungels and thy ſaints, doe now be hold the ſame: So truſt I to poſſeſſe that place, with them to prayſe thy name.
Though ſinne doth hin der me a while, when thou ſhalt ſee it good: I ſhall en ioye the ſight of him, and ſee his woundes and bloud.
But whiles I liue here in this vale, where ſin ners doe frequent: Aſ ſiſt me e uer with thy grace, my ſin, ſtill to la ment.
Wher fore this is yet once a gayne, my ſute and my re queſt: To graunt me par don for my ſinne, that I in thee may reſt.
Leaſt that I tread in Sin ners trace, and geue them my con ſent: To dwel with them in wic ked neſſe, where to na ture is bent.
Then ſhall my hart, my tongue, and voyce, be in ſtrumentes of prayſe: And in thy Church and houſe of Saints, ſing Pſalmes to thee al wayes.
One ly thy grace muſt be my ſtay, leaſt that I fall downe flat: And beyng downe then of my ſelfe, can not re co uer that.

G.D. The ſong of S. Ambroſe called *Te Deum*. *Tenor*.

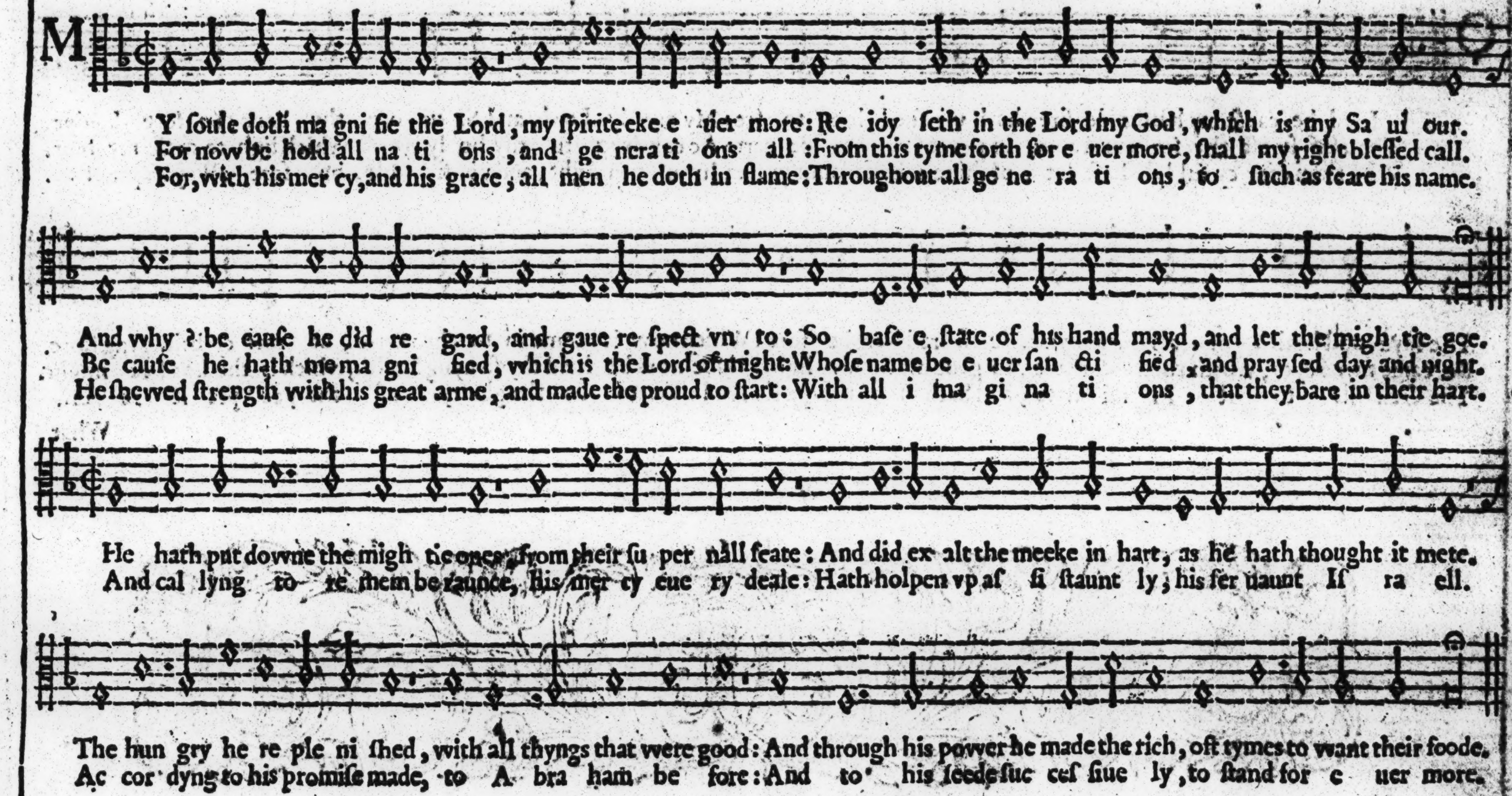

W
E prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee the one ly Lord to be: And as e ter nall Fa ther, all the earth doth wor ſhyp thee.
O Ho ly, Ho ly, Ho ly, Lord, of Sabboth Lord the God: Through heauẽ and earth thy prayſe is ſpread, and glory all a broad.
The no ble and vi cto rious hoſt, of Martyrs ſoũd thy prayſe: The holy church throughout the world, doth knowledg thee alwayes.
To thee all An gels cry, the heauens, and all the powers there in: To thee Che rube and Se ra phin, to cry they doe not linne.
Th'Apoſtles glo rious com pa ny, yeld pray ſes vn to thee: The Pro phets good ly fe low ſhyp, prayſe they con ti nual ly.
Fa ther of end leſſe Ma ie ſtie, they do ac know ledge thee: Thy Chriſt thine ho no ra ble true, and one ly Sonne to be.
The ho ly Ghoſt the com for ter, of glo ry thou art kyng: O Chriſt and of the Fa ther art, the Son e uer la ſting.
When thou hadſt o uer come of death, the ſharpe and cru ell might: Thou heauẽs kingdom didſt ſet ope, to ech be le uing wight.
Lord helpe thy ſeruaũtes whom thou haſt, bought with thy precious bloud: And in e ter nall glo ry ſet, thẽ with thy ſaints ſo good.
When ſin full mans de cay in hand, thou tookeſt to re ſtore: To be in cloſed in vir gines wombe, thou diddeſt not ab horre.
In glo ry of the Fa ther, thou doeſt ſit on Gods right hand: We truſt that thou ſhalt come our judge, our cauſe to vnderſtand.
O Lord do thou thy peo ple ſaue, bleſſe thine in he ri taunce: Lord gouerne them and Lord do thou, for euer them ad uaunce.


All ye workes of God the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the An gels of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſtar ry hea uens hye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye wa ters a boue the ſkye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O all ye powers of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhi nyng Sun and Moone, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the gliſte ryng Starres of heauen, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhowers and drop pyng dew, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the blow yng wyndes of God, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye the fire and war myng heate, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
Ye win ter and the Som mer tyde, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.
O ye the dewes and byn dyng froſtes, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and ma gni fie him for e uer.

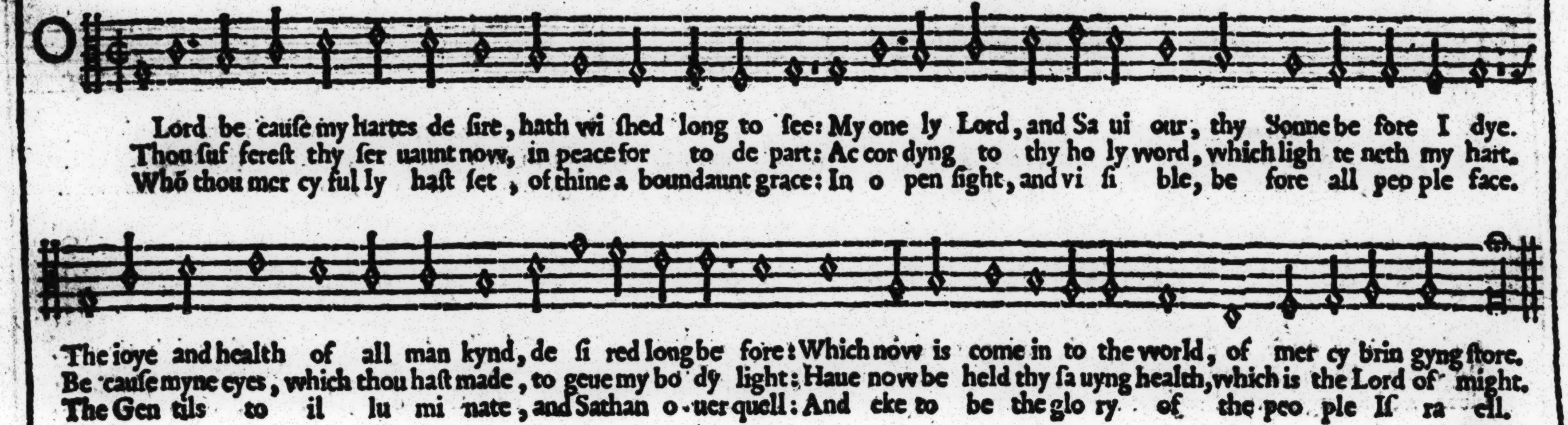
G.D. The ſong of Zacharias called *Benedictus*. *Tenor*.


T
He one ly Lord of Iſ ra ell, be pray ſed e uer more: For through his vi ſi ta ti on, and mer cy kept in ſtore.
In Da uids houſe his ſer uaunt true, ac cor dyng to his mynde: And al ſo his annointed king, as we in Scripture finde.
That we might be de li ue red, from thoſe that make de bate: Our ene mies and from the hands, of all that doe vs hate.
His peo ple now he hath re deemde, that long hath bene in thrall: And ſpread a broad his ſa uyng health, vp on his ſer uaunts all.
As by his ho ly Pro phetes all, oft tymes he did de clare: The which were ſince the world be gan, his wayes for to pre pare.
The mer cy which he pro mi ſed, our Fa thers to ful fill: And thinke vp on his coue naunt made, ac cordyng to his will.
And al ſo to per forme the othe, which he be fore had ſworne: To A bra ham our Fa ther deare, for vs that were for lorne.
And that without all ma ner feare, and eke in righ teouſ neſſe: And al ſo for to lead our lyfe, in ſted faſt ho ly neſſe.
For thou ſhalt go be fore his face, for to pre pare his wayes: And al ſo for to teach his will, and plea ſure all thy dayes.
That he would geue him ſelfe for vs, and vs from bon dage bryng: Out of the handes of all our foes, to ſerue our heauen ly kyng.
And thou (O child) which now art borne, and of the Lord e lect: Shalt be the Pro phet of the higheſt, his wayes for to di rect.
To geue them knowledge how that their, ſal ua ti on is neare: And that re miſ ſion of their ſinnes, is through his mer cy mere.

The ſong of bleſſed Mary, called *Magnificat*. **Tenor.**


M Y ſoule doth ma gni fie the Lord, my ſpirite eke e uer more: Re ioy ſeth in the Lord my God, which is my Sa ui our.
For now be hold all na ti ons, and ge nera ti ons all: From this tyme forth for e uer more, ſhall my right bleſſed call.
For, with his mer cy, and his grace, all men he doth in flame: Throughout all ge ne ra ti ons, to ſuch as feare his name.
And why? be cauſe he did re gard, and gaue re ſpect vn to: So baſe e ſtate of his hand mayd, and let the migh tie goe.
Be cauſe he hath me ma gni fied, which is the Lord of might: Whoſe name be e uer ſan cti fied, and prayſed day and night.
He ſhewed ſtrength with his great arme, and made the proud to ſtart: With all i ma gi na ti ons, that they bare in their hart.
He hath put downe the migh tie ones, from their ſu per nall ſeate: And did ex alt the meeke in hart, as he hath thought it mete.
And cal lyng to re mem be raunce, his mer cy eue ry deale: Hath holpen vp aſ ſi ſtaunt ly, his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell.
The hun gry he re ple ni ſhed, with all thyngs that were good: And through his power he made the rich, oft tymes to want their foode.
Ac cor dyng to his promiſe made, to A bra ham be fore: And to his ſeede ſuc ceſ ſiue ly, to ſtand for e uer more.

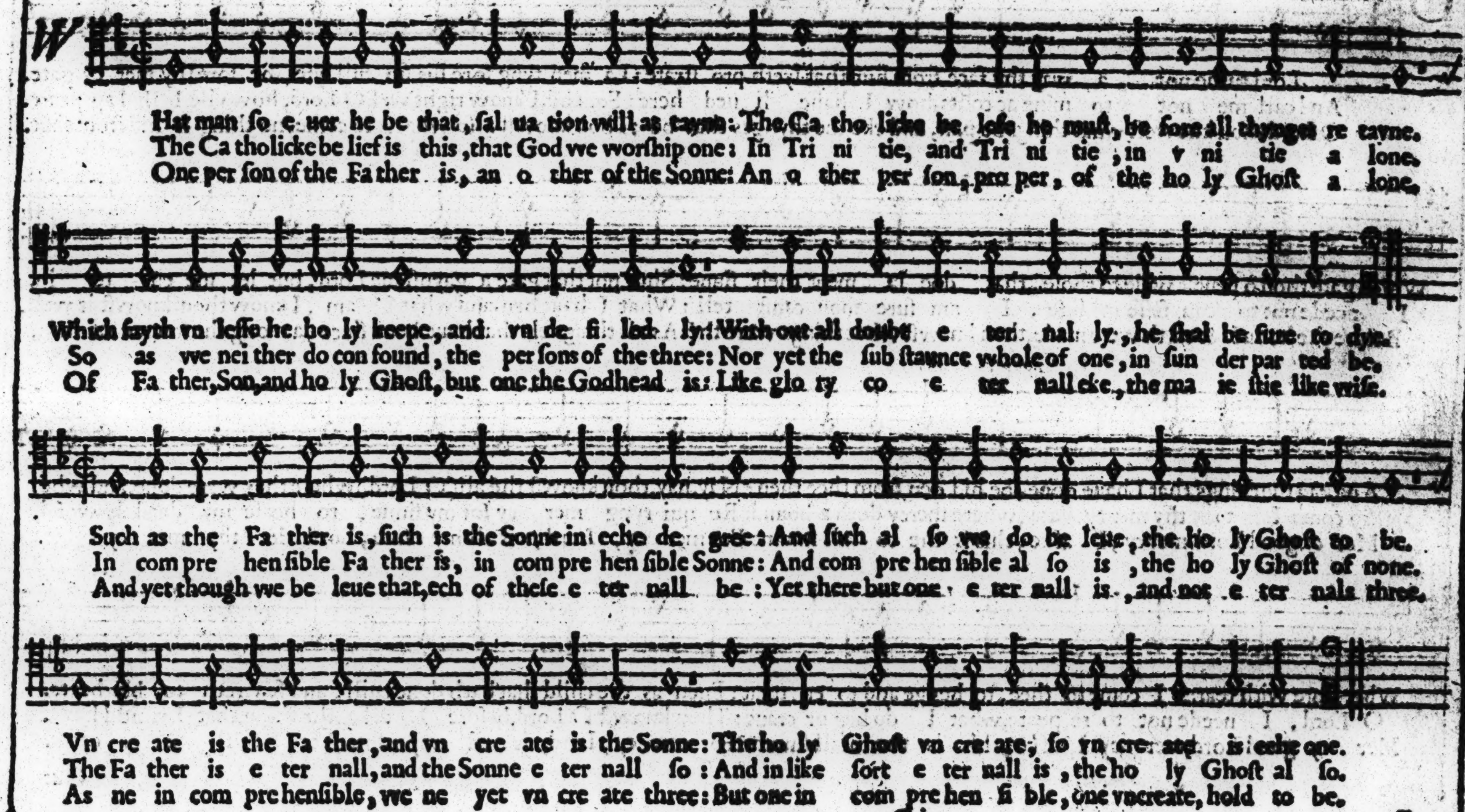
G.D. The ſong of Symeon called *Nunc dimittis*. Tenor.

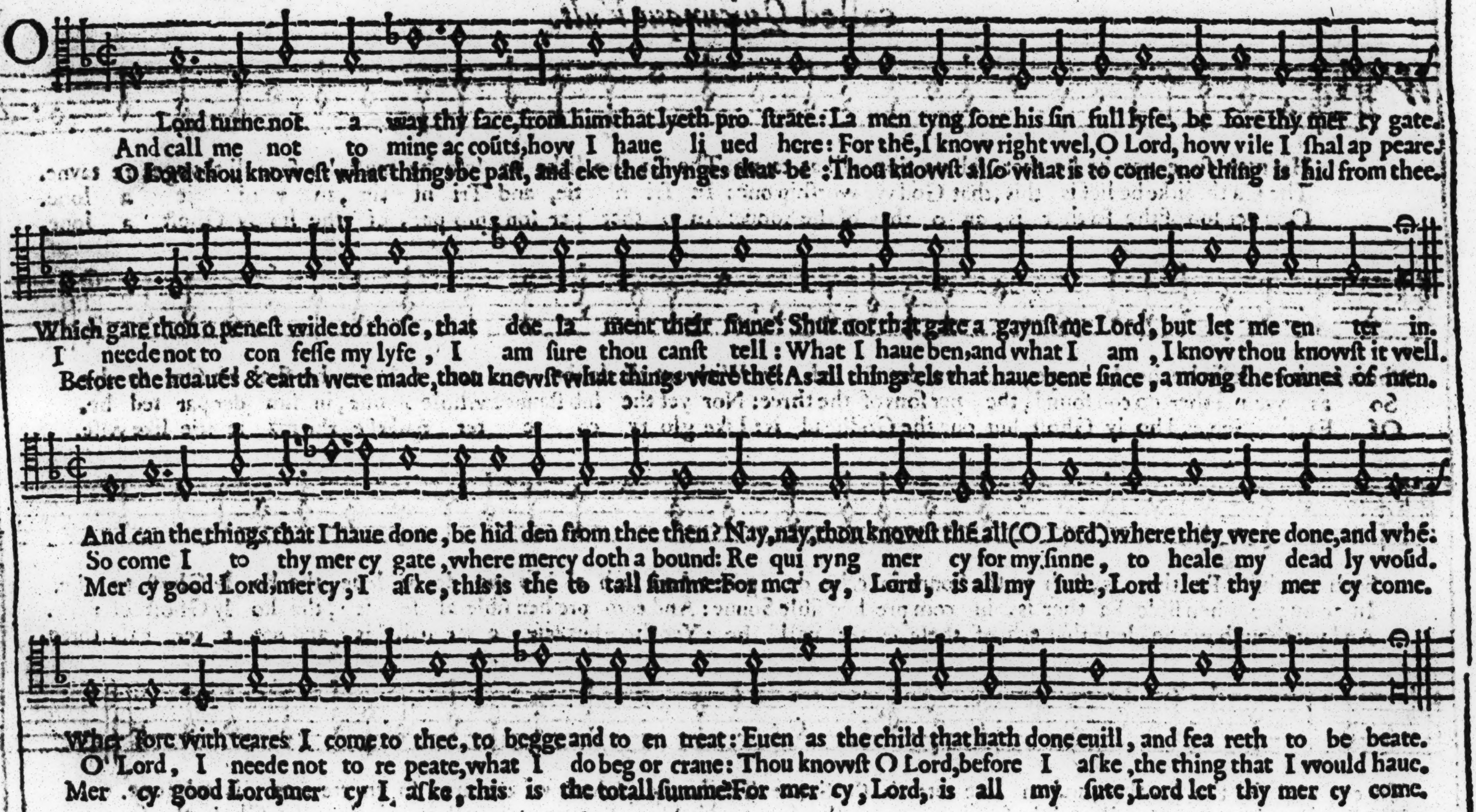

Lord be cauſe my hartes de ſire, hath wi ſhed long to ſee: My one ly Lord, and Sa ui our, thy Sonne be fore I dye.
Thou ſuf fereſt thy ſer uaunt now, in peace for to de part: Ac cor dyng to thy ho ly word, which ligh te neth my hart.
Whō thou mer cy ful ly haſt ſet, of thine a boundaunt grace: In o pen ſight, and vi ſi ble, be fore all peo ple face.
The ioye and health of all man kynd, de ſi red long be fore: Which now is come in to the world, of mer cy brin gyng ſtore.
Be cauſe myne eyes, which thou haſt made, to geue my bo dy light: Haue now be held thy ſa uyng health, which is the Lord of might.
The Gen tils to il lu mi nate, and Sathan o uer quell: And eke to be the glo ry of the peo ple Iſ ra ell.

What

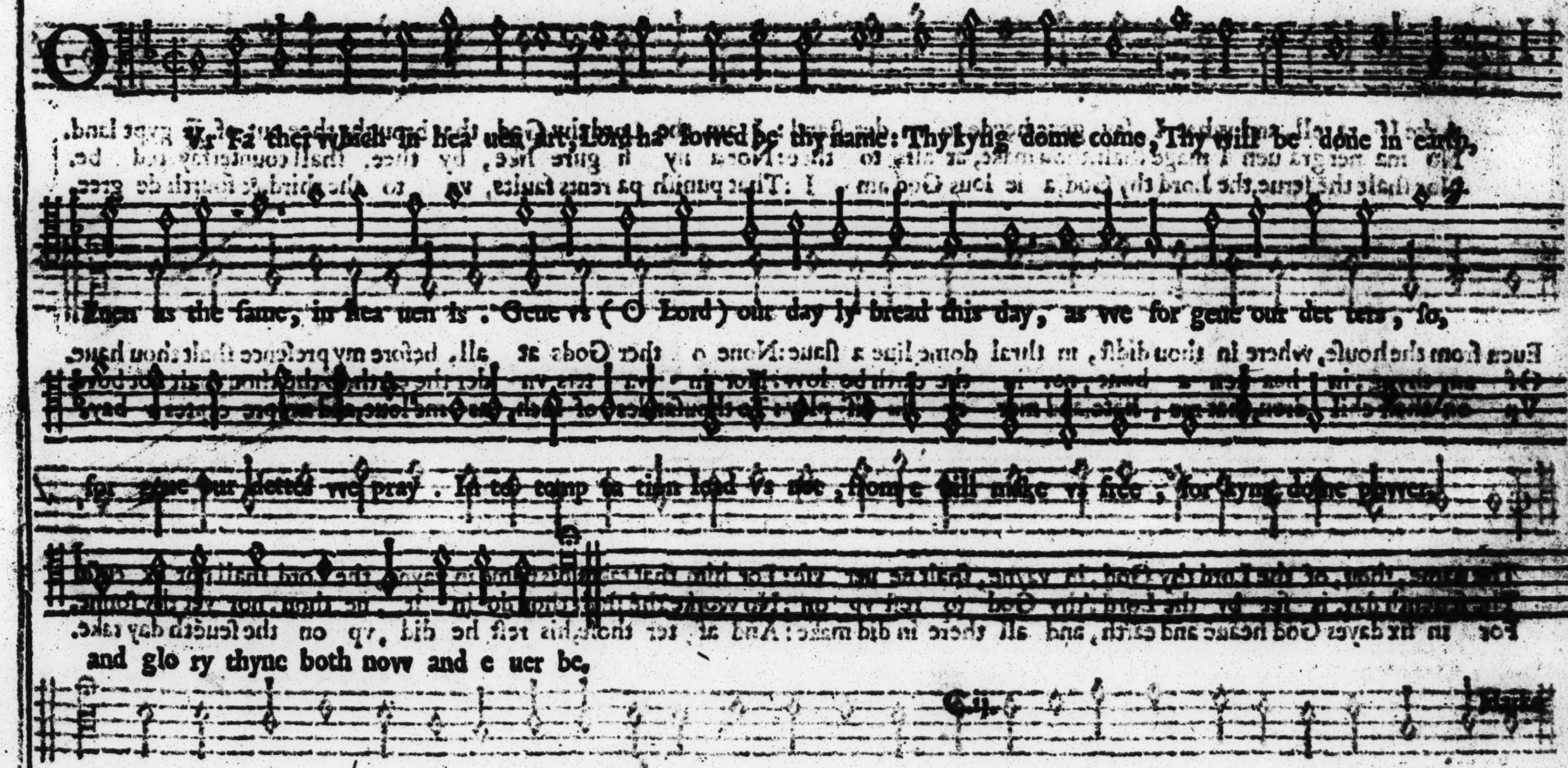
The Symbole or Creede of Athanasius.

called *Quicunque Vult.*


W
Hat man ſo e uer he be that, ſal ua tion will at tayne: The Ca tho licke be leſe he muſt, be fore all thynges re tayne.
The Ca tholicke be lief is this, that God we worſhip one: In Tri ni tie, and Tri ni tie, in v ni tie a lone.
One per ſon of the Fa ther is, an o ther of the Sonne: An o ther per ſon, pro per, of the ho ly Ghoſt a lone.
Which fayth vn leſſe he ho ly keepe, and vn de fi led ly: With out all doubt e ter nal ly, he ſhal be ſure to dye.
So as we nei ther do con found, the per ſons of the three: Nor yet the ſub ſtaunce whole of one, in ſun der par ted be.
Of Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, but one the Godhead is: Like glo ry co e ter nall eke, the ma ie ſtie like wiſe.
Such as the Fa ther is, ſuch is the Sonne in eche de gree: And ſuch al ſo we do be leue, the ho ly Ghoſt to be.
In com pre hen ſible Fa ther is, in com pre hen ſible Sonne: And com pre hen ſible al ſo is, the ho ly Ghoſt of none.
And yet though we be leue that, ech of theſe e ter nall be: Yet there but one e ter nall is, and not e ter nals three.
Vn cre ate is the Fa ther, and vn cre ate is the Sonne: The ho ly Ghoſt vn cre ate, ſo vn cre ate is eche one.
The Fa ther is e ter nall, and the Sonne e ter nall ſo: And in like ſort e ter nall is, the ho ly Ghoſt al ſo.
As ne in com pre henſible, we ne yet vn cre ate three: But one in com pre hen ſi ble, one vncreate, hold to be.

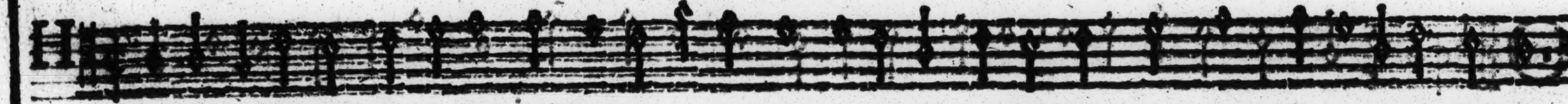

O Lord turne not a way thy face, from him that lyeth pro ſtrate: La men tyng ſore his ſin full lyſe, be fore thy mer cy gate.
And call me not to mine ac coũts, how I haue li ued here: For thẽ, I know right wel, O Lord, how vile I ſhal ap peare.
O Lord thou knoweſt what things be paſt, and eke the thynges that be: Thou knowſt alſo what is to come, no thing is hid from thee.
Which gate thou o peneſt wide to thoſe, that doe la ment their ſinne: Shut not that gate a gaynſt me Lord, but let me en ter in.
I neede not to con feſſe my lyfe, I am ſure thou canſt tell: What I haue ben, and what I am, I know thou knowſt it well.
Before the heauẽs & earth were made, thou knewſt what things were thẽ: As all things els that haue bene ſince, a mong the ſonnes of men.
And can the things that I haue done, be hid den from thee then? Nay, nay, thou knoweſt thẽ all (O Lord) where they were done, and whẽ.
So come I to thy mer cy gate, where mercy doth a bound: Re qui ryng mer cy for my ſinne, to heale my dead ly woũd.
Mer cy good Lord, mer cy, I aſke, this is the to tall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mer cy come.
Wher fore with teares I come to thee, to begge and to en treat: Euen as the child that hath done euill, and fea reth to be beate.
O Lord, I neede not to re peate, what I do beg or craue: Thou knowſt O Lord, before I aſke, the thing that I would haue.
Mer cy good Lord, mer cy I aſke, this is the totall ſumme: For mer cy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mer cy come.

Our

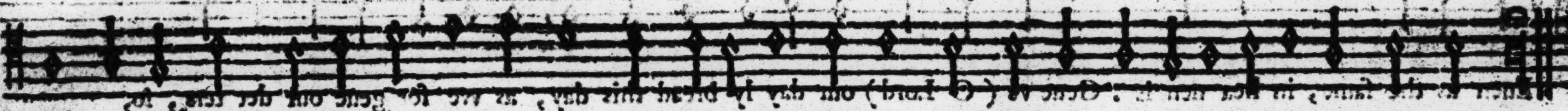


Our Father which in heauen art, Lord halowed be thy name: Thy kyngdome come, Thy will be done in earth, Euen as the same, in heauen is. Geue vs (O Lord) our dayly bread this day, as we forgeue our detters, so, forgeue our dettes we pray. Into temptation lead vs not, from euill make vs free, for kyngdome power, and glory thyne both now and euer be.

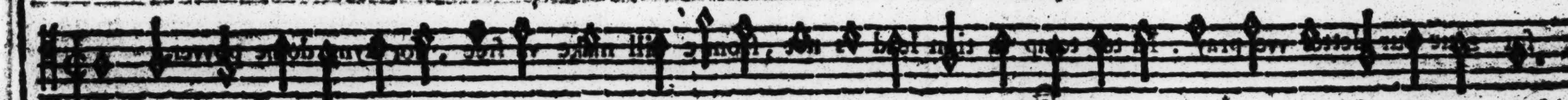
The x. Cōmaūdements. *Audi Iſraell. Exod.xx.* Tenor.



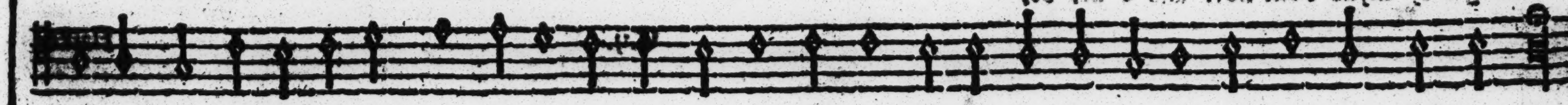
Harke Iſ ra ell, and what I ſay, geue heede to vn der ſtand: I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of E gypt land.
No ma ner gra uen I mage ſhalt, thou make, at all, to thee: Nor a ny fi gure like, by thee, ſhall counterfay ted be.
Nor ſhalt the ſerue, the Lord thy God, a ie lous God am I: That puniſh pa rents faults, vn to the third, & fourth de gree.



Euen from the houſe, where in thou didſt, in thral dome liue a ſlaue: None o ther Gods at all, before my preſence ſhalt thou haue.
Of any thyng, in hea uen a boue, nor in the earth be low: Nor in wa ters vn der the earth, to the thou ſhalt not bowe.
Vp on theyr chil dren, that me hate, and mer cy I do di ſplay: To thouſandes of ſuch, as me loue, and my pre ceptes o bay.



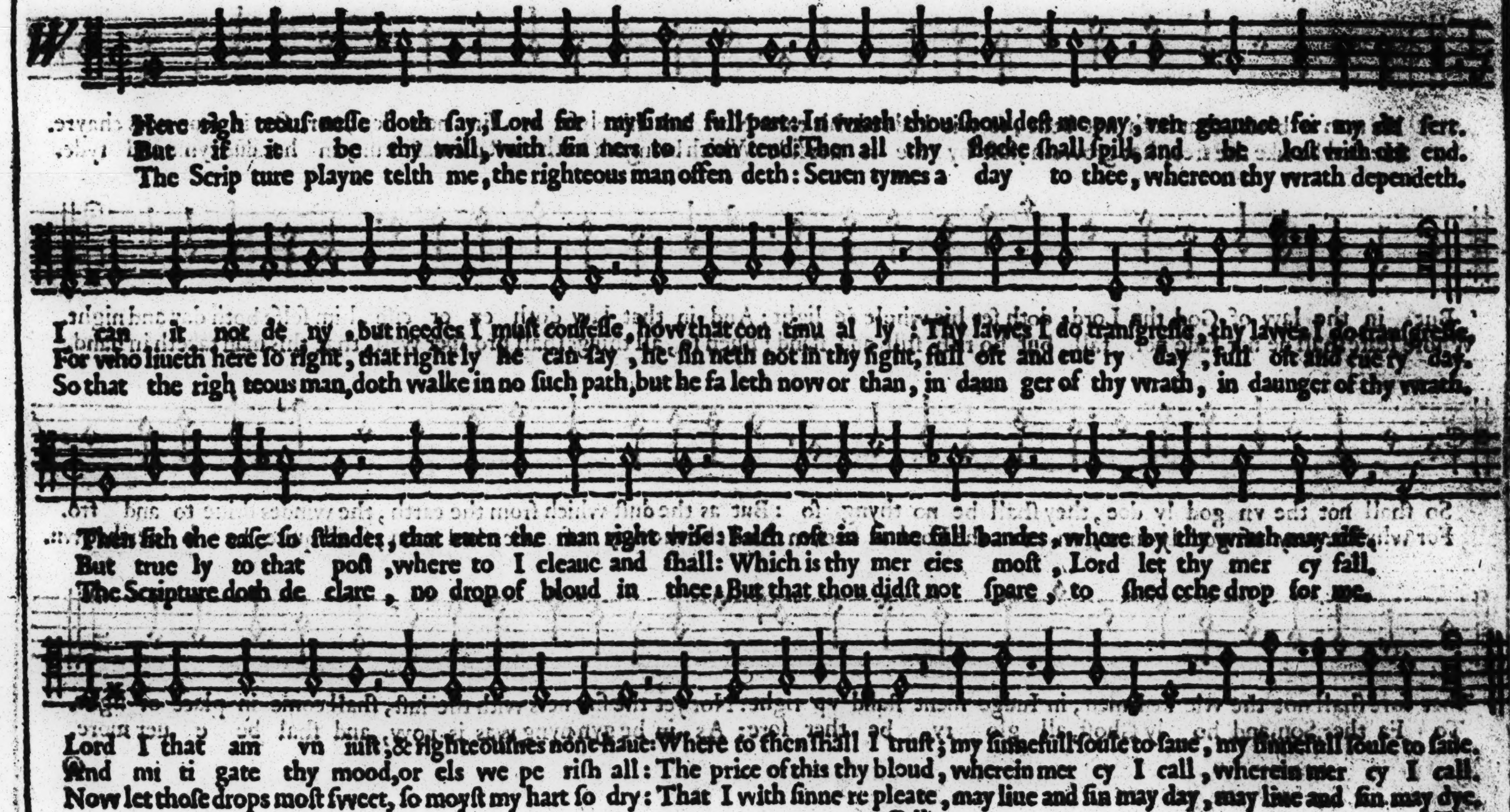
The name, then, of the Lord thy God, in vayne, ſhalt ne uer vſe: For him that takes his name in vayne, the Lord ſhall not ex cuſe.
The ſeuenth day, is ſet by the Lord, thy God to reſt vp on: No worke the ſhalt thou do in it, ne thou, nor yet thy ſonne.
For in ſix dayes God heauē and earth, and all there in did make: And af ter thoſe, his reſt he did, vp on the ſeuēth day take.



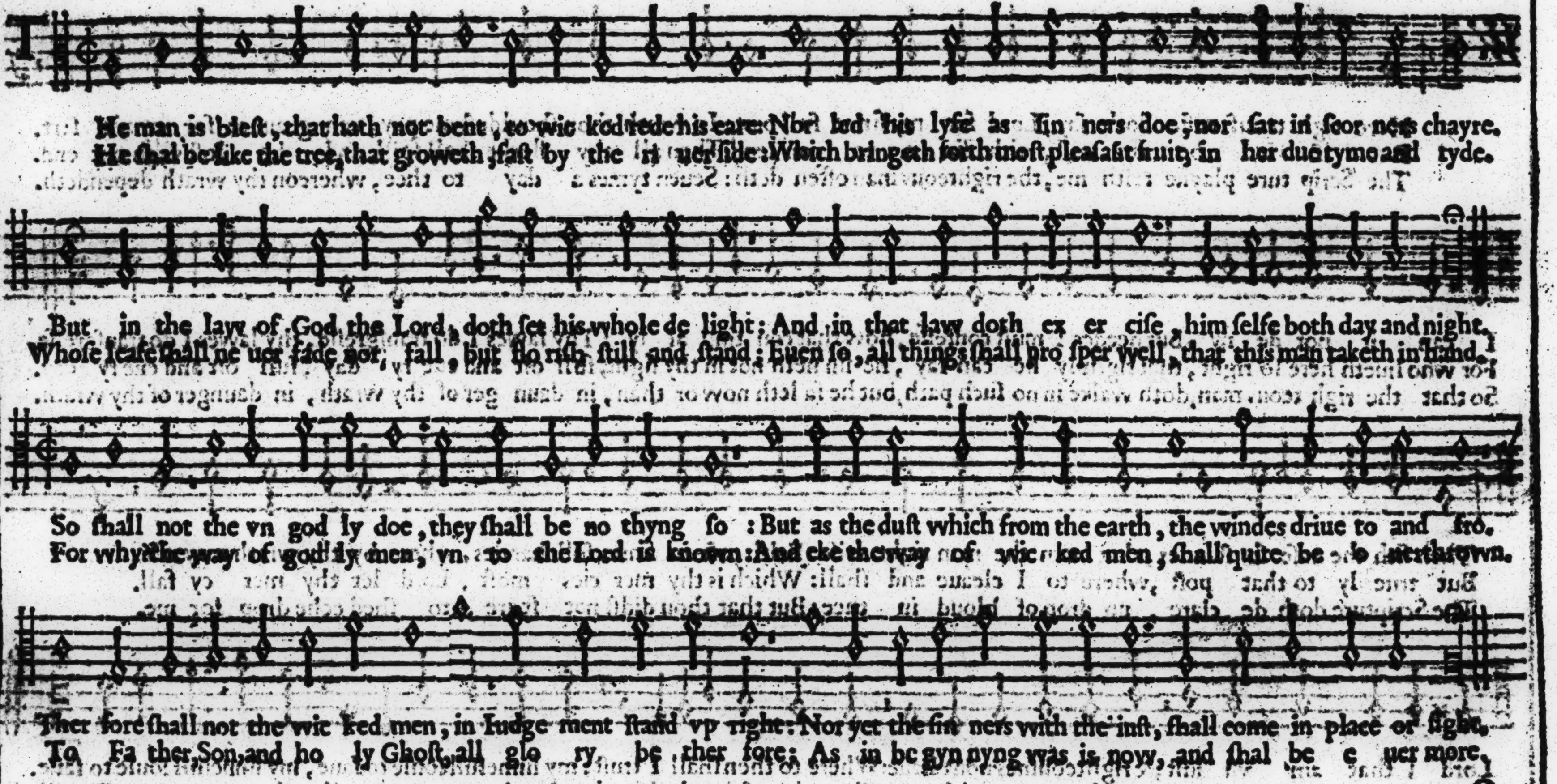
Re mem ber that thou ho ly keepe, the ſa cred Sab both day: Sixe dayes thou la bour ſhalt and doe, thy neede full workes al way.
Thy daughter ſeruaunt, nor handmayd, thine Oxe, ne yet thine Aſſe: Nor ſtraun ger, that with in thy gates, hath his a by dyng place.
Wherfore he bleſt the day that he, for re ſtyng did or dayne; And ſa cred to him ſelfe a lone, ap poin ted to re mayne.

Where

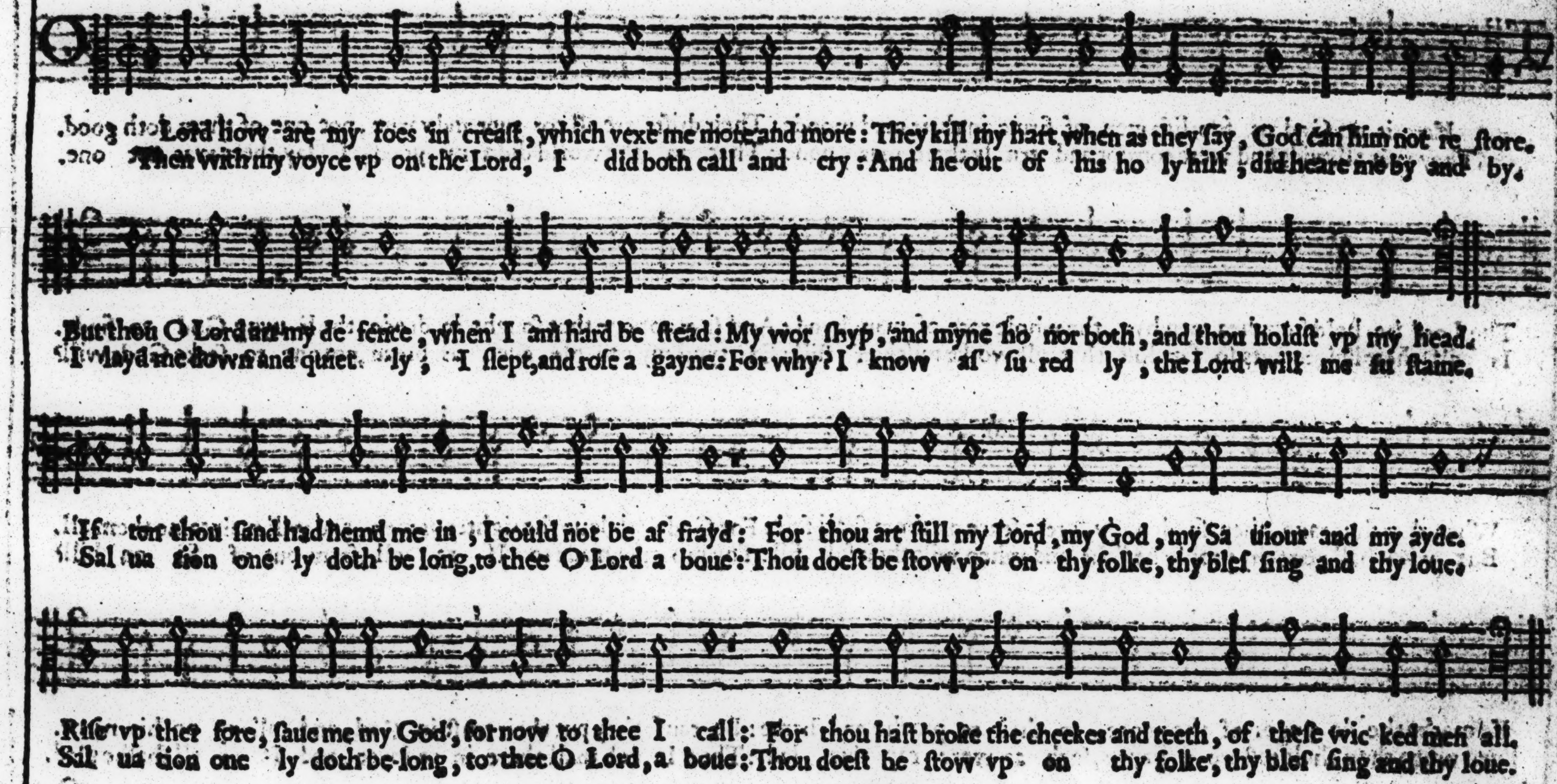
G.D. The complaint of a Sinner. *Tenor.*


Where righteouſneſſe doth ſay, Lord for my ſinfull part: In wrath thou ſhouldeſt me pay, vengeaunce for my deſert.
But if it be thy will, with ſinners to contend: Then all thy flocke ſhall ſpill, and be loſt with the end.
The Scripture playne telth me, the righteous man offendeth: Seuen tymes a day to thee, whereon thy wrath dependeth.
I can it not deny, but needes I muſt confeſſe, how that continually: Thy lawes I do tranſgreſſe, thy lawes I do tranſgreſſe.
For who liueth here ſo right, that rightly he can ſay, he ſinneth not in thy ſight, full oft and euery day, full oft and euery day.
So that the righteous man, doth walke in no ſuch path, but he faleth now or than, in daunger of thy wrath, in daunger of thy wrath.
Then ſith the caſe ſo ſtandes, that euen the man right wiſe: Falleth oft in ſinnefull bandes, whereby thy wrath may riſe.
But truely to that poſt, whereto I cleaue and ſhall: Which is thy mercies moſt, Lord let thy mercy fall.
The Scripture doth declare, no drop of bloud in thee: But that thou didſt not ſpare, to ſhed eche drop for me.
Lord I that am vniuſt, & righteouſnes none haue: Whereto then ſhall I truſt, my ſinnefull ſoule to ſaue, my ſinnefull ſoule to ſaue.
And mitigate thy mood, or els we periſh all: The price of this thy bloud, wherein mercy I call, wherein mercy I call.
Now let thoſe drops moſt ſweet, ſo moyſt my hart ſo dry: That I with ſinne repleate, may liue and ſin may day, may liue and ſin may dye.

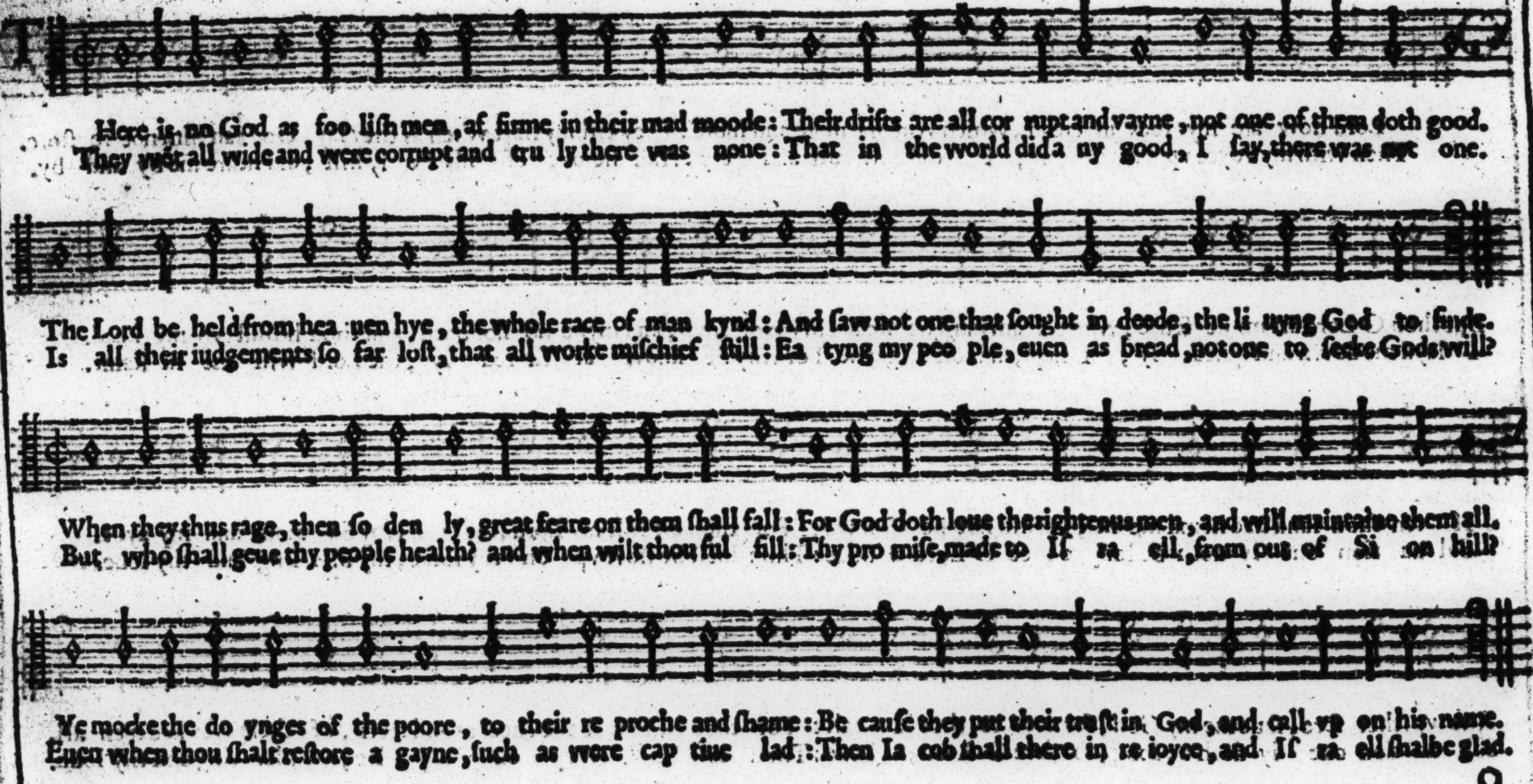
¶ Here begynneth the Pſalmes.

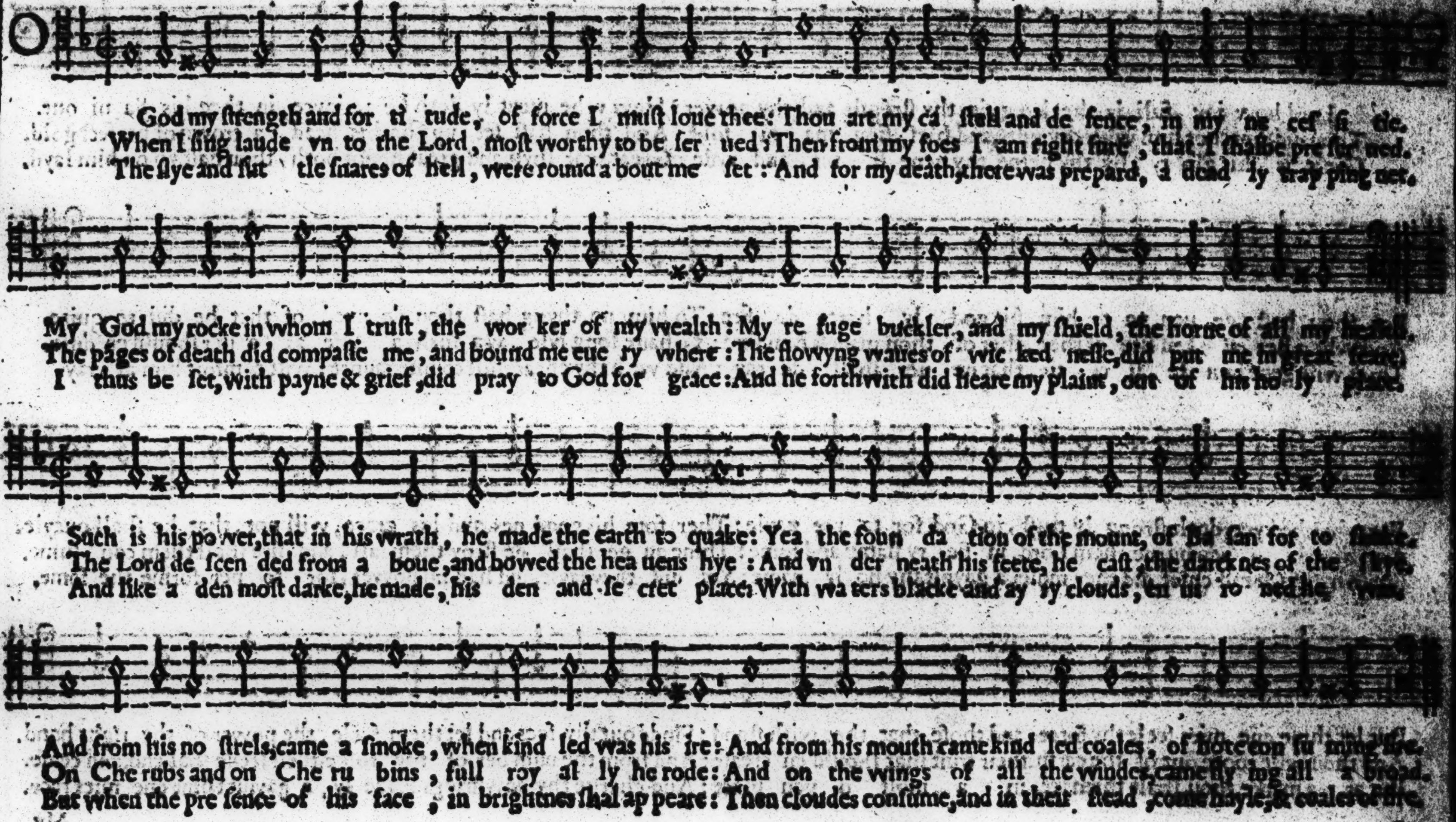

T
He man is bleſt, that hath not bent, to wic ked rede his eare: Nor led his lyfe as ſin ners doe, nor ſat in ſcor ners chayre.
He ſhal be like the tree, that groweth faſt by the ri uer ſide: Which bringeth forth moſt pleaſant fruit in her due tyme and tyde.
But in the law of God the Lord, doth ſet his whole de light: And in that law doth ex er ciſe, him ſelfe both day and night.
Whoſe leafe ſhall ne uer fade nor fall, but flo riſh ſtill and ſtand: Euen ſo, all things ſhall pro ſper well, that this man taketh in hand.
So ſhall not the vn god ly doe, they ſhall be no thyng ſo: But as the duſt which from the earth, the windes driue to and fro.
For why the way of god ly men, vn to the Lord is known: And eke the way of wic ked men, ſhall quite be ouerthrown.
Ther fore ſhall not the wic ked men, in Iudge ment ſtand vp right: Nor yet the ſin ners with the iuſt, ſhall come in place of ſight.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

The third Pſalme.

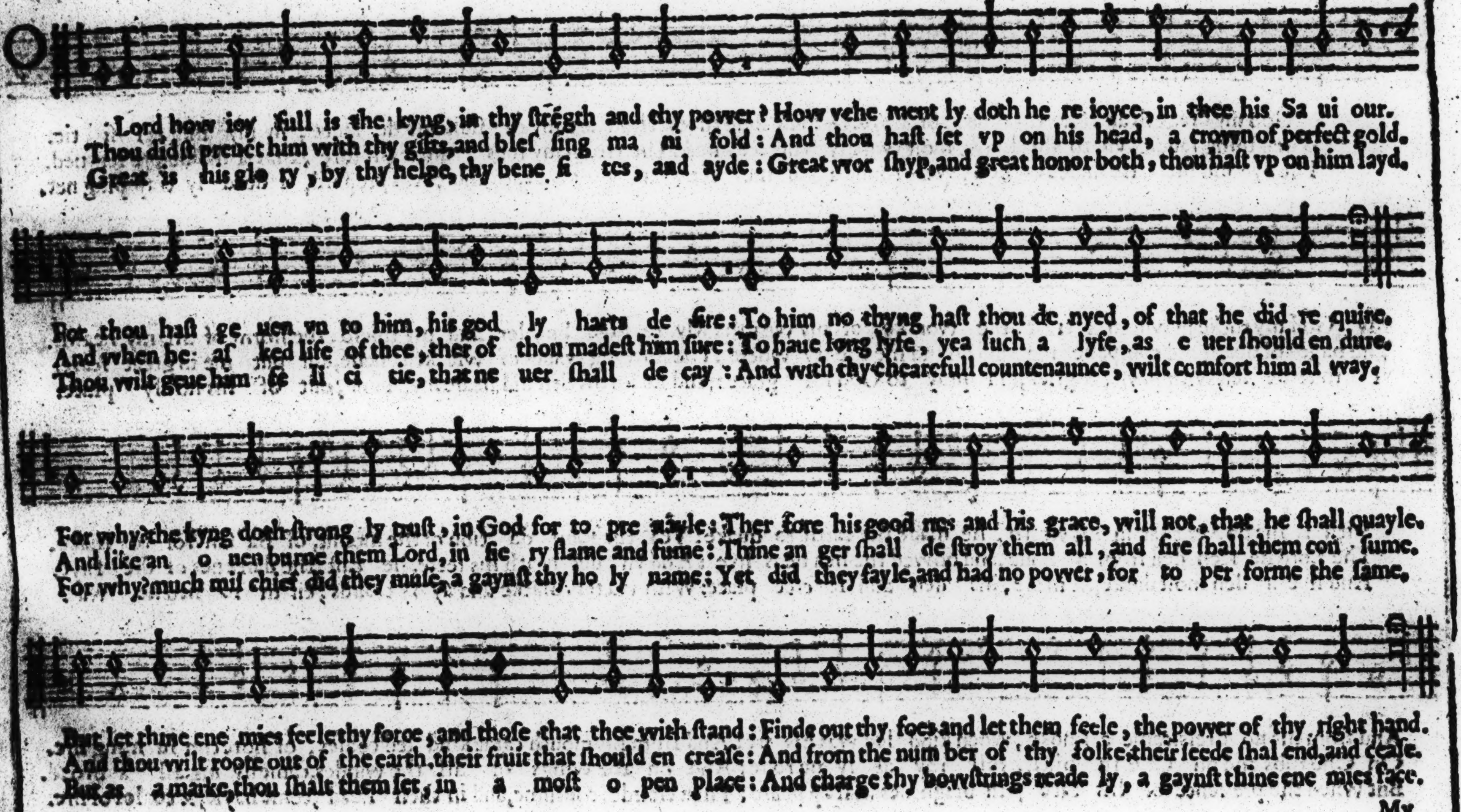

O Lord how are my foes in creaſt, which vexe me more and more: They kill my hart when as they ſay, God can him not re ſtore.
Then with my voyce vp on the Lord, I did both call and cry: And he out of his ho ly hill, did heare me by and by.
But thou O Lord art my de fence, when I am hard be ſtead: My wor ſhyp, and myne ho nor both, and thou holdſt vp my head.
I layd me down and quiet ly; I ſlept, and roſe a gayne: For why? I know aſ ſu red ly, the Lord will me ſu ſtaine.
If ten thou ſand had hemd me in, I could not be af frayd: For thou art ſtill my Lord, my God, my Sa uiour and my ayde.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be long, to thee O Lord a boue: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue.
Riſe vp ther fore, ſaue me my God, for now to thee I call: For thou haſt broke the cheekes and teeth, of theſe wic ked men all.
Sal ua tion one ly doth be-long, to thee O Lord, a boue: Thou doeſt be ſtow vp on thy folke, thy bleſ ſing and thy loue.

G.D. The xiiij. Pſalme. Tenor.


T
Here is no God as foo liſh men, af firme in their mad moode: Their drifts are all cor rupt and vayne, not one of them doth good.
They went all wide and were corrupt and tru ly there was none: That in the world did a ny good, I ſay, there was not one.
The Lord be held from hea uen hye, the whole race of man kynd: And ſaw not one that ſought in deede, the li uyng God to finde.
Is all their iudgements ſo far loſt, that all worke miſchief ſtill: Ea tyng my peo ple, euen as bread, not one to ſeeke Gods will?
When they thus rage, then ſo den ly, great feare on them ſhall fall: For God doth loue the righteous men, and will maintaine them all.
But who ſhall geue thy people health? and when wilt thou ful fill: Thy pro miſe, made to Iſ ra ell, from out of Si on hill?
Ye mocke the do ynges of the poore, to their re proche and ſhame: Be cauſe they put their truſt in God, and call vp on his name.
Euen when thou ſhalt reſtore a gayne, ſuch as were cap tiue lad: Then Ia cob ſhall there in re ioyce, and Iſ ra ell ſhalbe glad.

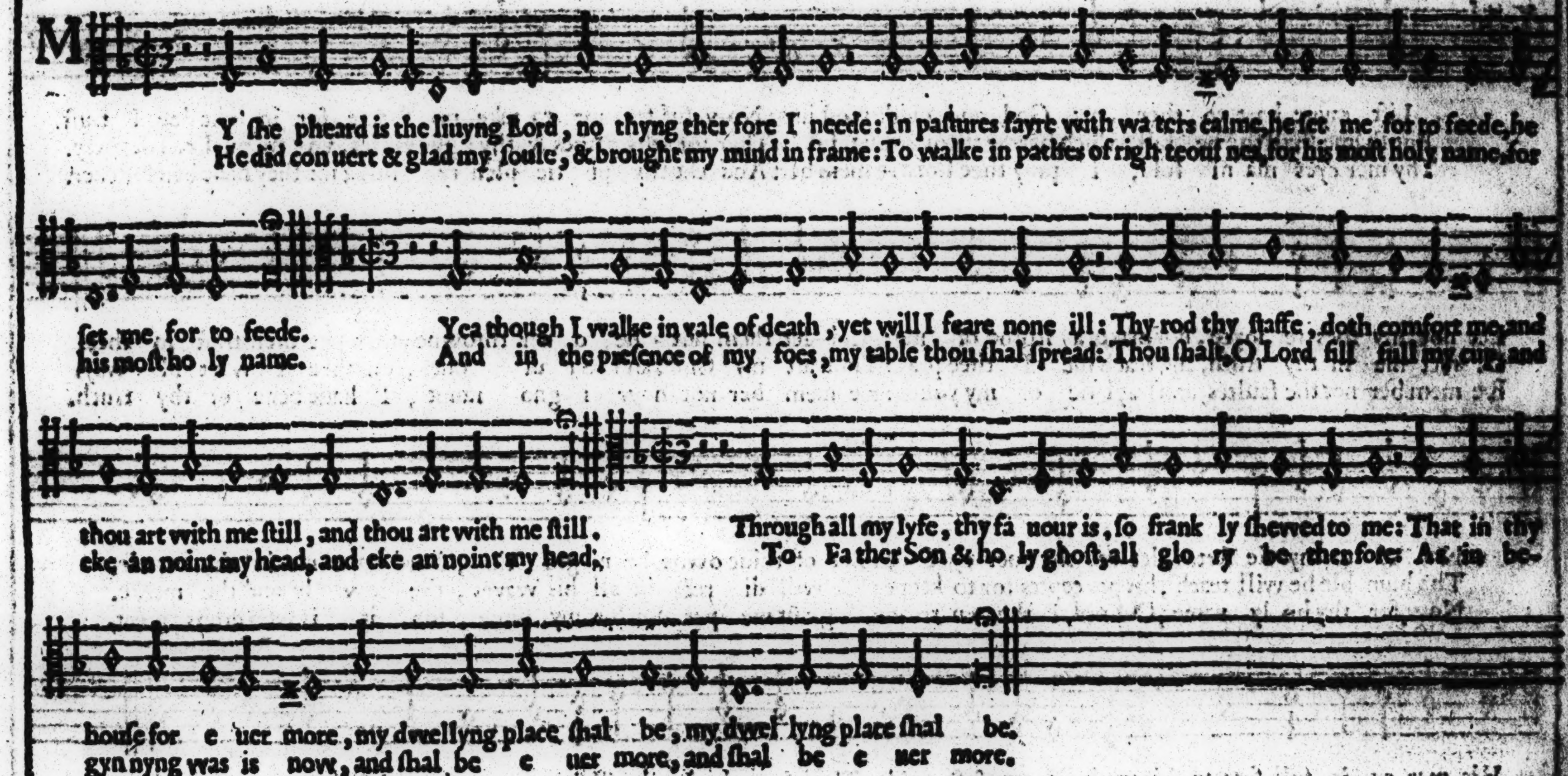

O God my ſtrength and for ti tude, of force I muſt loue thee: Thou art my ca ſtell and de fence, in my ne ceſ ſi tie.
When I ſing laude vn to the Lord, moſt worthy to be ſer ued: Then from my foes I am right ſure, that I ſhalbe pre ſer ued.
The ſlye and ſut tle ſnares of hell, were round a bout me ſet: And for my death, there was prepard, a dead ly trap ping net.
My God my rocke in whom I truſt, the wor ker of my wealth: My re fuge buckler, and my ſhield, the horne of all my health.
The pages of death did compaſſe me, and bound me eue ry where: The flowyng waues of wic ked neſſe, did put me in great feare.
I thus be ſet, with payne & grief, did pray to God for grace: And he forthwith did heare my plaint, out of his ho ly place.
Such is his po wer, that in his wrath, he made the earth to quake: Yea the foun da tion of the mount, of Ba ſan for to ſhake.
The Lord de ſcen ded from a boue, and bowed the hea uens hye: And vn der neath his feete, he caſt, the darknes of the ſkye.
And like a den moſt darke, he made, his den and ſe cret place: With wa ters blacke and ay ry clouds, en ui ro ned he was.
And from his no ſtrels, came a ſmoke, when kind led was his ire: And from his mouth came kind led coales, of hote con ſu ming fire.
On Che rubs and on Che ru bins, full roy al ly he rode: And on the wings of all the windes, came fly ing all a broad.
But when the pre ſence of his face, in brightnes ſhal ap peare: Then cloudes conſume, and in their ſtead, come hayle, & coales of fire.

The xxi. Pſalme.

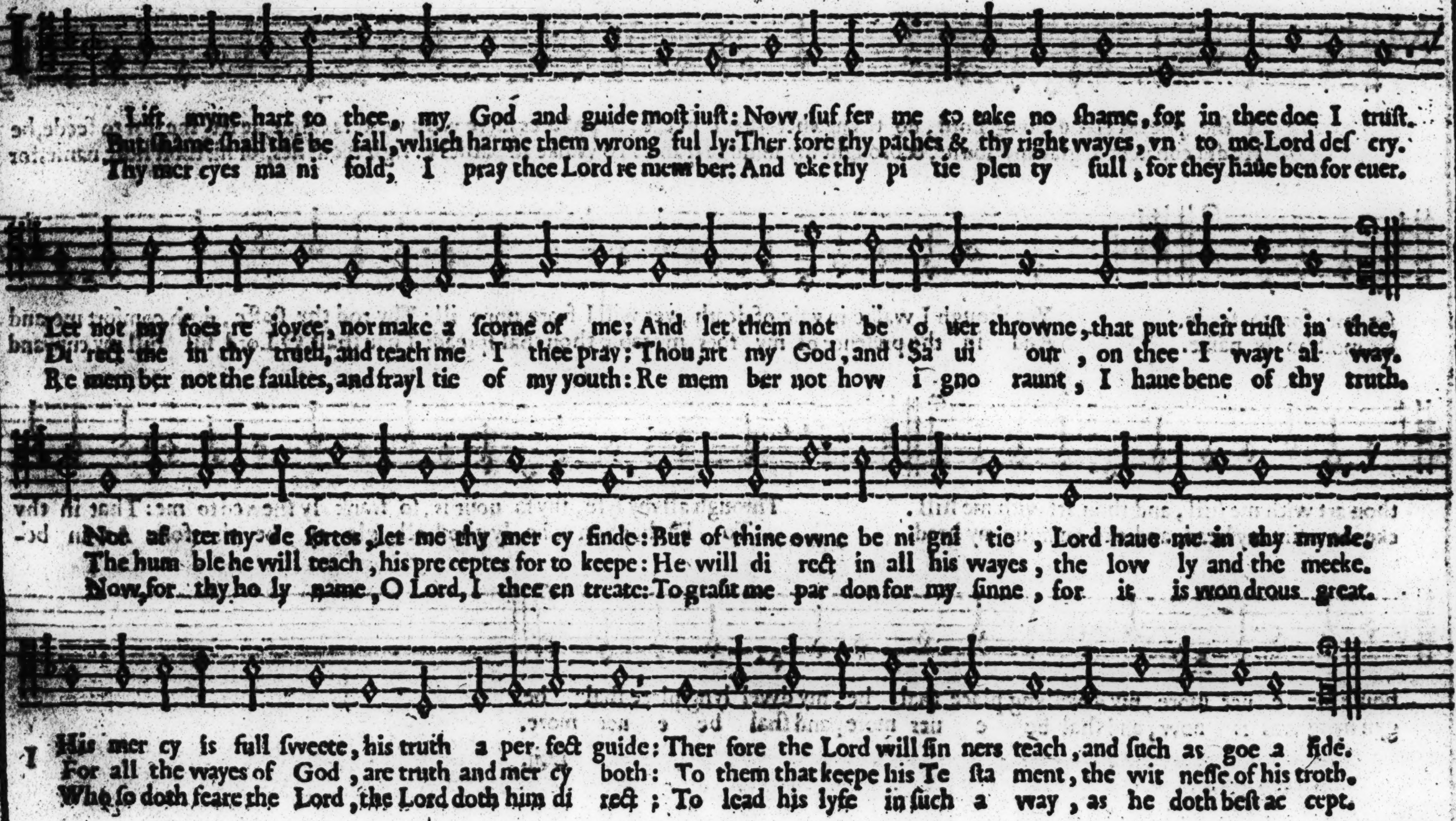

Lord how ioyfull is the kyng, in thy ſtrẽgth and thy power? How vehemently doth he reioyce, in thee his Sauiour.
Thou didſt preuẽt him with thy gifts, and bleſſing manifold: And thou haſt ſet vpon his head, a crown of perfect gold.
Great is his glory, by thy helpe, thy benefites, and ayde: Great worſhyp, and great honor both, thou haſt vpon him layd.
For thou haſt geuen vnto him, his godly harts deſire: To him no thyng haſt thou denyed, of that he did require.
And when he aſked life of thee, therof thou madeſt him ſure: To haue long lyfe, yea ſuch a lyfe, as euer ſhould endure.
Thou wilt geue him felicitie, that neuer ſhall decay: And with thy chearfull countenaunce, wilt comfort him alway.
For why? the kyng doth ſtrongly truſt, in God for to preuayle: Therfore his goodnes and his grace, will not, that he ſhall quayle.
And like an ouen burne them Lord, in fiery flame and fume: Thine anger ſhall deſtroy them all, and fire ſhall them conſume.
For why? much miſchief did they muſe, agaynſt thy holy name: Yet did they fayle, and had no power, for to performe the ſame.
But let thine enemies feele thy force, and thoſe that thee withſtand: Finde out thy foes and let them feele, the power of thy right hand.
And thou wilt roote out of the earth, their fruit that ſhould encreaſe: And from the number of thy folke, their ſeede ſhal end, and ceaſe.
But as a marke, thou ſhalt them ſet, in a moſt open place: And charge thy bowſtrings readely, agaynſt thine enemies face.

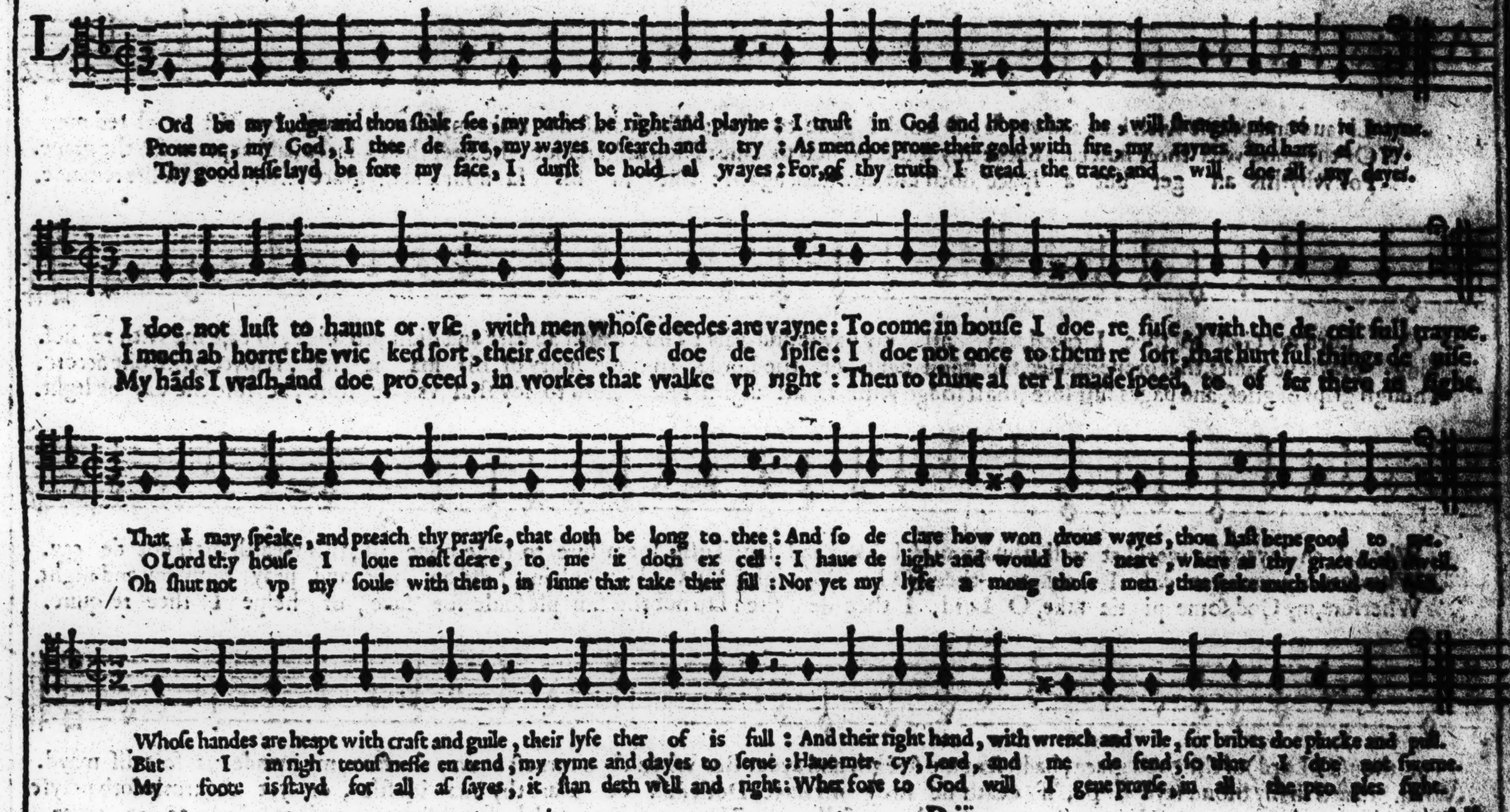
My

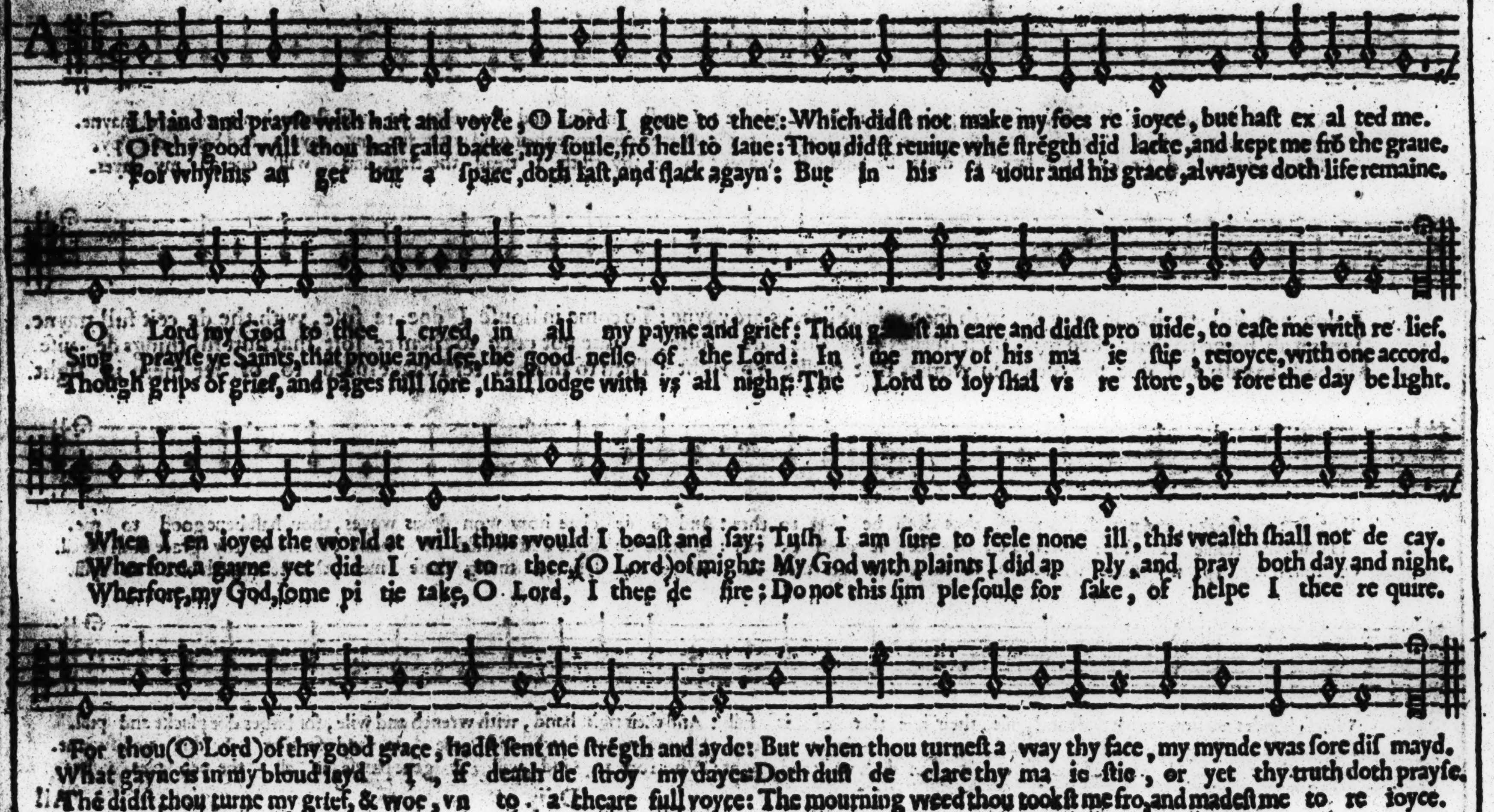
G.D. **The xxiij. Pſalme.** **Tenor.**


M
Y ſhe pheard is the liuyng Lord, no thyng ther fore I neede: In paſtures fayre with wa ters calme, he ſet me for to feede, he
He did con uert & glad my ſoule, & brought my mind in frame: To walke in pathes of righ teouſ nes, for his moſt holy name, for
ſet me for to feede. Yea though I walke in vale of death, yet will I feare none ill: Thy rod thy ſtaffe, doth comfort me, and
his moſt ho ly name. And in the preſence of my foes, my table thou ſhal ſpread: Thou ſhalt, O Lord, fill full my cup, and
thou art with me ſtill, and thou art with me ſtill. Through all my lyfe, thy fa uour is, ſo frank ly ſhewed to me: That in thy
eke an noint my head, and eke an noint my head. To Fa ther Son & ho ly ghoſt, all glo ry be then fore: As in be-
houſe for e uer more, my dwellyng place ſhal be, my dwel lyng place ſhal be.
gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more, and ſhal be e uer more.

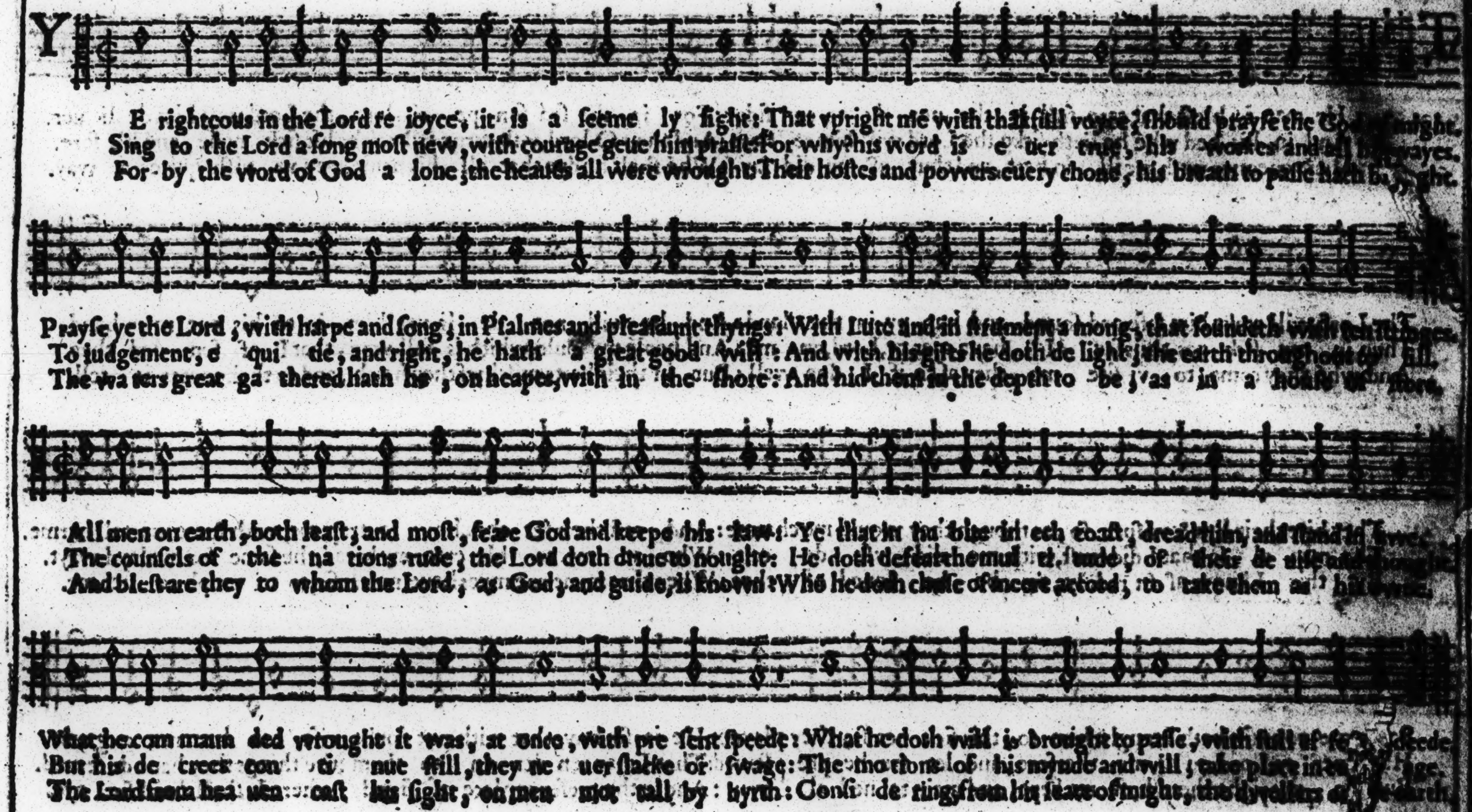
The xxv. Pſalme.


Lift myne hart to thee, my God and guide moſt iuſt: Now ſuf fer me to take no ſhame, for in thee doe I truſt.
But ſhame ſhall the be fall, which harme them wrong ful ly: Ther fore thy pathes & thy right wayes, vn to me Lord deſ cry.
Thy mer cyes ma ni fold, I pray thee Lord re mem ber: And eke thy pi tie plen ty full, for they haue ben for euer.
Let not my foes re ioyce, nor make a ſcorne of me: And let them not be o uer throwne, that put their truſt in thee.
Di rect me in thy truth, and teach me I thee pray: Thou art my God, and Sa ui our, on thee I wayt al way.
Re mem ber not the faultes, and frayl tie of my youth: Re mem ber not how i gno raunt, I haue bene of thy truth.
Not af ter my de ſires, let me thy mer cy finde: But of thine owne be ni gni tie, Lord haue me in thy mynde.
The hum ble he will teach, his pre ceptes for to keepe: He will di rect in all his wayes, the low ly and the meeke.
Now, for thy ho ly name, O Lord, I thee en treate: To graūt me par don for my ſinne, for it is wondrous great.
His mer cy is full ſweete, his truth a per fect guide: Ther fore the Lord will ſin ners teach, and ſuch as goe a ſide.
For all the wayes of God, are truth and mer cy both: To them that keepe his Te ſta ment, the wit neſſe of his troth.
Who ſo doth feare the Lord, the Lord doth him di rect; To lead his lyfe in ſuch a way, as he doth beſt ac cept.


L
Ord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt ſee, my pathes be right and playne: I truſt in God and hope that he, will ſtrength me to re trayne.
Proue me, my God, I thee de ſire, my wayes to ſearch and try: As men doe proue their gold with fire, my raynes and hart eſ py.
Thy good neſſe layd be fore my face, I durſt be hold al wayes: For, of thy truth I tread the trace, and will doe all my dayes.
I doe not luſt to haunt or vſe, with men whoſe deedes are vayne: To come in houſe I doe re fuſe, with the de ceit full trayne.
I much ab horre the wic ked ſort, their deedes I doe de ſpiſe: I doe not once to them re ſort, that hurt ful things de uiſe.
My hãds I waſh, and doe pro ceed, in workes that walke vp right: Then to thine al ter I made ſpeed, to of fer there in ſight.
That I may ſpeake, and preach thy prayſe, that doth be long to thee: And ſo de clare how won drous wayes, thou haſt bene good to me.
O Lord thy houſe I loue moſt deare, to me it doth ex cell: I haue de light and would be neare, where as thy grace doth dwell.
Oh ſhut not vp my ſoule with them, in ſinne that take their fill: Nor yet my lyfe a mong thoſe men, that ſeeke much blood to ſpill.
Whoſe handes are heapt with craſt and guile, their lyfe ther of is full: And their right hand, with wrench and wile, for bribes doe plucke and pull.
But I in righ teouſ neſſe en tend, my tyme and dayes to ſerue: Haue mer cy, Lord, and me de fend, ſo that I doe not ſwerue.
My foote is ſtayd for all aſ ſayes, it ſtan deth well and right: Wher fore to God will I geue prayſe, in all the peo ples ſight.


A
I laud and prayſe with hart and voyce, O Lord I geue to thee: Which didſt not make my foes reioyce, but haſt exalted me.
Of thy good will thou haſt cald backe, my ſoule, frõ hell to ſaue: Thou didſt reuiue whẽ ſtrẽgth did lacke, and kept me frõ the graue.
For why his anger but a ſpace, doth laſt, and ſlack agayn: But in his fauour and his grace, alwayes doth life remaine.
O Lord my God to thee I cryed, in all my payne and grief: Thou gaueſt an eare and didſt prouide, to eaſe me with relief.
Sing prayſe ye Saints, that proue and ſee, the goodneſſe of the Lord: In memory of his maieſtie, reioyce, with one accord.
Though grips of grief, and pãges full ſore, ſhall lodge with vs all night: The Lord to ioy ſhal vs reſtore, before the day be light.
When I enioyed the world at will, thus would I boaſt and ſay: Tuſh I am ſure to feele none ill, this wealth ſhall not decay.
Wherfore, agayne yet did I cry, to thee, (O Lord) of might: My God with plaints I did apply, and pray both day and night.
Wherfore, my God, ſome pitie take, O Lord, I thee deſire; Do not this ſimple ſoule forſake, of helpe I thee require.
For thou (O Lord) of thy good grace, hadſt ſent me ſtrẽgth and ayde: But when thou turneſt away thy face, my mynde was ſore diſmayd.
What gayne is in my bloud ſayd I, if death deſtroy my dayes: Doth duſt declare thy maieſtie, or yet thy truth doth prayſe.
Thẽ didſt thou turne my grief, & woe, vnto a cheare full voyce: The mourning weed thou tookſt me fro, and madeſt me to reioyce.

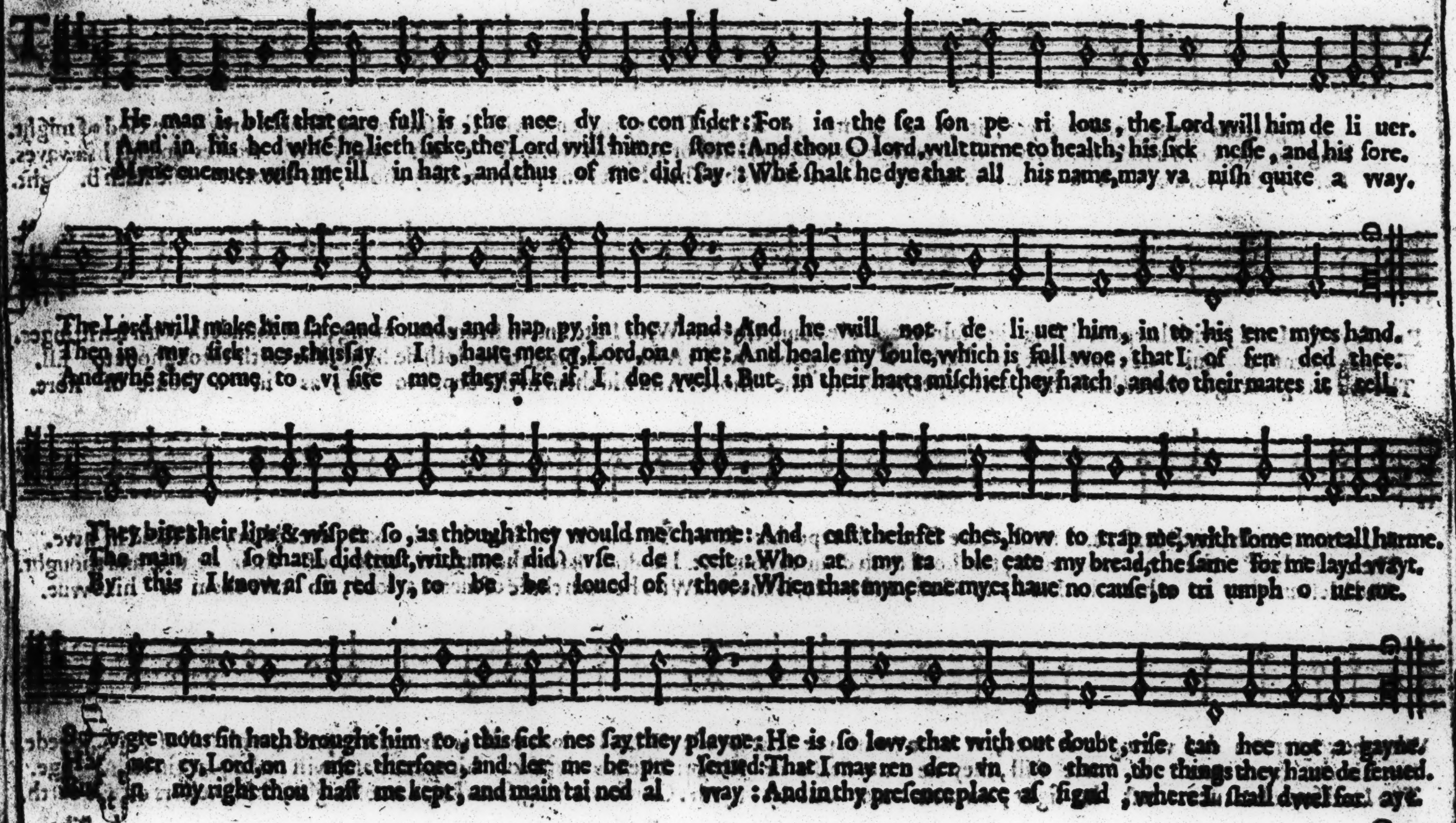
Ye


Y
E righteous in the Lord reioyce, it is a ſeemely ſight: That vpright mē with thankfull voyce, ſhould prayſe the God of might.
Sing to the Lord a ſong moſt new, with courage geue him prayſe: For why his word is euer true, his workes and all his wayes.
For by the word of God alone, the heauēs all were wrought: Their hoſtes and powers euery chone, his breath to paſſe hath brought.
Prayſe ye the Lord, with harpe and ſong, in Pſalmes and pleaſaunt thyngs: With Lute and inſtrument among, that ſoundeth with ten ſtrings.
To iudgement, equitie, and right, he hath a great good will: And with his giftes he doth delight, the earth throughout to fill.
The waters great gathered hath he, on heapes, within the ſhore: And hid them in the depth to be, as in a houſe of ſtore.
All men on earth, both leaſt, and moſt, feare God and keepe his law: Ye that inhabite in eche coaſt, dread him, and ſtand in awe.
The counſels of the nations rude, the Lord doth driue to nought: He doth defeat the multitude, of their deuiſes and thought.
And bleſt are they to whom the Lord, as God, and guide, is knowen: Whō he doth chuſe of meere accord, to take them as his owne.
What he commaunded wrought it was, at once, with preſent ſpeede: What he doth will is brought to paſſe, with full effect in deede.
But his decrees continue ſtill, they neuer ſlacke or ſwage: The motions of his mynde and will, take place in euery age.
The Lord from heauen caſt his ſight, on men mortall by byrth: Conſidering from his ſeate of might, the dwellers of the earth.

G.D.

The xli. Pſalme.

Tenor.

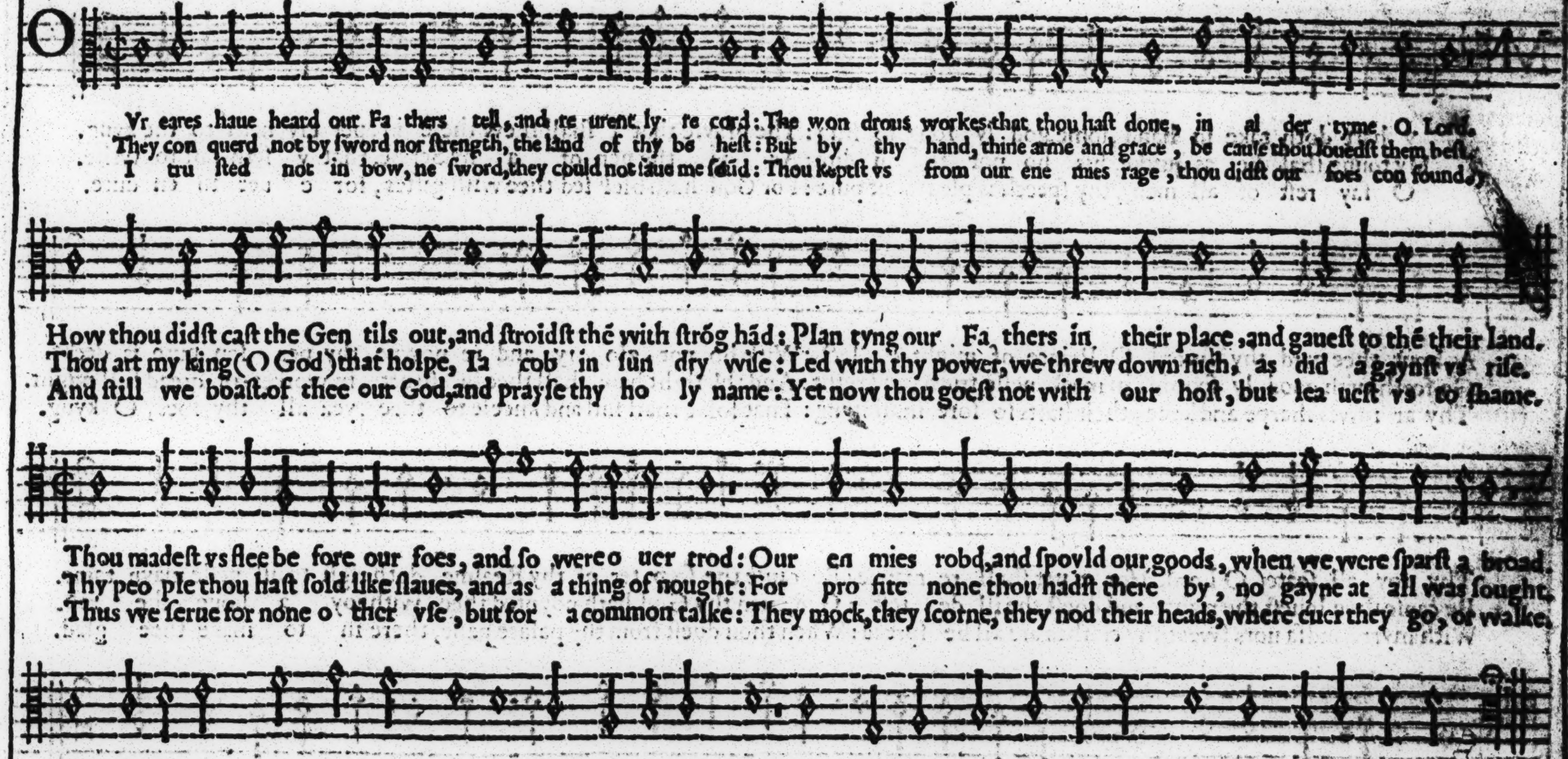


THe man is bleſt that care full is, the nee dy to con ſider: For in the ſea ſon pe ri lous, the Lord will him de li uer.
And in his bed whẽ he lieth ſicke, the Lord will him re ſtore: And thou O lord, wilt turne to health, his ſick neſſe, and his ſore.
Mine enemies wiſh me ill in hart, and thus of me did ſay: Whẽ ſhalt he dye that all his name, may va niſh quite a way.

The Lord will make him ſafe and ſound, and hap py in the land: And he will not de li uer him, in to his ene myes hand.
Then in my ſick nes, thus ſay I, haue mer cy, Lord, on me: And heale my ſoule, which is full woe, that I of fen ded thee.
And whẽ they come to vi ſite me, they aſke if I doe well: But in their harts miſchief they hatch, and to their mates it tell.

They bite their lips & wiſper ſo, as though they would me charme: And caſt their fet ches, how to trap me, with ſome mortall harme.
The man al ſo that I did truſt, with me did vſe de ceit: Who at my ta ble eate my bread, the ſame for me layd wayt.
By this I know aſ ſu red ly, to be be loued of thee: When that myne ene myes haue no cauſe, to tri umph o uer me.

So grie uous ſin hath brought him to, this ſick nes ſay they playne: He is ſo low, that with out doubt, riſe can hee not a gayne.
Haue mer cy, Lord, on me therfore, and let me be pre ſerued: That I may ren der vn to them, the things they haue de ſerued.
But in my right thou haſt me kept, and main tai ned al way: And in thy preſence place aſ ſignd, where I ſhall dwel for aye.

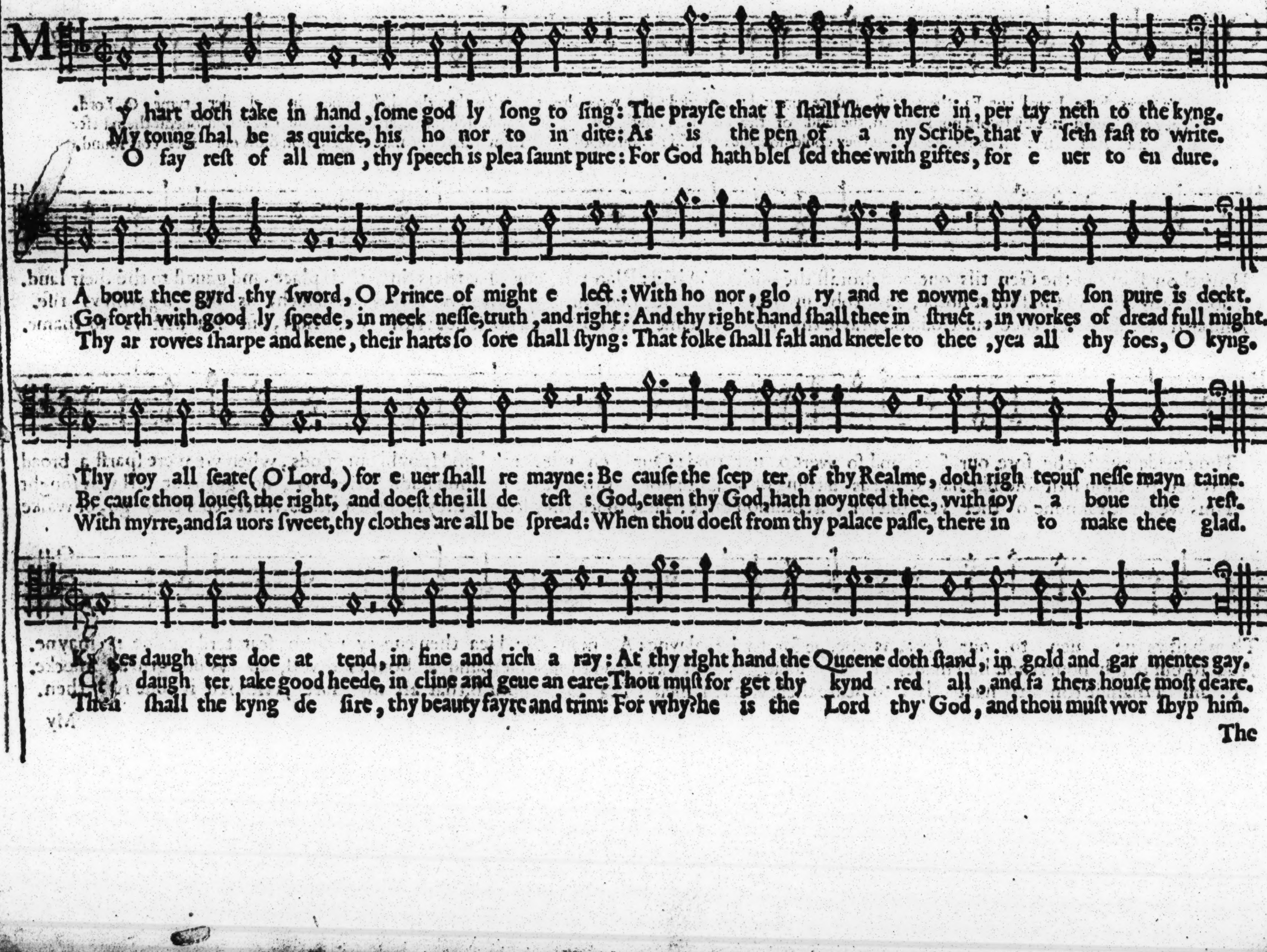


OVr eares haue heard our Fa thers tell, and re uerent ly re cord: The won drous workes that thou haſt done, in al der tyme O. Lord.
They con querd not by ſword nor ſtrength, the land of thy be heſt: But by thy hand, thine arme and grace, be cauſe thou louedſt them beſt.
I tru ſted not in bow, ne ſword, they could not ſaue me ſound: Thou keptſt vs from our ene mies rage, thou didſt our foes con found.

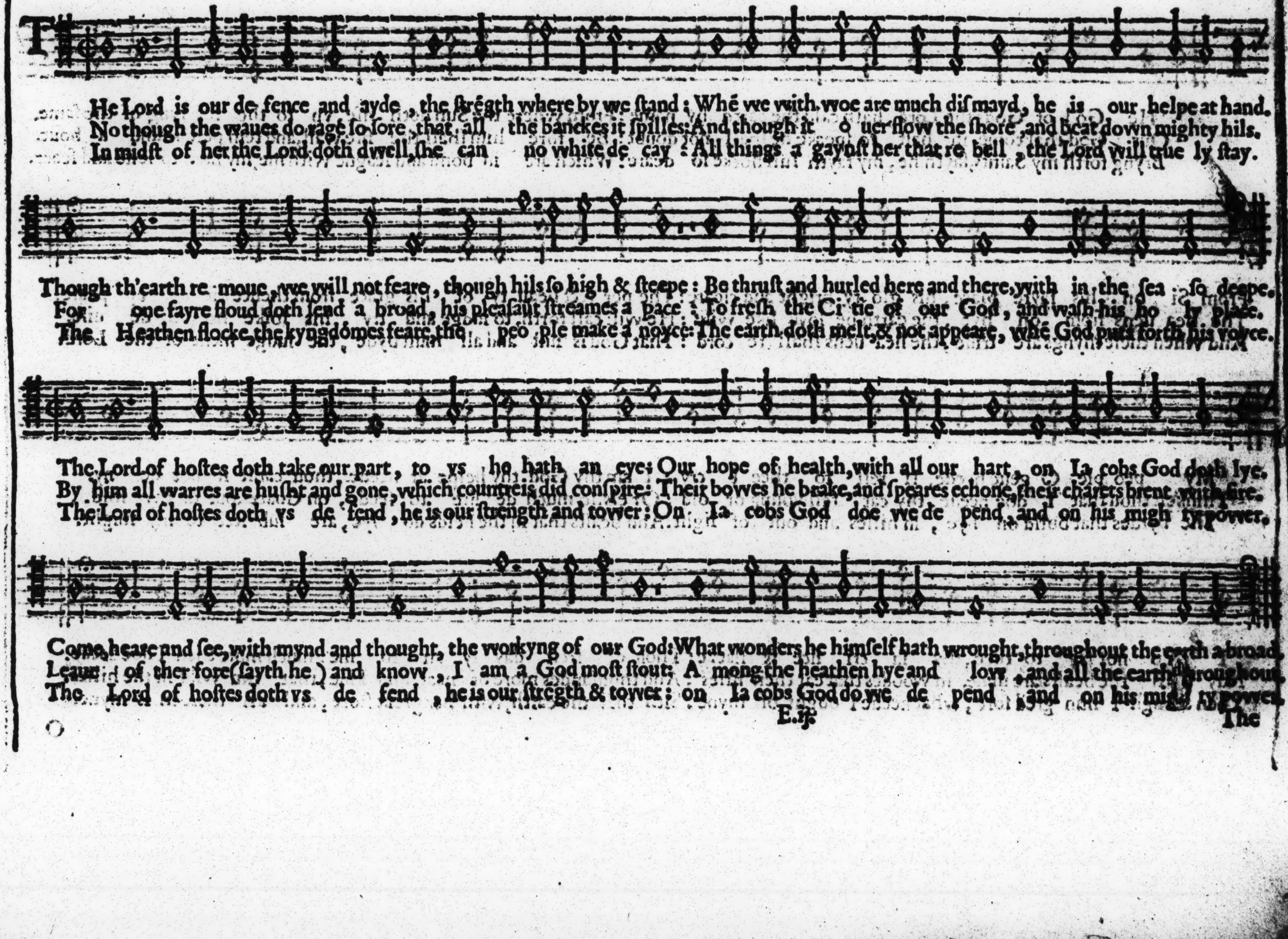
How thou didſt caſt the Gen tils out, and ſtroidſt thē with ſtrōg hād: Plan tyng our Fa thers in their place, and gaueſt to thē their land.
Thou art my king (O God) that holpe, Ia cob in ſun dry wiſe: Led with thy power, we threw down ſuch, as did a gaynſt vs riſe.
And ſtill we boaſt of thee our God, and prayſe thy ho ly name: Yet now thou goeſt not with our hoſt, but lea ueſt vs to ſhame.

Thou madeſt vs flee be fore our foes, and ſo were o uer trod: Our en mies robd, and ſpoyld our goods, when we were ſparſt a broad.
Thy peo ple thou haſt ſold like ſlaues, and as a thing of nought: For pro fite none thou hadſt there by, no gayne at all was ſought.
Thus we ſerue for none o ther vſe, but for a common talke: They mock, they ſcorne, they nod their heads, where euer they go, or walke.

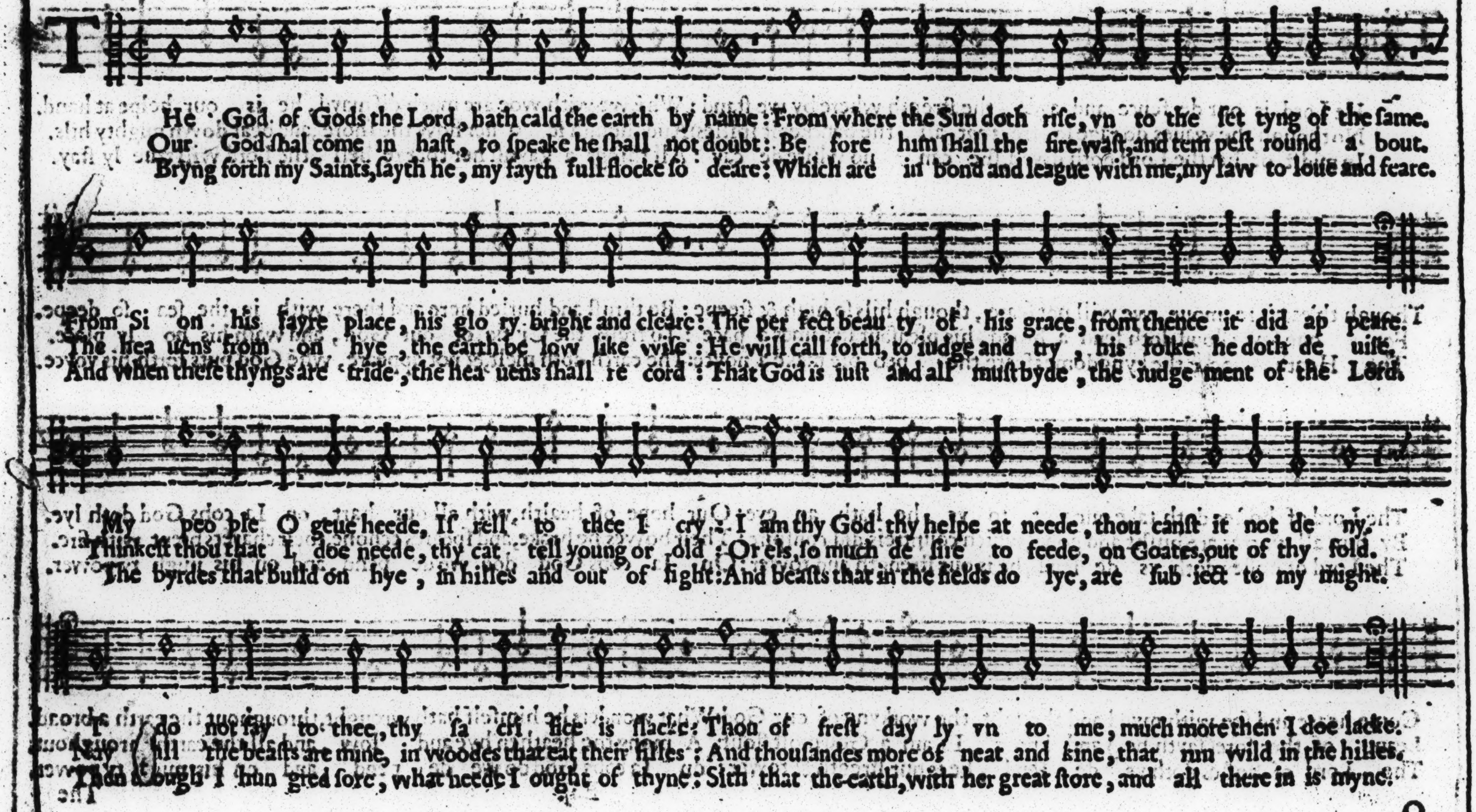
Thou haſt vs ge uen to our foes, as ſheepe for to be ſlayne: A mong the Hea then eue ry where, ſcat terd we doe re mayne.
And to our neigh bours thou haſt made, of vs a laugh yng ſtocke: And thoſe that round a bout vs dwell, at vs doe grin and mocke.
I am a ſhamde con ti nual ly, to heare theſe wicked men: Yea ſo I bluſh, that all my face, with red is coue red then.

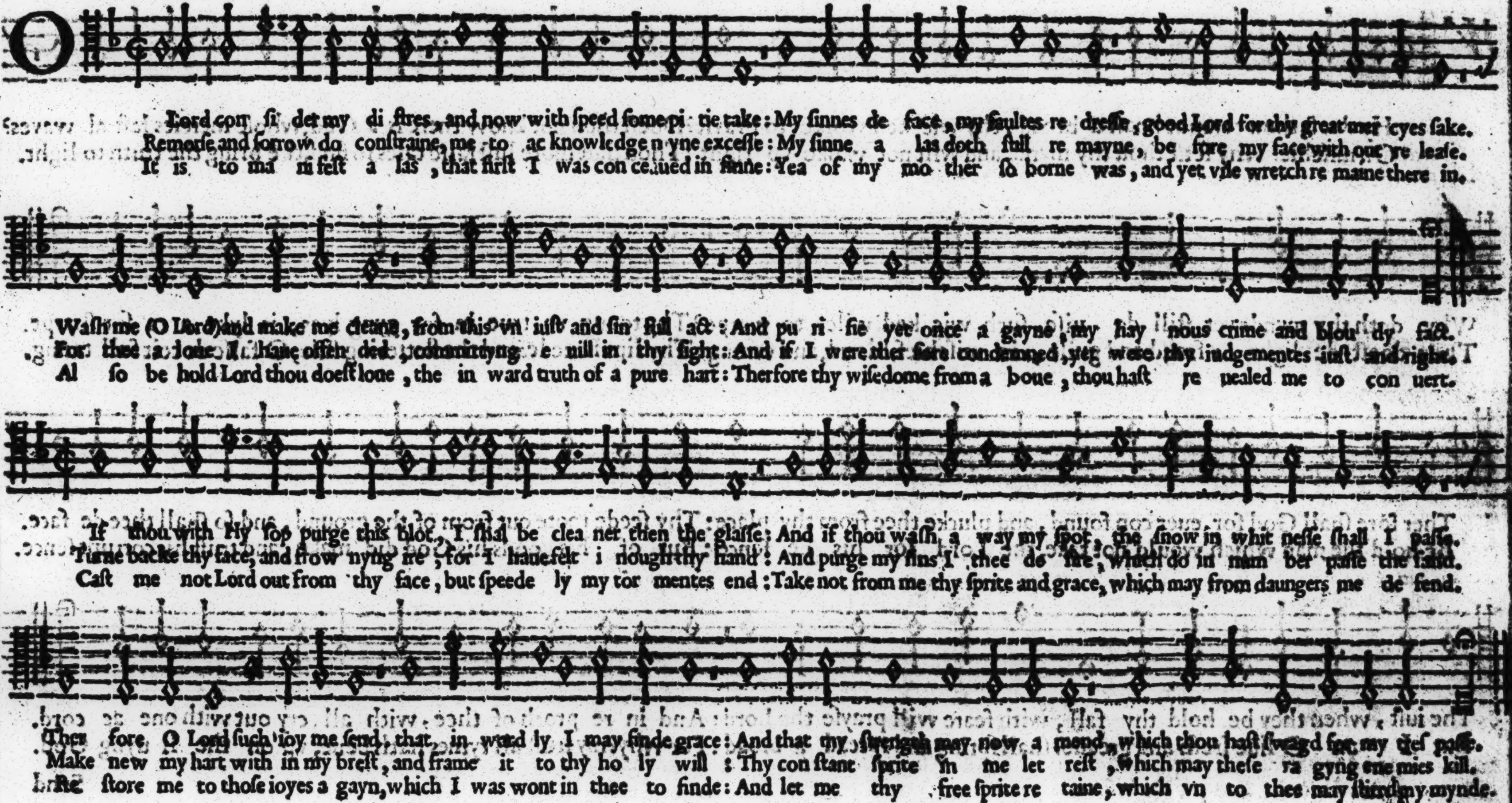

M
y hart doth take in hand, ſome god ly ſong to ſing: The prayſe that I ſhall ſhew there in, per tay neth to the kyng.
My toung ſhal be as quicke, his ho nor to in dite: As is the pen of a ny Scribe, that v ſeth faſt to write.
O fay reſt of all men, thy ſpeech is plea ſaunt pure: For God hath bleſ ſed thee with giftes, for e uer to en dure.
A bout thee gyrd thy ſword, O Prince of might e lect: With ho nor, glo ry and re nowne, thy per ſon pure is deckt.
Go forth with good ly ſpeede, in meek neſſe, truth, and right: And thy right hand ſhall thee in ſtruct, in workes of dread full might.
Thy ar rowes ſharpe and kene, their harts ſo ſore ſhall ſtyng: That folke ſhall fall and kneele to thee, yea all thy foes, O kyng.
Thy roy all ſeate (O Lord,) for e uer ſhall re mayne: Be cauſe the ſcep ter of thy Realme, doth righ teouſ neſſe mayn taine.
Be cauſe thou loueſt the right, and doeſt the ill de teſt: God, euen thy God, hath noynted thee, with ioy a boue the reſt.
With myrre, and ſa uors ſweet, thy clothes are all be ſpread: When thou doeſt from thy palace paſſe, there in to make thee glad.
Ky[illegible]ges daugh ters doe at tend, in fine and rich a ray: At thy right hand the Queene doth ſtand, in gold and gar mentes gay.
[illegible] daugh ter take good heede, in cline and geue an eare: Thou muſt for get thy kynd red all, and fa thers houſe moſt deare.
Then ſhall the kyng de ſire, thy beauty fayre and trim: For why? he is the Lord thy God, and thou muſt wor ſhyp him.

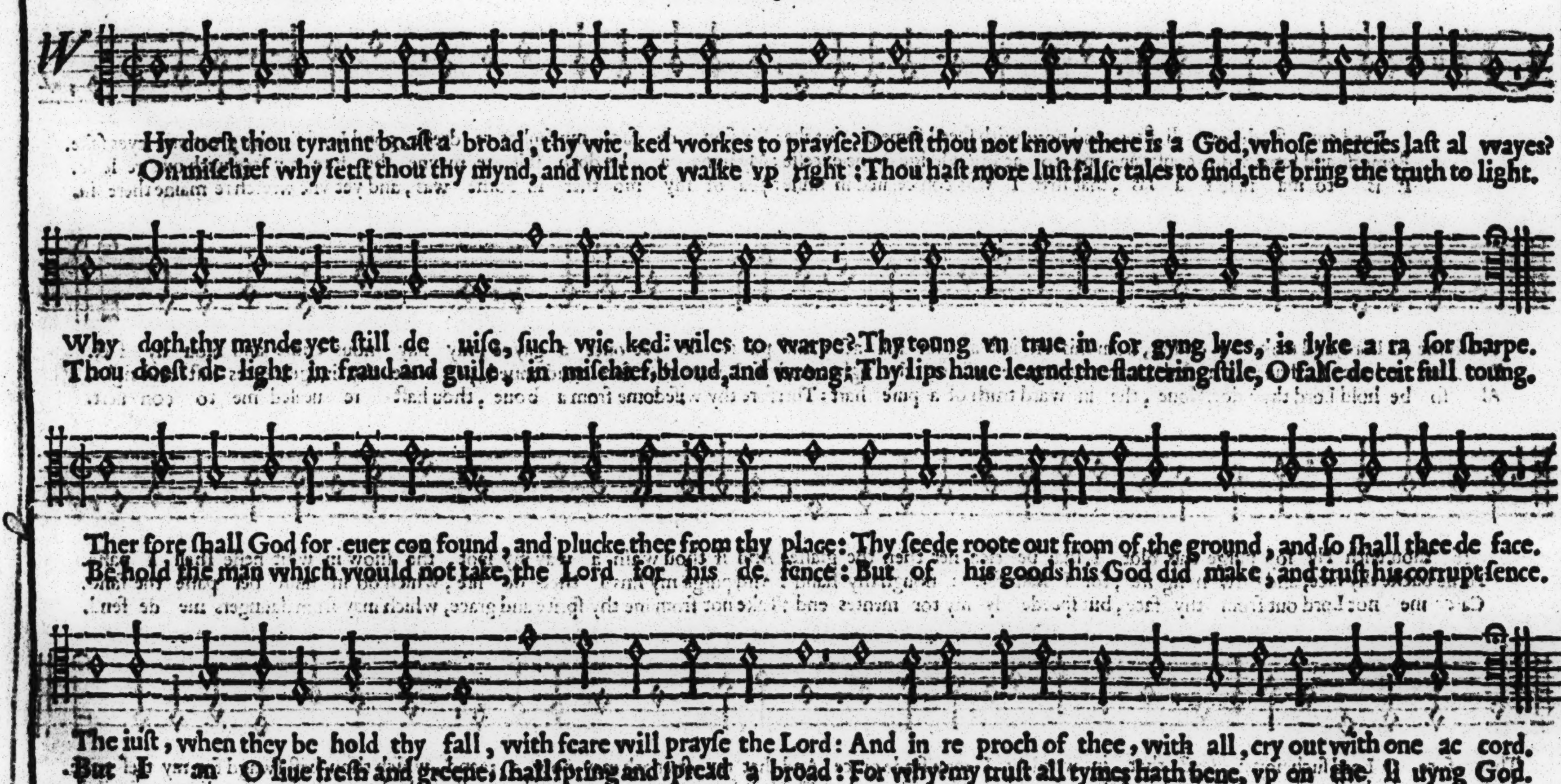
The

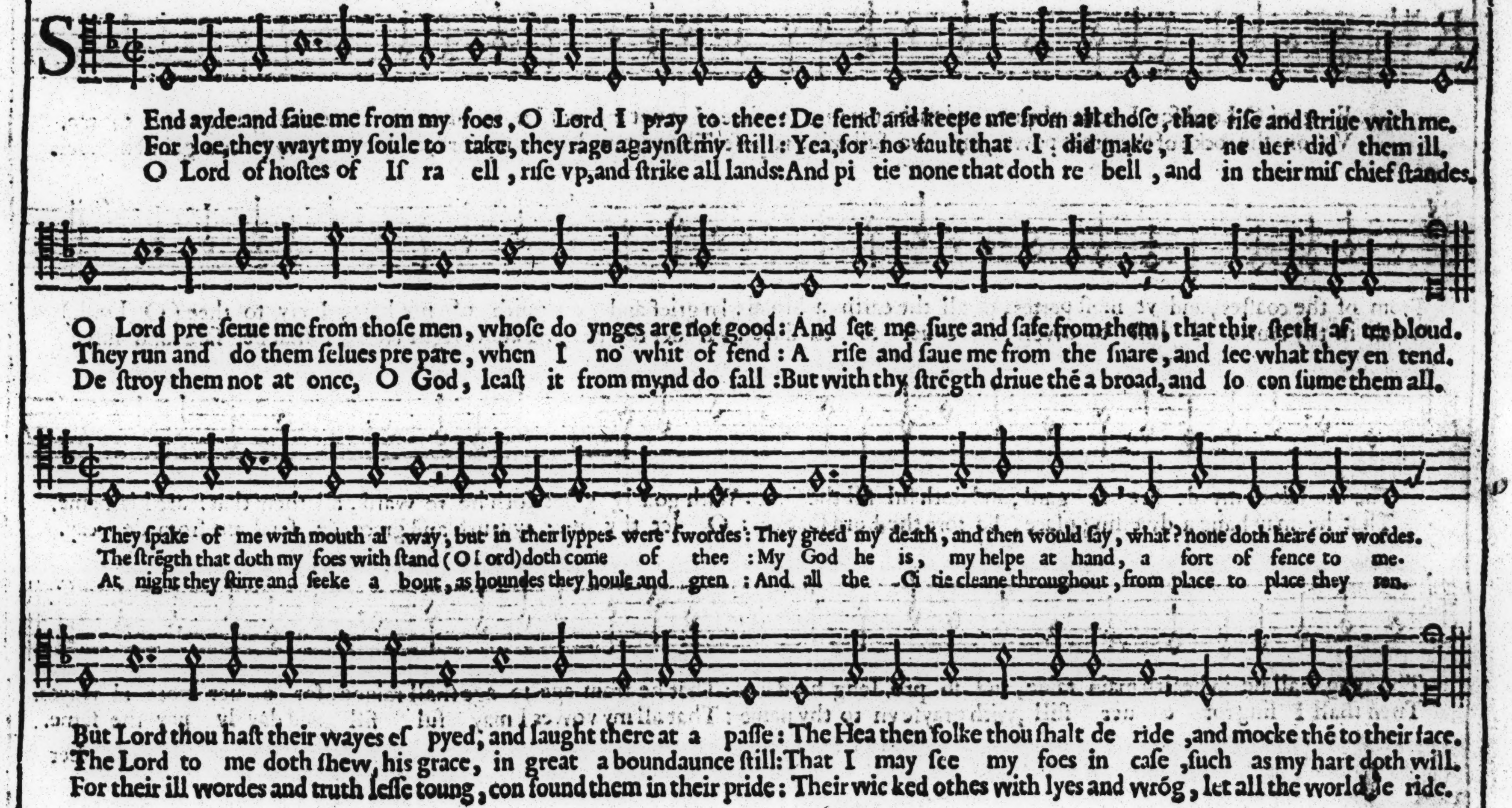

THe Lord is our defence and ayde, the ſtrẽgth whereby we ſtand: Whẽ we with woe are much diſmayd, he is our helpe at hand.
No though the waues do rage ſo ſore, that all the banckes it ſpilles: And though it ouerflow the ſhore, and beat down mighty hils.
In midſt of her the Lord doth dwell, ſhe can no white decay: All things agaynſt her that rebell, the Lord will truely ſtay.
Though th'earth remoue, we will not feare, though hils ſo high & ſteepe: Be thruſt and hurled here and there, within the ſea ſo deepe.
For one fayre floud doth ſend abroad, his pleaſaũt ſtreames apace: To freſh the Citie of our God, and waſh his holy place.
The Heathen flocke, the kyngdomes feare, the people make a noyce: The earth doth melt, & not appeare, whẽ God puts forth his voyce.
The Lord of hoſtes doth take our part, to vs he hath an eye: Our hope of health, with all our hart, on Iacobs God doth lye.
By him all warres are huſht and gone, which countreis did conſpire: Their bowes he brake, and ſpeares echone, their charets brent with fire.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs defend, he is our ſtrength and tower: On Iacobs God doe we depend, and on his mighty power.
Come, heare and ſee, with mynd and thought, the workyng of our God: What wonders he himſelf hath wrought, throughout the earth abroad.
Leaue of ther fore (ſayth he) and know, I am a God moſt ſtout: Among the heathen hye and low, and all the earth throughout.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs defend, he is our ſtrẽgth & tower: on Iacobs God do we depend, and on his mighty power.

The L. Pſalme.

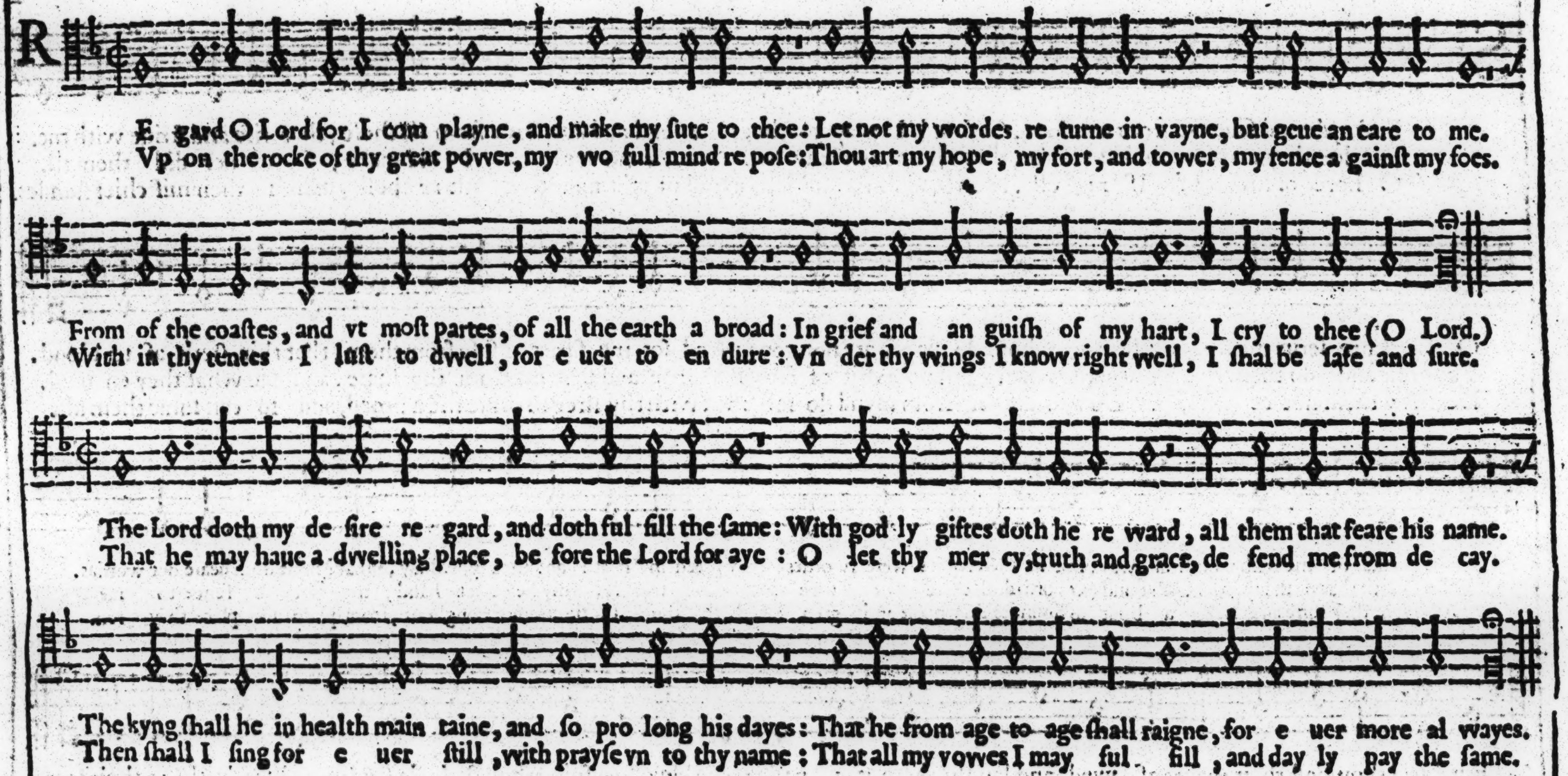

THe God of Gods the Lord, hath cald the earth by name: From where the Sun doth riſe, vnto the ſettyng of the ſame.
Our God ſhal come in haſt, to ſpeake he ſhall not doubt: Before him ſhall the fire waſt, and tempeſt round about.
Bryng forth my Saints, ſayth he, my faythfull flocke ſo deare: Which are in bond and league with me, my law to loue and feare.
From Sion his fayre place, his glory bright and cleare: The perfect beauty of his grace, from thence it did appeare.
The heauens from on hye, the earth belowe likewiſe: He will call forth, to iudge and try, his folke he doth deuiſe.
And when theſe thyngs are tride, the heauens ſhall recorde: That God is iuſt and all muſt byde, the iudgement of the Lord.
My people O geue heede, Il tell to thee I cry: I am thy God thy helpe at neede, thou canſt it not deny.
Thinkeſt thou that I doe neede, thy cattell young or old: Or els, ſo much deſire to feede, on Goates, out of thy fold.
The byrdes that build on hye, in hilles and out of ſight: And beaſts that in the fields do lye, are ſubiect to my might.
I do not ſay to thee, thy ſacrifice is ſlacke: Thou offerest dayly vnto me, much more then I doe lacke.
Nay all the beaſts are mine, in woodes that eat their hilles: And thouſandes more of neat and kine, that run wild in the hilles.
Then though I hungred ſore, what neede I ought of thyne: Sith that the earth, with her great ſtore, and all therein is myne.

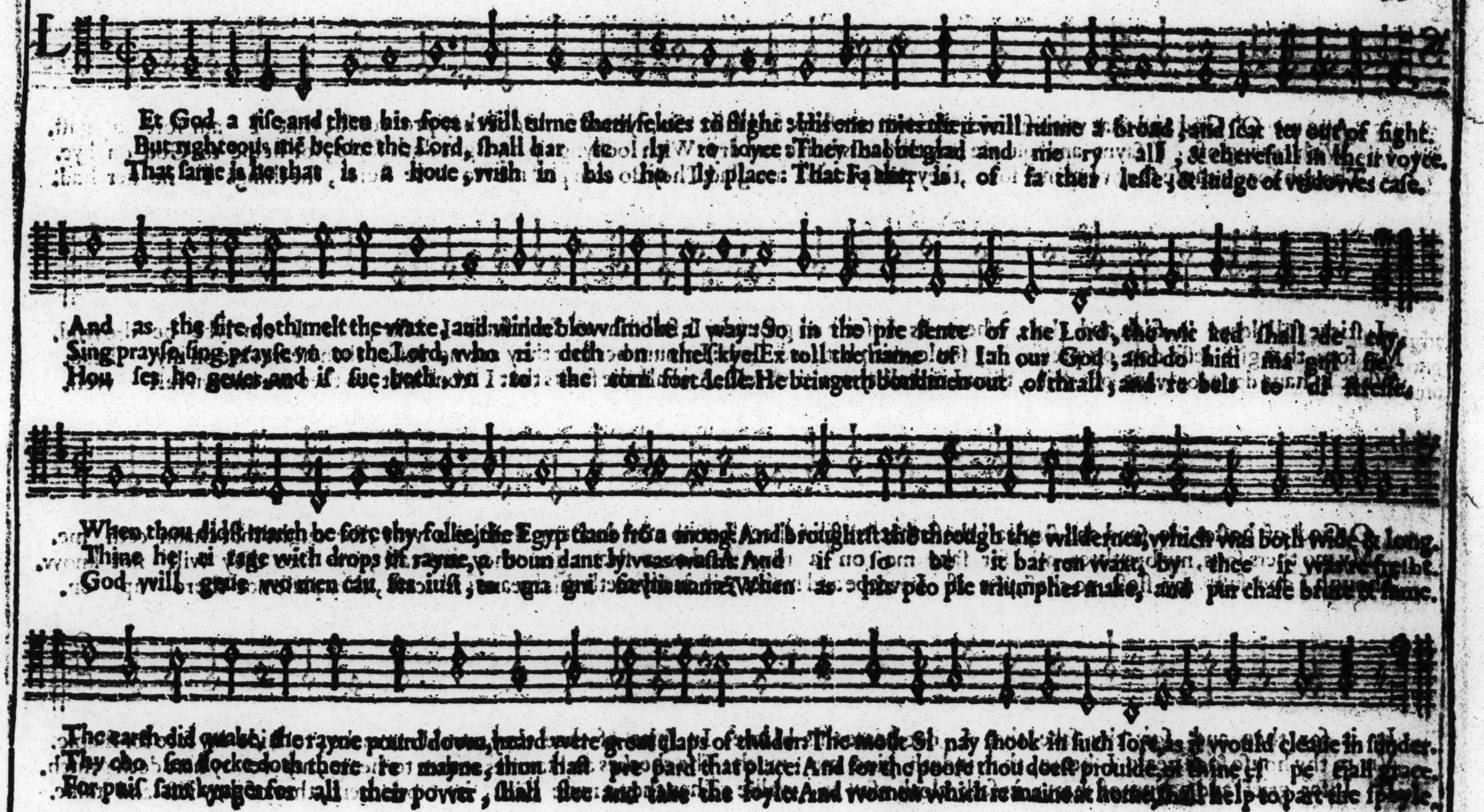

O Lord con ſi der my di ſtres, and now with ſpeed ſome pi tie take: My ſinnes de face, my faultes re dreſſe, good Lord for thy great mer cyes ſake.
Remorſe and ſorrow do conſtraine, me to ac knowledge myne exceſſe: My ſinne a las doth ſtill re mayne, be fore my face with out re leaſe.
It is to ma ni feſt a las, that firſt I was con ceiued in ſinne: Yea of my mo ther ſo borne was, and yet vile wretch re maine there in.
Waſh me (O Lord) and make me cleane, from this vn iuſt and ſin ful act: And pu ri fie yet once a gayne, my hay nous crime and blou dy fact.
For thee a lone I haue offen ded, committyng e uill in thy ſight: And if I were ther fore condemned, yet were thy iudgementes iuſt and right.
Al ſo be hold Lord thou doeſt loue, the in ward truth of a pure hart: Therfore thy wiſedome from a boue, thou haſt re uealed me to con uert.
If thou with Hy ſop purge this blot, I ſhal be clea ner then the glaſſe: And if thou waſh a way my ſpot, the ſnow in whit neſſe ſhall I paſſe.
Turne backe thy face, and frow nyng ire, for I haue felt i nough thy hand: And purge my ſins I thee de ſire, which do in num ber paſſe the ſand.
Caſt me not Lord out from thy face, but ſpeede ly my tor mentes end: Take not from me thy ſprite and grace, which may from daungers me de fend.
Ther fore O Lord ſuch ioy me ſend, that in ward ly I may finde grace: And that my ſtrength may now a mend, which thou haſt ſwagd for my of fence.
Make new my hart with in my breſt, and frame it to thy ho ly will: Thy con ſtant ſprite in me let reſt, which may theſe ra gyng ene mies kill.
Re ſtore me to thoſe ioyes a gayn, which I was wont in thee to finde: And let me thy free ſprite re taine, which vn to thee may ſtirre my mynde.

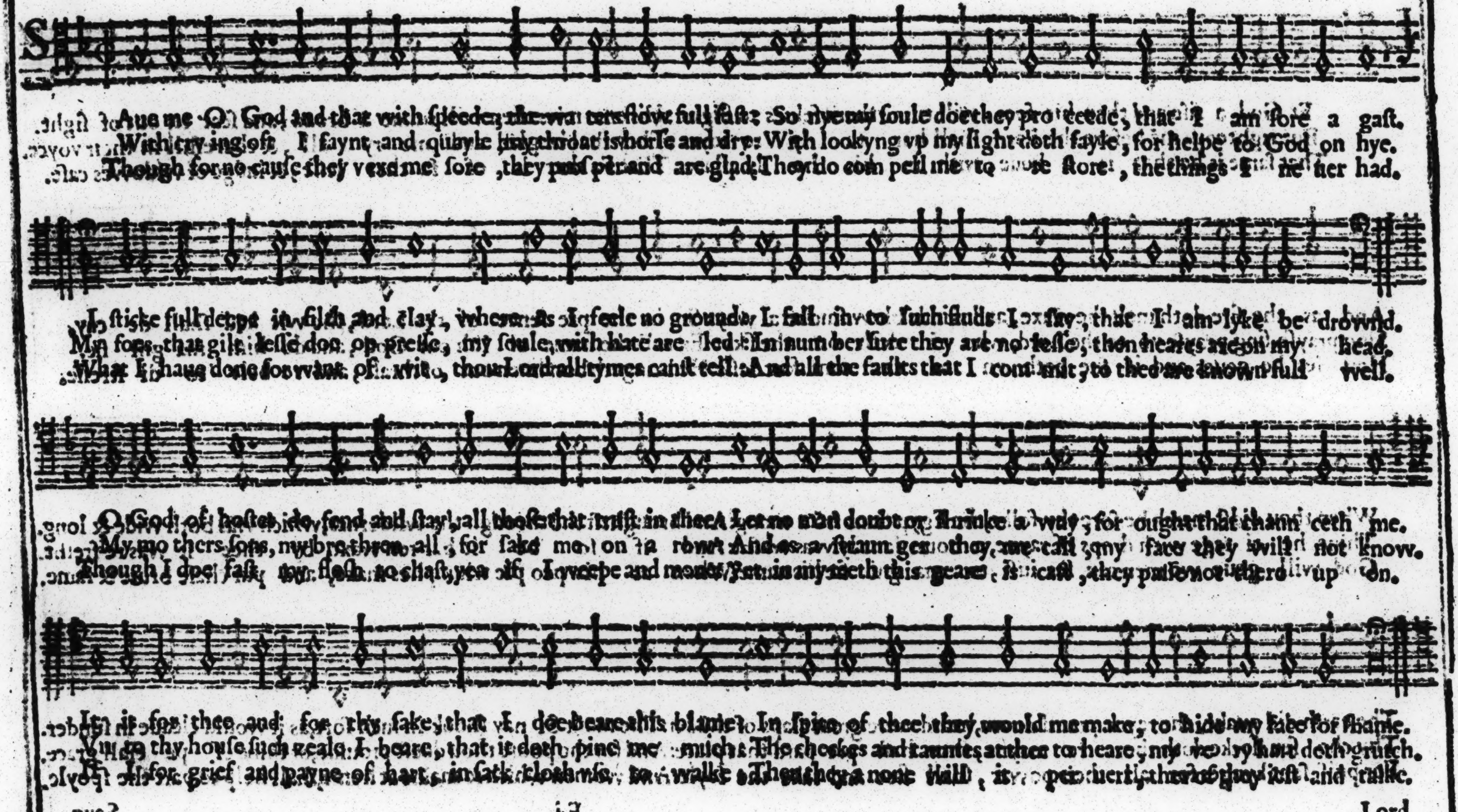

WHy doeſt thou tyrannt boaſt a broad, thy wic ked workes to prayſe? Doeſt thou not know there is a God, whoſe mercies laſt al wayes?
On miſchief why ſetſt thou thy mynd, and wilt not walke vp right: Thou haſt more luſt falſe tales to find, thē bring the truth to light.
Why doth thy mynde yet ſtill de uiſe, ſuch wic ked wiles to warpe? Thy toung vn true in for gyng lyes, is lyke a ra ſor ſharpe.
Thou doeſt de light in fraud and guile, in miſchief, bloud, and wrong: Thy lips haue learnd the flattering ſtile, O falſe de ceit full toung.
Ther fore ſhall God for euer con found, and plucke thee from thy place: Thy ſeede roote out from of the ground, and ſo ſhall thee de face.
Be hold the man which would not take, the Lord for his de fence: But of his goods his God did make, and truſt his corrupt ſence.
The iuſt, when they be hold thy fall, with feare will prayſe the Lord: And in re proch of thee, with all, cry out with one ac cord.
But I as an O liue freſh and greene, ſhall ſpring and ſpread a broad: For why? my truſt all tymes hath bene, vp on the li uyng God.

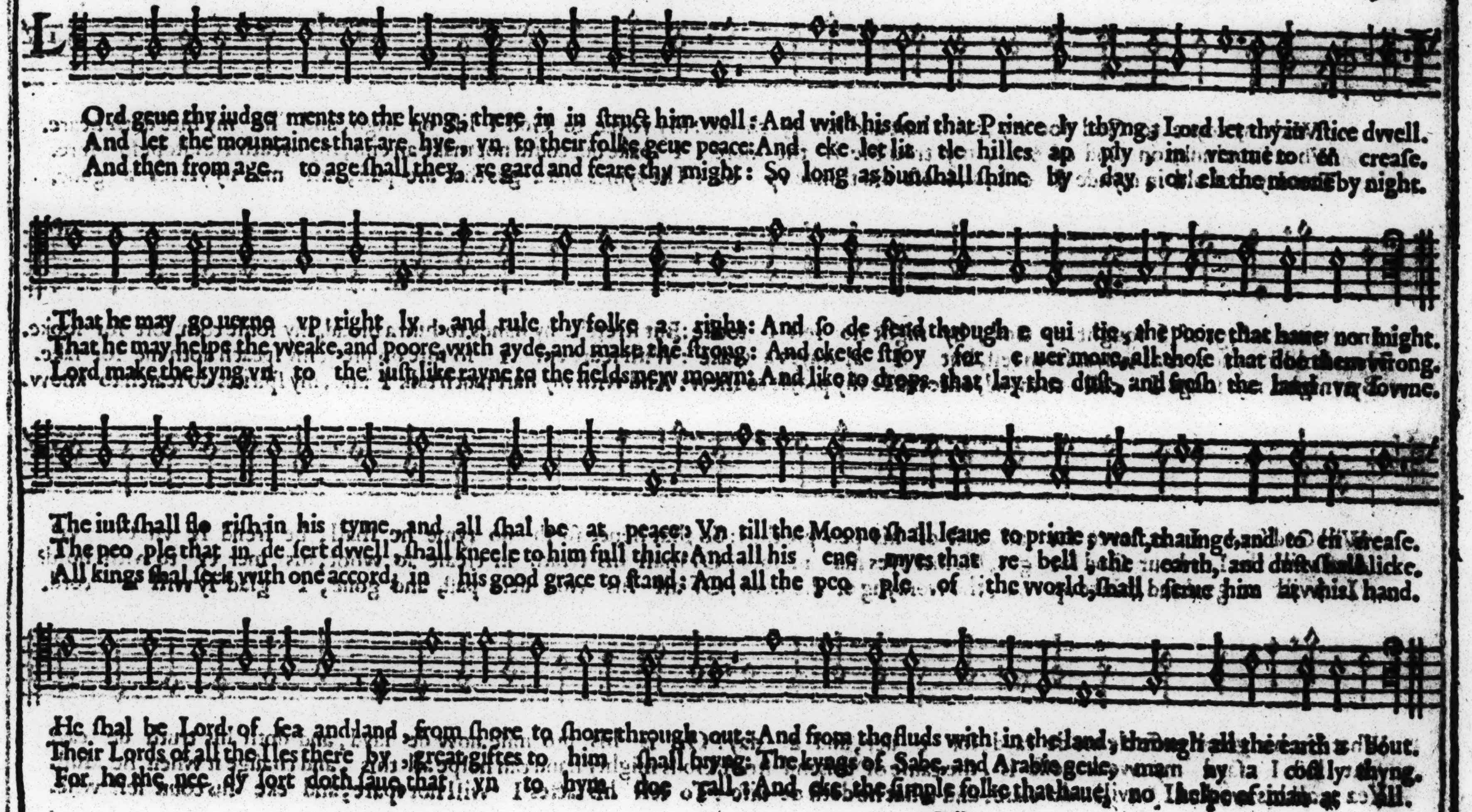

SEnd ayde and ſaue me from my foes, O Lord I pray to thee: De fend and keepe me from all thoſe, that riſe and ſtriue with me.
For loe, they wayt my ſoule to take, they rage agaynſt my ſtill: Yea, for no fault that I did make, I ne uer did them ill.
O Lord of hoſtes of Iſ ra ell, riſe vp, and ſtrike all lands: And pi tie none that doth re bell, and in their miſ chief ſtandes.
O Lord pre ſerue me from thoſe men, whoſe do ynges are not good: And ſet me ſure and ſafe from them, that thir ſteth af ter bloud.
They run and do them ſelues pre pare, when I no whit of fend: A riſe and ſaue me from the ſnare, and ſee what they en tend.
De ſtroy them not at once, O God, leaſt it from mynd do fall: But with thy ſtrēgth driue thē a broad, and ſo con ſume them all.
They ſpake of me with mouth al way, but in their lyppes were ſwordes: They greed my death, and then would ſay, what? none doth heare our wordes.
The ſtrēgth that doth my foes with ſtand (O Lord) doth come of thee: My God he is, my helpe at hand, a fort of fence to me.
At night they ſtirre and ſeeke a bout, as houndes they houle and gren: And all the Ci tie cleane throughout, from place to place they ren.
But Lord thou haſt their wayes eſ pyed, and laught there at a paſſe: The Hea then folke thou ſhalt de ride, and mocke thē to their face.
The Lord to me doth ſhew, his grace, in great a boundaunce ſtill: That I may ſee my foes in caſe, ſuch as my hart doth will.
For their ill wordes and truth leſſe toung, con ſound them in their pride: Their wic ked othes with lyes and wrōg, let all the world de ride.

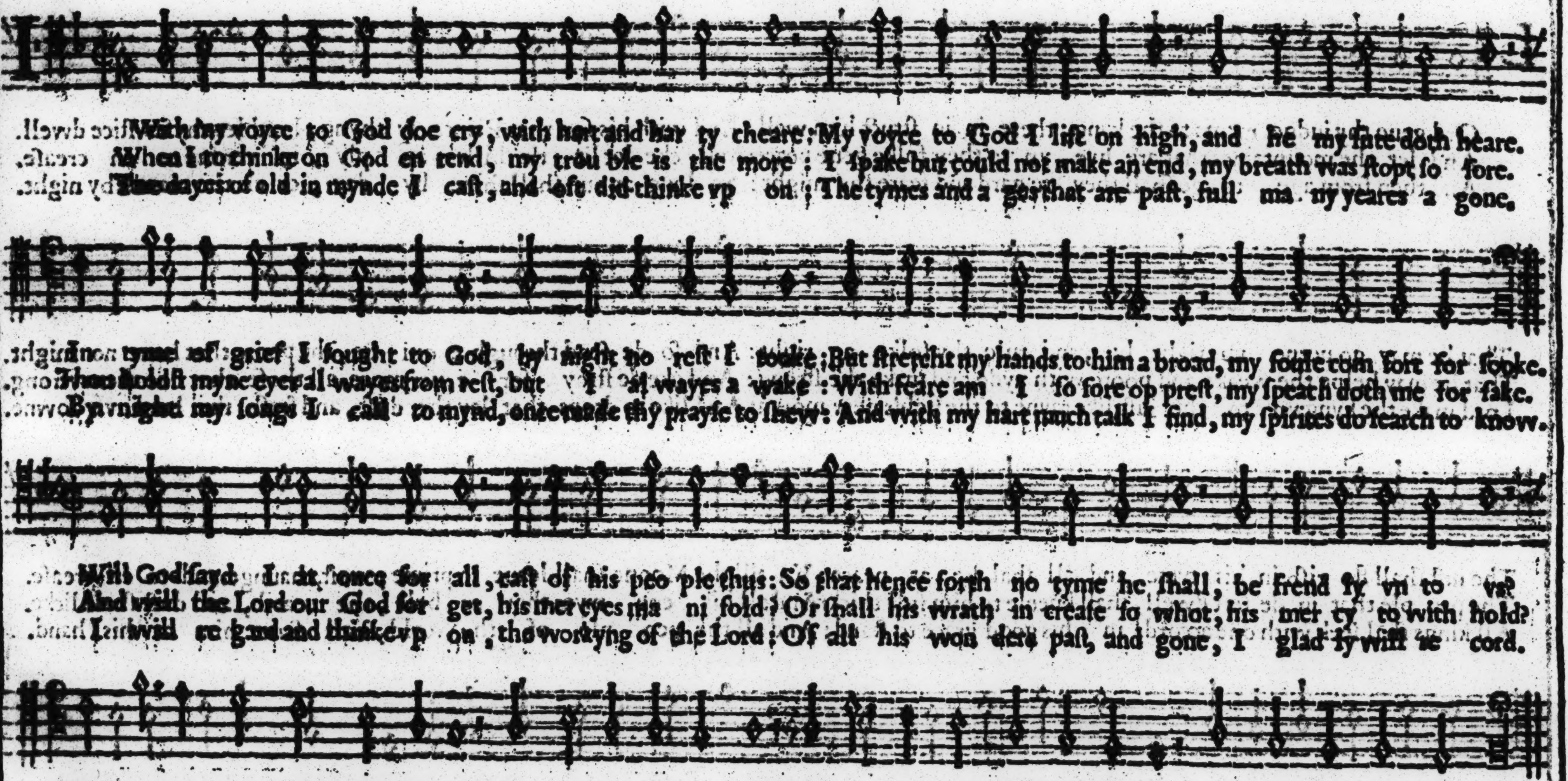
The lxi. Pſalme.


R
REgard O Lord for I com playne, and make my ſute to thee: Let not my wordes re turne in vayne, but geue an eare to me.
Vp on the rocke of thy great power, my wo full mind re poſe: Thou art my hope, my fort, and tower, my fence a gainſt my foes.
From of the coaſtes, and vt moſt partes, of all the earth a broad: In grief and an guiſh of my hart, I cry to thee (O Lord.)
With in thy tentes I luſt to dwell, for e uer to en dure: Vn der thy wings I know right well, I ſhal be ſafe and ſure.
The Lord doth my de ſire re gard, and doth ful fill the ſame: With god ly giftes doth he re ward, all them that feare his name.
That he may haue a dwelling place, be fore the Lord for aye: O let thy mer cy, truth and grace, de fend me from de cay.
The kyng ſhall he in health main taine, and ſo pro long his dayes: That he from age to age ſhall raigne, for e uer more al wayes.
Then ſhall I ſing for e uer ſtill, with prayſe vn to thy name: That all my vowes I may ful fill, and day ly pay the ſame.


Let God a riſe and then his foes will turne them ſelues to flight: His ene mies then will runne a broad, and ſcat ter out of ſight.
But righteous men before the Lord, ſhall har tely re ioyce: They ſhall be glad and mer ry all, and chearefull in their voyce.
That ſame is he that is a boue, with in his ho ly place: That fa ther is, of fa ther leſſe, and iudge of widowes caſe.
And as the fire doth melt the waxe, and winde blow ſmoke a way: So in the pre ſence of the Lord, the wic ked ſhall de cay.
Sing prayſe, ſing prayſe vn to the Lord, who ri deth on the ſkye: Ex toll the name of Iah our God, and do him ma gni fie.
Houſes he geues and iſſue both, vn to the com fort leſſe: He bringeth bondmen out of thrall, and re bels to di ſtreſſe.
When thou didſt march be fore thy folke, the Egyp tians fro a mong: And broughtſt them through the wilderneſſe, which was both wide and long.
Thine he ri tage with drops of rayne, a boun dant ly was waſht: And if ſo be it bar ren was, by thee it was refreſht.
God will geue women cauſe to ſing, and ma gni fie his name: When as his peo ple triumphes make, and pur chaſe bruite and fame.
The earth did quake, the rayne pourd downe, heard were great claps of thunder: The mount Si nay ſhook in ſuch ſort, as it would cleaue in ſunder.
Thy cho ſen flocke doth there re mayne, thou haſt pre pard that place: And for the poore thou doeſt prouide, of thine eſpe ciall grace.
For puiſſant kynges for all their power, ſhall flee and take the foyle: And women which re maine at home, ſhall help to part the ſpoyle.


Saue me O God and that with speede, the waters flowe full fast: So nye my soule doe they proceede, that I am sore agast.
With crying oft I faynt and quayle, my throat is horse and drye: With lookyng vp my sight doth fayle, for helpe to God on hye.
Though for no cause they vexe me sore, they prosper and are glad: They do compell me to restore, the things I neuer had.
I sticke full deepe in filth and clay, whereas I feele no grounde: I fall in to such floudes I say, that I am lyke be drownd.
My foes that giltlesse doe oppresse, my soule with hate are led: In number sure they are no lesse, then heares are on my head.
What I haue done for want of wit, thou Lord at all tymes canst tell: And all the faultes that I commit, to thee are knowne full well.
O God of hostes defend and stay, all those that trust in thee: Let no man doubt or shrinke away, for ought that chaunceth me.
My mothers sonnes, my brethren all, forsake me on a rowe: And as a straunger they me call, my face they will not knowe.
Though I doe fast my flesh to chast, yea if I weepe and mone: Yet in my teeth this geare is cast, they passe not there vpon.
It is for thee and for thy sake, that I doe beare this blame: In spite of thee they would me make, to hide my face for shame.
Vnto thy house such zeale I beare, that it doth pine me much: The checkes and tauntes at thee to heare, my very hart doth grutch.
If I for grief and payne of hart, in sacke cloth vse to walke: Then they anone will it peruert, thereof they iest and talke.


LOrd geue thy iudgements to the kyng, therein inſtruct him well: And with his ſon that Princely thyng, Lord let thy iuſtice dwell.
And let the mountaines that are hye, vnto their folke geue peace: And eke let litle hilles apply, in vertue to encreaſe.
And then from age to age ſhall they, regard and feare thy might: So long as ſun ſhall ſhine by day, or els the moone by night.
That he may gouerne vprightly, and rule thy folke aright: And ſo defend through equitie, the poore that haue no might.
That he may helpe the weake, and poore, with ayde, and make the ſtrong: And eke deſtroy for euermore, all thoſe that doe them wrong.
Lord make the kyng vnto the iuſt, like rayne to the fields new mown: And like to drops that lay the duſt, and freſh the land vp ſowne.
The iuſt ſhall floriſh in his tyme, and all ſhal be at peace: Vntill the Moone ſhall leaue to ſhine, waſt, chaunge, and to encreaſe.
The people that in deſert dwell, ſhall kneele to him full thick: And all his enemyes that rebell, the earth, and duſt ſhall licke.
All kings ſhal ſeek with one accord, in his good grace to ſtand: And all the people of the world, ſhall ſerue him at his hand.
He ſhal be Lord of ſea and land, from ſhore to ſhore throughout: And from the fluds within the land, through all the earth about.
Their Lords of all the Iles thereby, great giftes to him ſhall bryng: The kyngs of Sabe, and Arabie geue, many a coſtly thyng.
For he the needy ſort doth ſaue that vnto hym doe call, And eke the ſimple folke that haue no helpe of man at all.



I With my voyce to God doe cry, with hart and harty cheare: My voyce to God I liſt on high, and he my ſute doth heare.
When I to thinke on God entend, my trouble is the more: I ſpake but could not make an end, my breath was ſtopt ſo ſore.
The dayes of old in mynde I caſt, and oft did thinke vpon; The tymes and ages that are paſt, full many yeares agone.

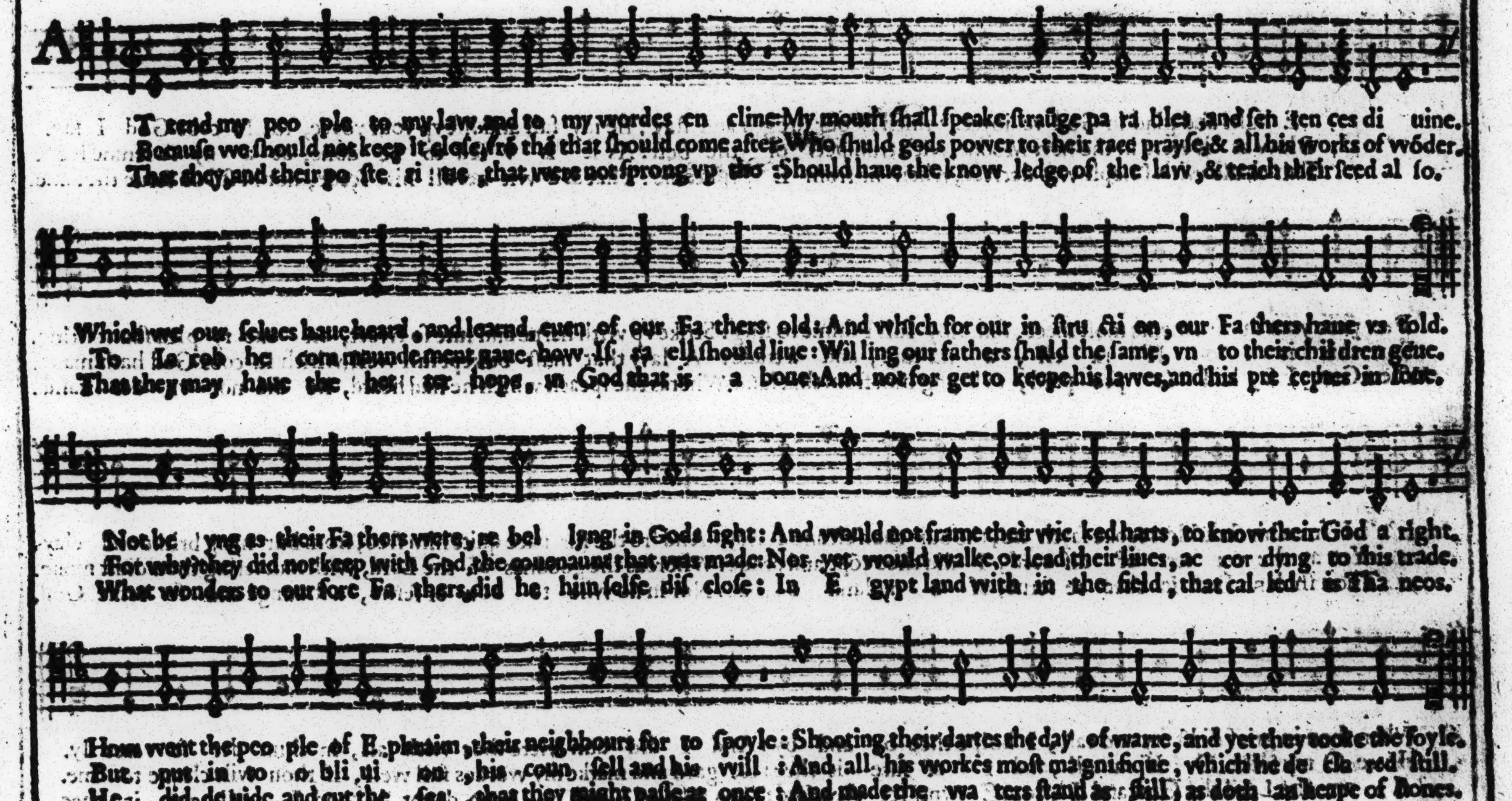
In tyme of grief I ſought to God, by night no reſt I tooke; But ſtretcht my hands to him abroad, my ſoule comfort forſooke.
Thou holdſt myne eyes alwayes from reſt, but I alwayes awake: With feare am I ſo ſore oppreſt, my ſpeach doth me forſake.
By night my ſongs I call to mynd, once made thy prayſe to ſhew: And with my hart much talk I find, my ſpirites do ſearch to know.

Will God (ſayd I) at once for all, caſt of his people thus: So that hence forth no tyme he ſhall, be frendly vnto vs?
And will the Lord our God forget, his mercyes manifold? Or ſhall his wrath increaſe ſo whot, his mercy to withhold?
I will regard and thinke vpon, the workyng of the Lord: Of all his wonders paſt, and gone, I gladly will record.

What is his goodneſſe cleane decayd, for euer, and a day? Or is his promiſe now delayd, and doth his truth decay?
At laſt I ſayd my weakneſſe is, the cauſe of this miſtruſt: Gods mighty hand can helpe all this, and chaunge it when he luſt.
Yea all his workes I will declare, and what he doth deuiſe: To tell his factes I will not ſpare, and eke his counſell wiſe.

I

Attend

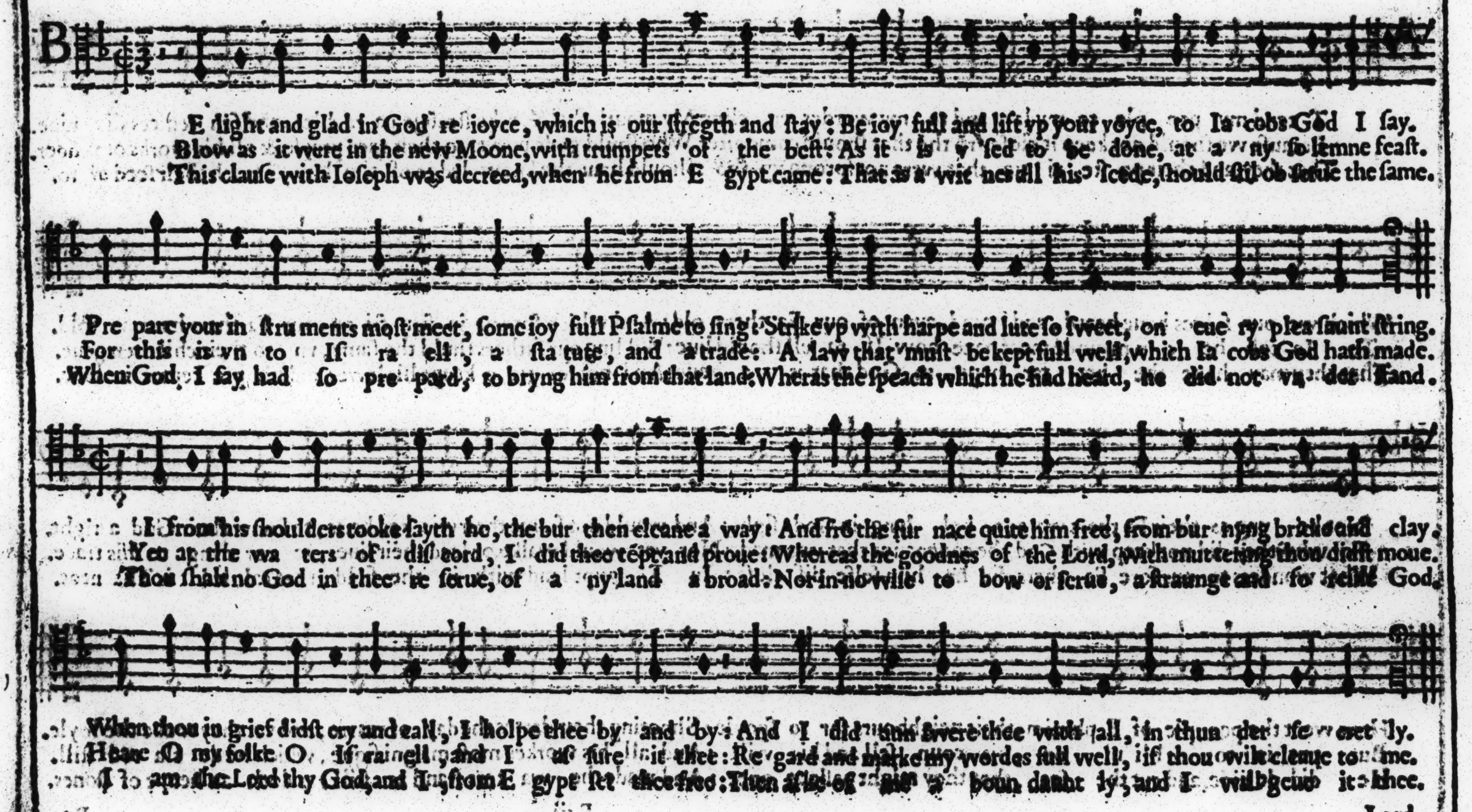


ATtend my peo ple to my law, and to my wordes en cline: My mouth ſhall ſpeake ſtrāge pa ra bles, and ſen ten ces di uine.
Becauſe we ſhould not keep it cloſe, frō thē that ſhould come after: Who ſhuld gods power to their race prayſe, & all his works of wōder.
That they, and their po ſte ri tie, that were not ſprong vp tho: Should haue the know ledge of the law, & teach their ſeed al ſo.

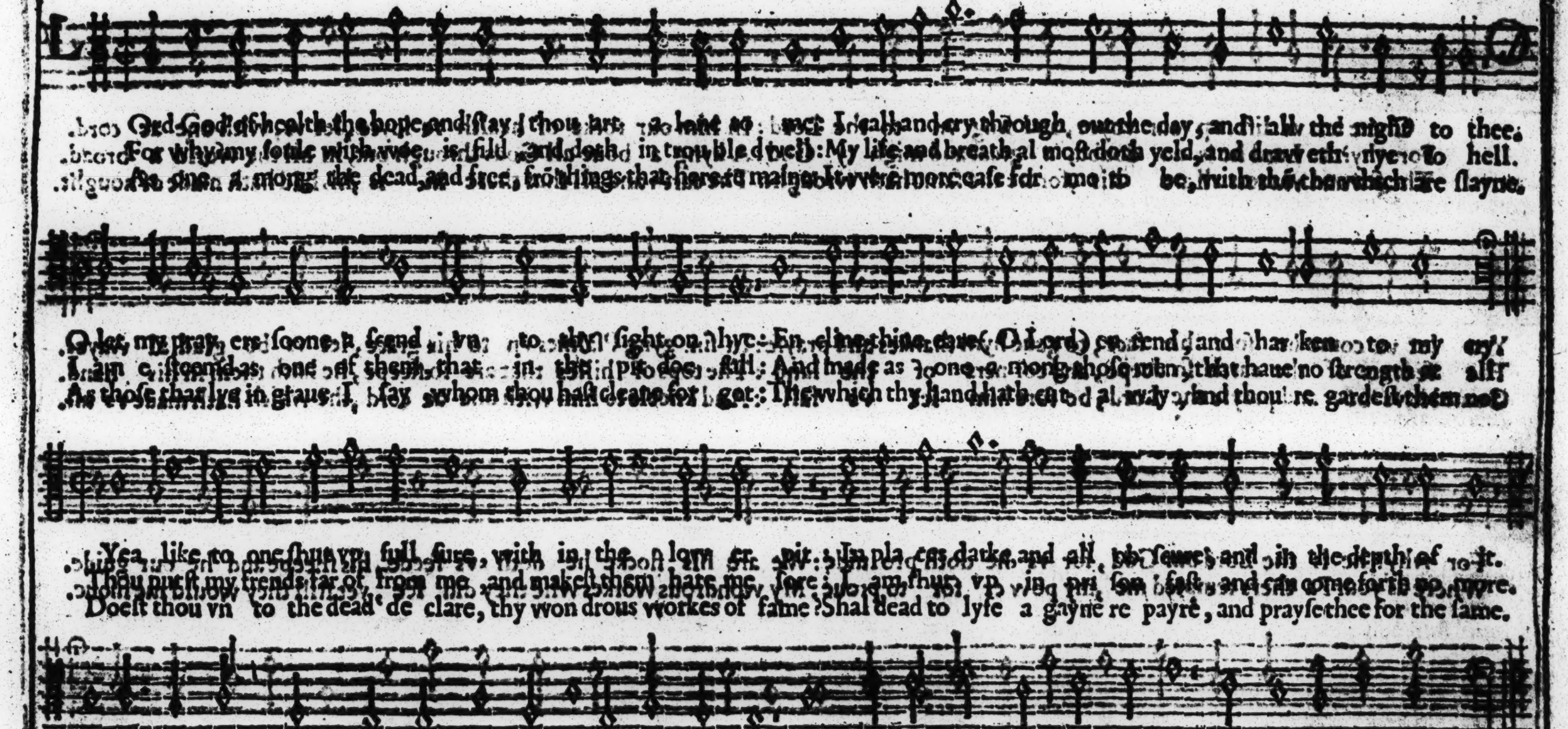
Which we our ſelues haue heard, and learnd, euen of our Fa thers old: And which for our in ſtru cti on, our Fa thers haue vs told.
To Ia cob he com maunde ment gaue, how Iſ ra ell ſhould liue: Wil ling our fathers ſhuld the ſame, vn to their chil dren geue.
That they may haue the bet ter hope, in God that is a bone: And not for get to keepe his lawes, and his pre ceptes in loue.

Not be yng as their Fa thers were, re bel lyng in Gods ſight: And would not frame their wic ked harts, to know their Gōd a right.
For why they did not keep with God, the couenaunt that was made: Nor yet would walke, or lead their liues, ac cor dyng to this trade.
What wonders to our fore Fa thers did he him ſelfe diſ cloſe: In E gypt land with in the field, that cal led is Tha neos.

How went the peo ple of E phraim, their neighbours for to ſpoyle: Shooting their dartes the day of warre, and yet they tooke the foyle.
But put in to o bli ui on, his coun ſell and his will: And all his workes moſt ma gni fique, which he de cla red ſtill.
He did de uide, and cut the ſea, that they might paſſe at once: And made the wa ters ſtand as ſtill, as doth an heape of ſtones.


E light and glad in God reioyce, which is our ſtrẽgth and ſtay: Be ioyfull and lift vp your voyce, to Iacobs God I ſay.
Blow as it were in the new Moone, with trumpets of the beſt: As it is vſed to be done, at any ſolemne feaſt.
This clauſe with Ioſeph was decreed, when he from Egypt came: That as a witnes all his ſeede, ſhould ſtill obſerue the ſame.
Prepare your inſtruments moſt meet, ſome ioyfull Pſalme to ſing: Strike vp with harpe and lute ſo ſweet, on euery pleaſaunt ſtring.
For this is vnto Iſraell, a ſtatute, and a trade: A law that muſt be kept full well, which Iacobs God hath made.
When God, I ſay had ſo prepard, to bryng him from that land: Wheras the ſpeach which he had heard, he did not vnderſtand.
I from his ſhoulders tooke ſayth he, the burthen cleane away: And frō the furnace quite him free, from burnyng brickes and clay.
Yea at the waters of diſcord, I did thee tẽpt and proue: Whereas the goodnes of the Lord, with muttering thou didſt moue.
Thou ſhalt no God in thee reſerue, of any land abroad: Nor in no wiſe to bow or ſerue, a ſtraunge and forreine God.
When thou in grief didſt cry and call, I holpe thee by and by: And I did anſwere thee withall, in thunder ſecretly.
Heare O my folke O Iſraell, and I aſſure it thee: Regard and marke my wordes full well, if thou wilt cleaue to me.
I am the Lord thy God, and I, from Egypt ſet thee free: Then aſke of me aboundantly, and I will geue it thee.

Lord

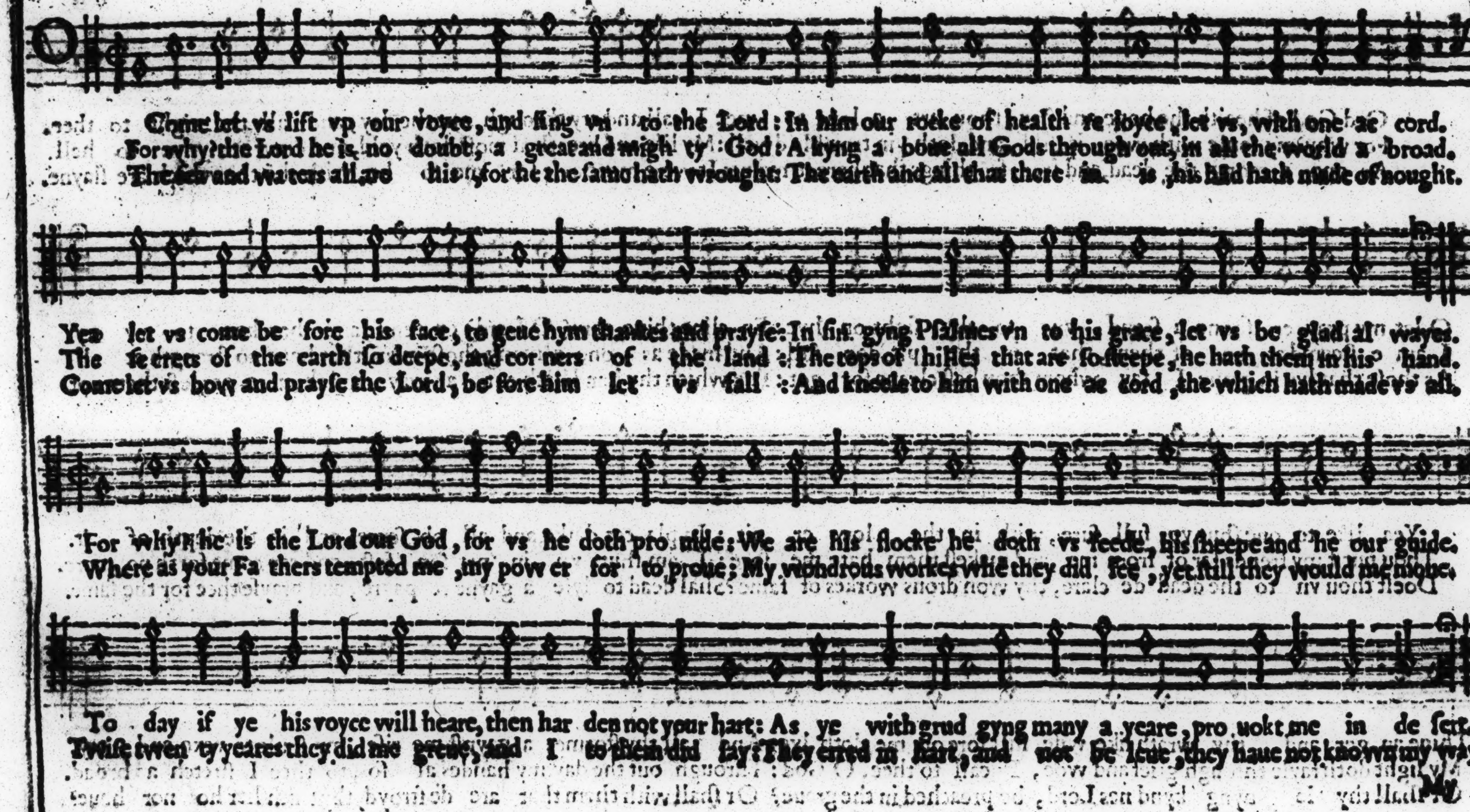


LOrd God of health the hope and stay, thou art alone to me: I call and cry through out the day, and all the night to thee.
For why my soule with woe is fild, and doth in trouble dwell: My life and breath almost doth yeld, and draweth nye to hell.
As one among the dead, and free, from things that here remaine: It were more ease for me to be, with them which are slayne.

O let my prayers soone ascend vnto thy sight on hye: Encline thine eare (O Lord) attend, and harken to my cry.
I am esteemd as one of them that in the pit doe fall: And made as one among those men, that haue no strength at all.
As those that lye in graue I say whom thou hast cleane forgot: The which thy hand hath cut alway, and thou regardest them not.

Yea like to one shut vp full sure, within the lower pit: In places darke and all obscure, and in the depth of it.
Thou putst my frends far of from me, and makest them hate me sore: I am shut vp in prison fast, and can come forth no more.
Doest thou vnto the dead declare, thy wondrous workes of fame? Shal dead to lyfe agayne repayre, and prayse thee for the same.

Thine anger and thy wrath likewise, full sore on me doth lye: And all thy stormes agaynst me rise, my soule to vexe and try.
My light doth fayle through grief and woe, I call to thee, O God: Through out the day, my handes also, to thee I stretch abroad.
Or shall thy louyng kyndnes Lord, be preached in the graue? Or shall with them that are destroyd, thy truth her honor haue?



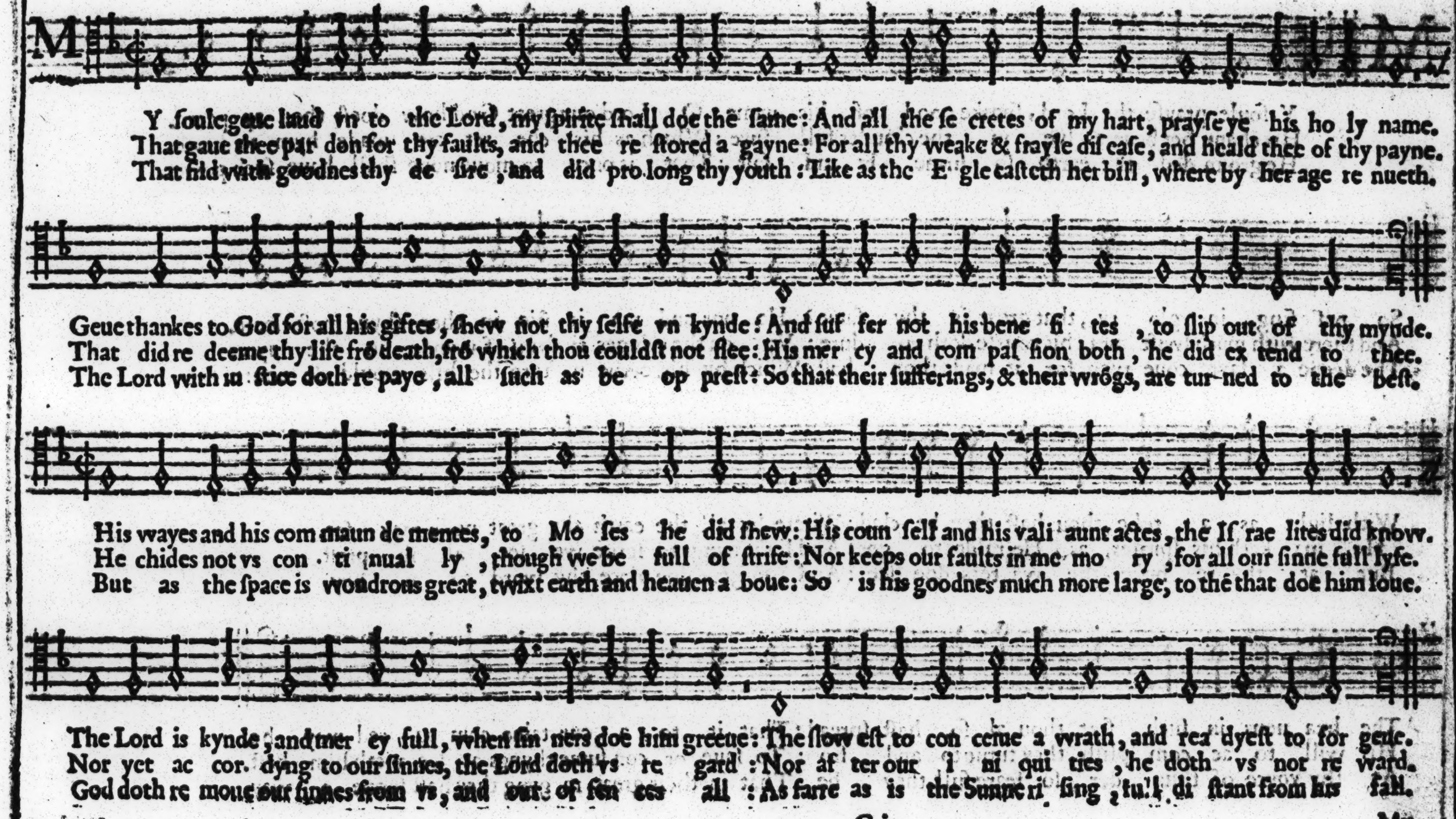
Come let vs lift vp our voyce, and ſing vn to the Lord: In him our rocke of health re ioyce, let vs, with one ac cord.
For why? the Lord he is, no doubt, a great and migh ty God: A kyng a boue all Gods through out, in all the world a broad.
The ſeas and wa ters all are his, for he the ſame hath wrought: The earth and all that there in is, his hãd hath made of nought.

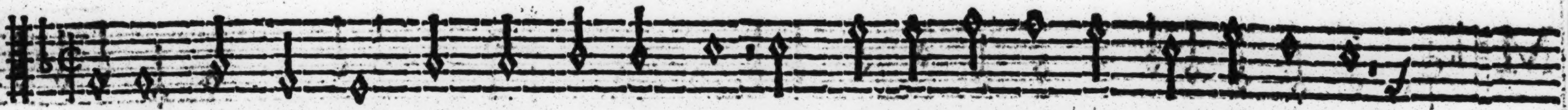
Yea let vs come be fore his face, to geue hym thankes and prayſe: In ſin gyng Pſalmes vn to his grace, let vs be glad al wayes.
The ſe crets of the earth ſo deepe, and cor ners of the land: The tops of hilles that are ſo ſteepe, he hath them in his hand.
Come let vs bow and prayſe the Lord, be fore him let vs fall: And kneele to him with one ac cord, the which hath made vs all.

For why? he is the Lord our God, for vs he doth pro uide: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, his ſheepe and he our guide.
Where as your Fa thers tempted me, my pow er for to proue; My wondrous workes whẽ they did ſee, yet ſtill they would me moue.

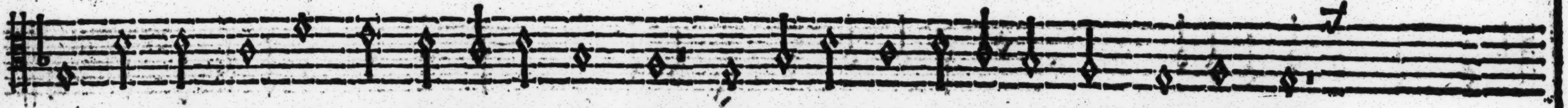
To day if ye his voyce will heare, then har den not your hart: As ye with grud gyng many a yeare, pro uokt me in de ſert.
Twiſe twen ty yeares they did me greue, and I to them did ſay: They erred in hart, and not be leue, they haue not knowen my way.

My

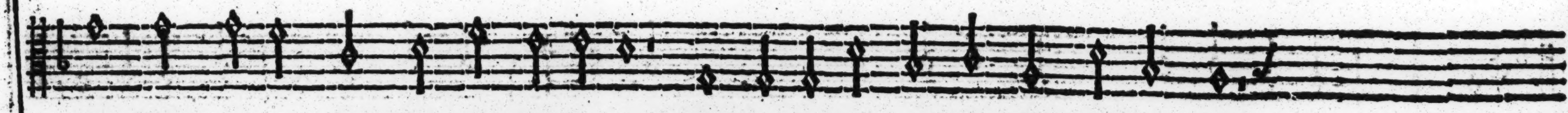

M
Y ſoule geue laud vn to the Lord, my ſpirite ſhall doe the ſame: And all the ſe cretes of my hart, prayſe ye his ho ly name.
That gaue thee par don for thy faults, and thee re ſtored a gayne: For all thy weake & frayle diſ caſe, and heald thee of thy payne.
That fild with goodnes thy de ſire, and did pro long thy youth: Like as the E gle caſteth her bill, where by her age re nueth.
Geue thankes to God for all his giftes, ſhew not thy ſelfe vn kynde: And ſuf fer not his bene fi tes, to ſlip out of thy mynde.
That did re deeme thy life frō death, frō which thou couldſt not flee: His mer cy and com paſ ſion both, he did ex tend to thee.
The Lord with iu ſtice doth re paye, all ſuch as be op preſt: So that their ſufferings, & their wrōgs, are tur ned to the beſt.
His wayes and his com maun de mentes, to Mo ſes he did ſhew: His coun ſell and his vali aunt actes, the Iſ rae lites did know.
He chides not vs con ti nual ly, though we be full of ſtrife: Nor keeps our faults in me mo ry, for all our ſinne full lyfe.
But as the ſpace is wondrous great, twixt earth and heauen a boue: So is his goodnes much more large, to thē that doe him loue.
The Lord is kynde, and mer cy full, when ſin ners doe him greeue: The ſlow eſt to con ceiue a wrath, and rea dyeſt to for geue.
Nor yet ac cor dyng to our ſinnes, the Lord doth vs re gard: Nor af ter our I ni qui ties, he doth vs not re ward.
God doth re moue our ſinnes from vs, and out of ſen ces all: As farre as is the Sunne ri ſing, full di ſtant from his fall.



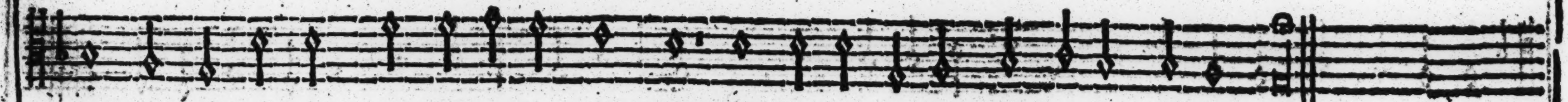
MY ſoule prayſe the Lord, ſpeake good of his name: O Lord our great God how doeſt thou appeare.
His chamber beames lye, in the cloudes full ſure: Which as his charet are made hym to beare.
He grounded the earth, ſo firmely and faſt: That it once to moue none ſhall haue ſuch power.



So paſſing in glory, that great is thy fame? Honor and maieſtie in thee ſhyne moſt cleare.
And therewith much ſwiftnes, his courſe doth endure: Vpon the winges ridyng of wynde in the ayre.
The deepe a fayre coueryng, for it made thou haſt: Which by his owne nature the hils would deuoure.

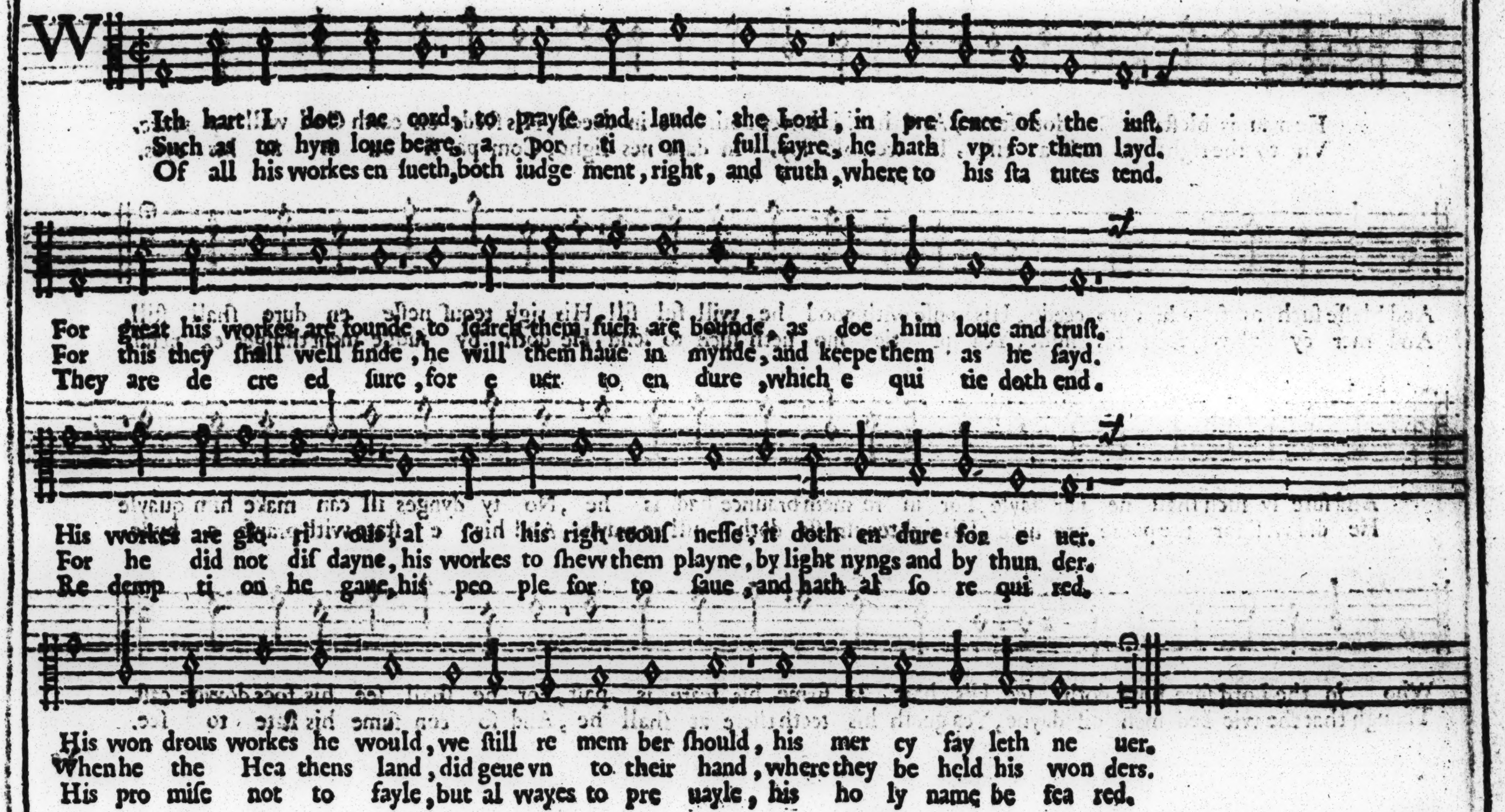


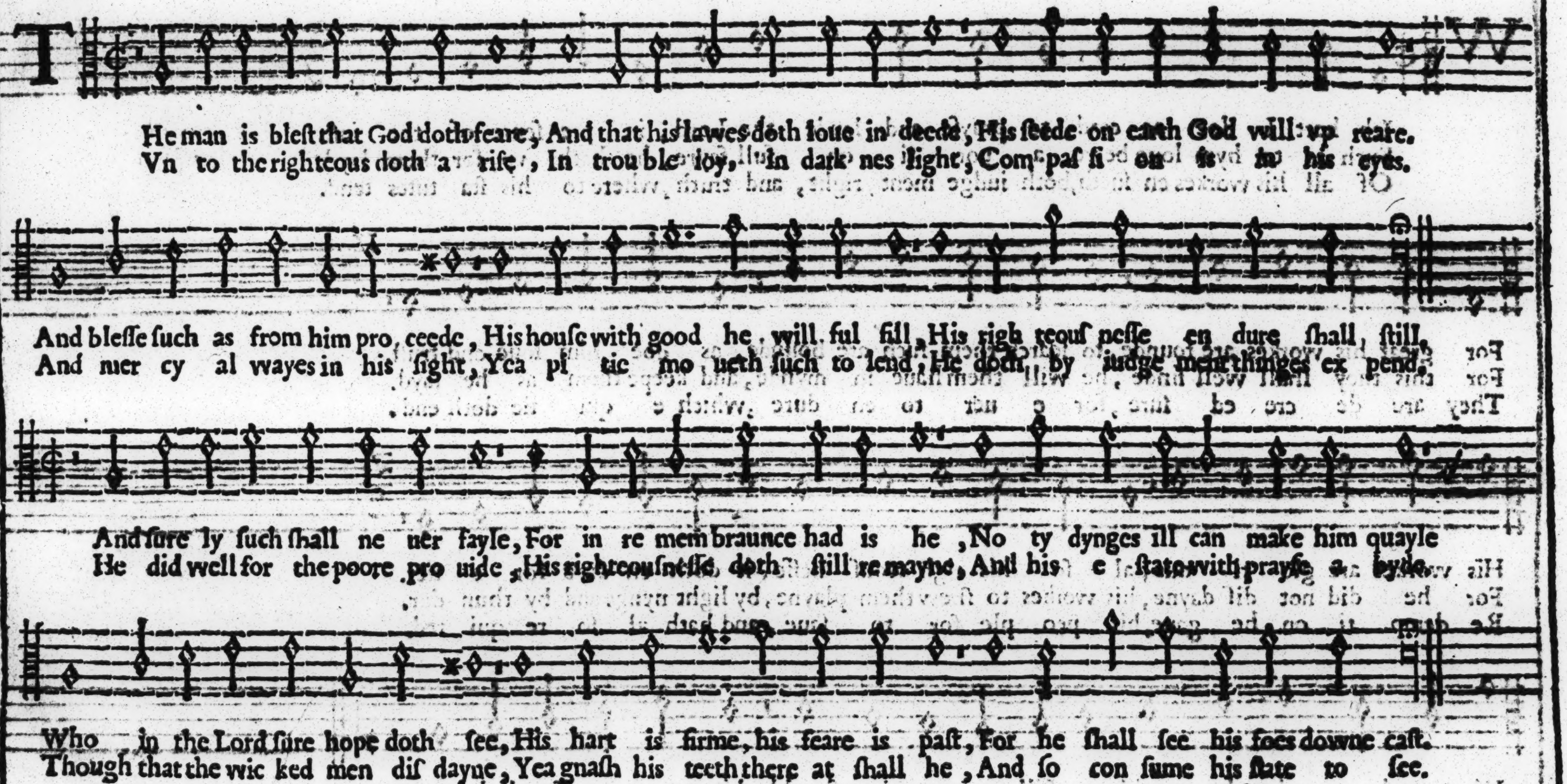
With light as a robe, thou haſt thee beclad: Whereby all the earth thy greatneſſe may ſee.
He maketh his ſpirites, as Heraldes to goe: And lightnyngs to ſerue we ſee alſo preſt.
But at thy rebuke, the waters doe flee: And ſo geue due place thy word to obey.

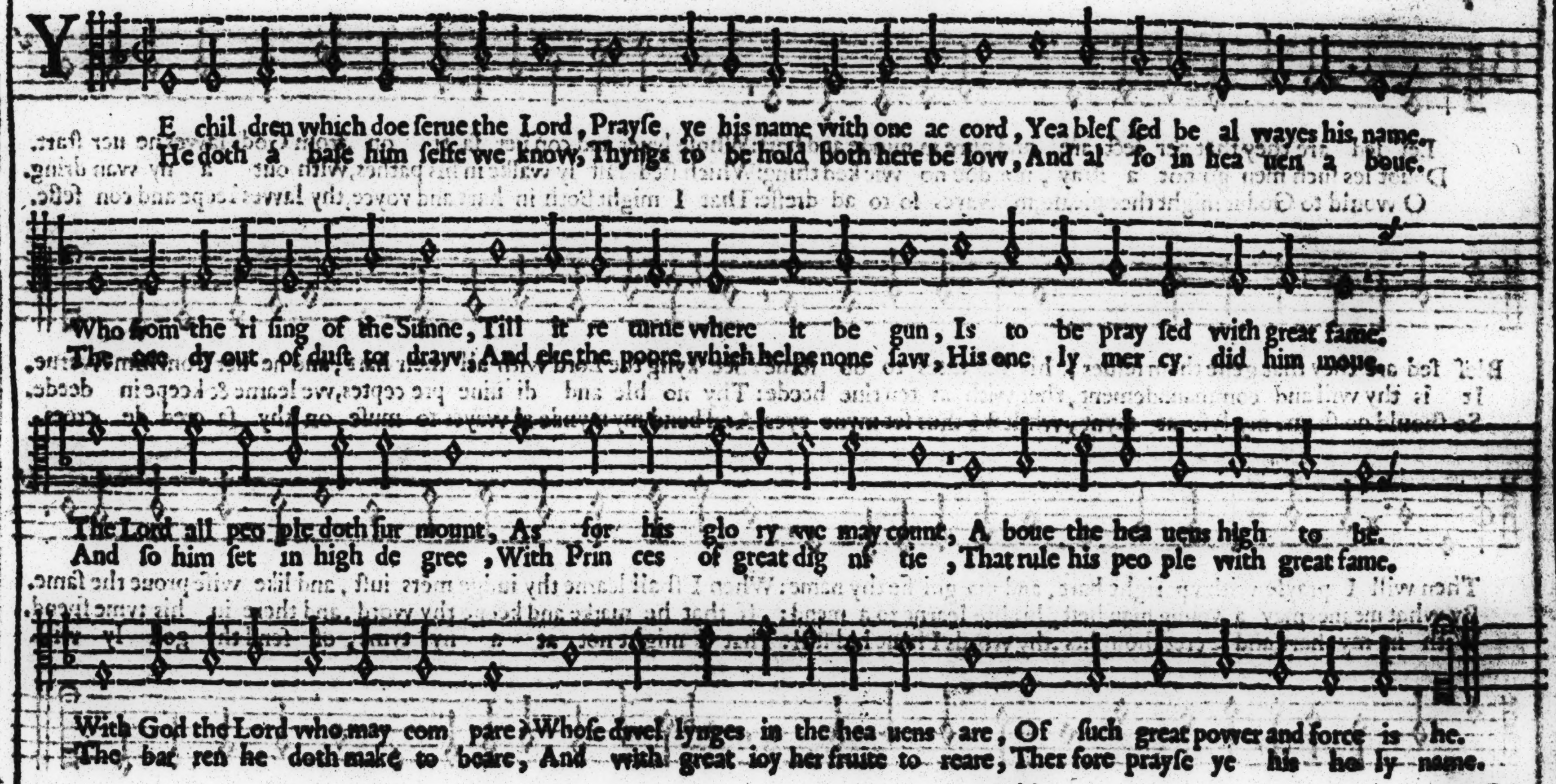


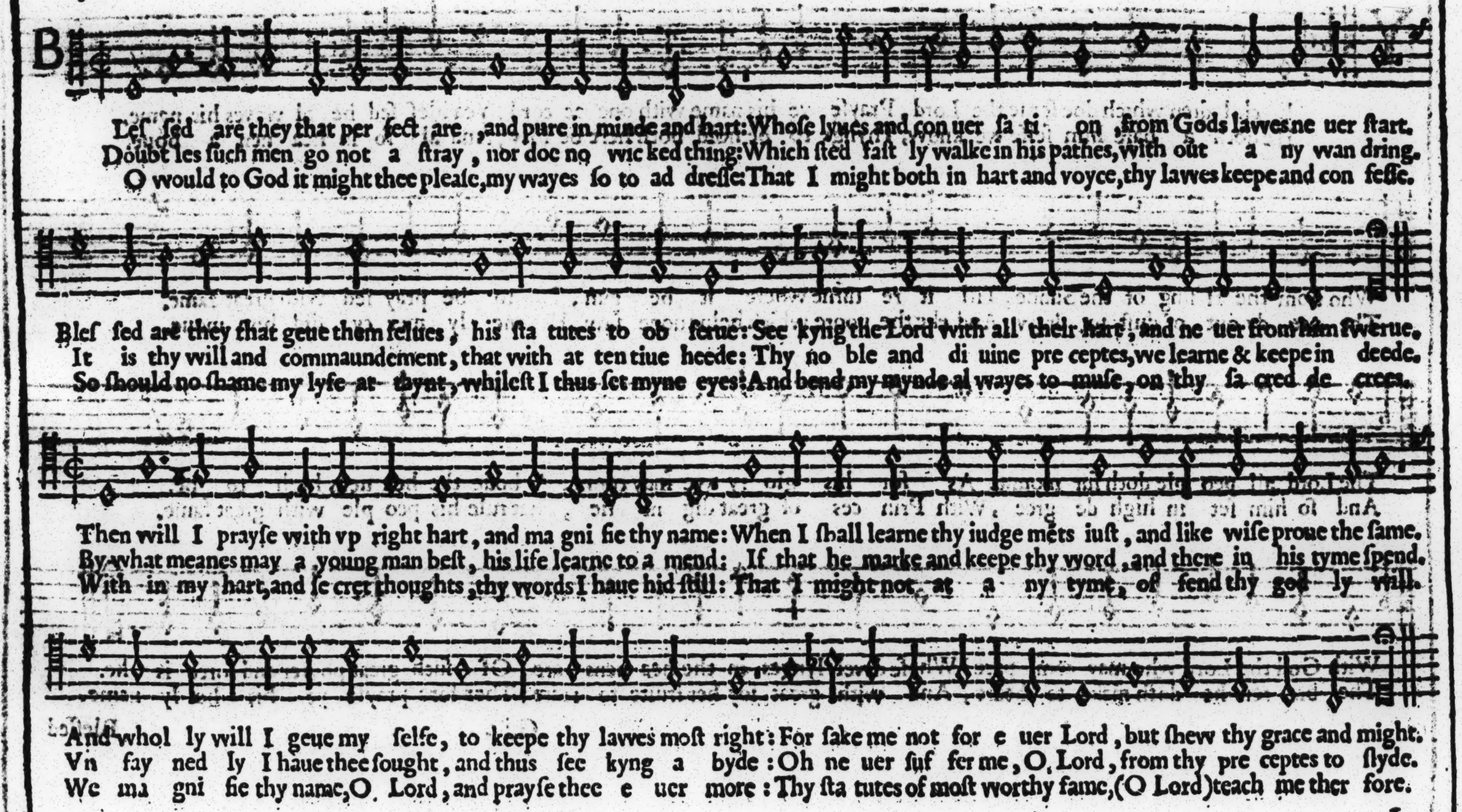
The heauens in ſuch ſort, thou alſo haſt ſpread: That it to a curtaine compared may be.
His will to accompliſh, they turne to and fro: To ſaue or conſume thyngs as ſeemeth him beſt.
At thy voyce of thunder, ſo fearefull they be: That in their great ragyng they haſt ſoone away.

With

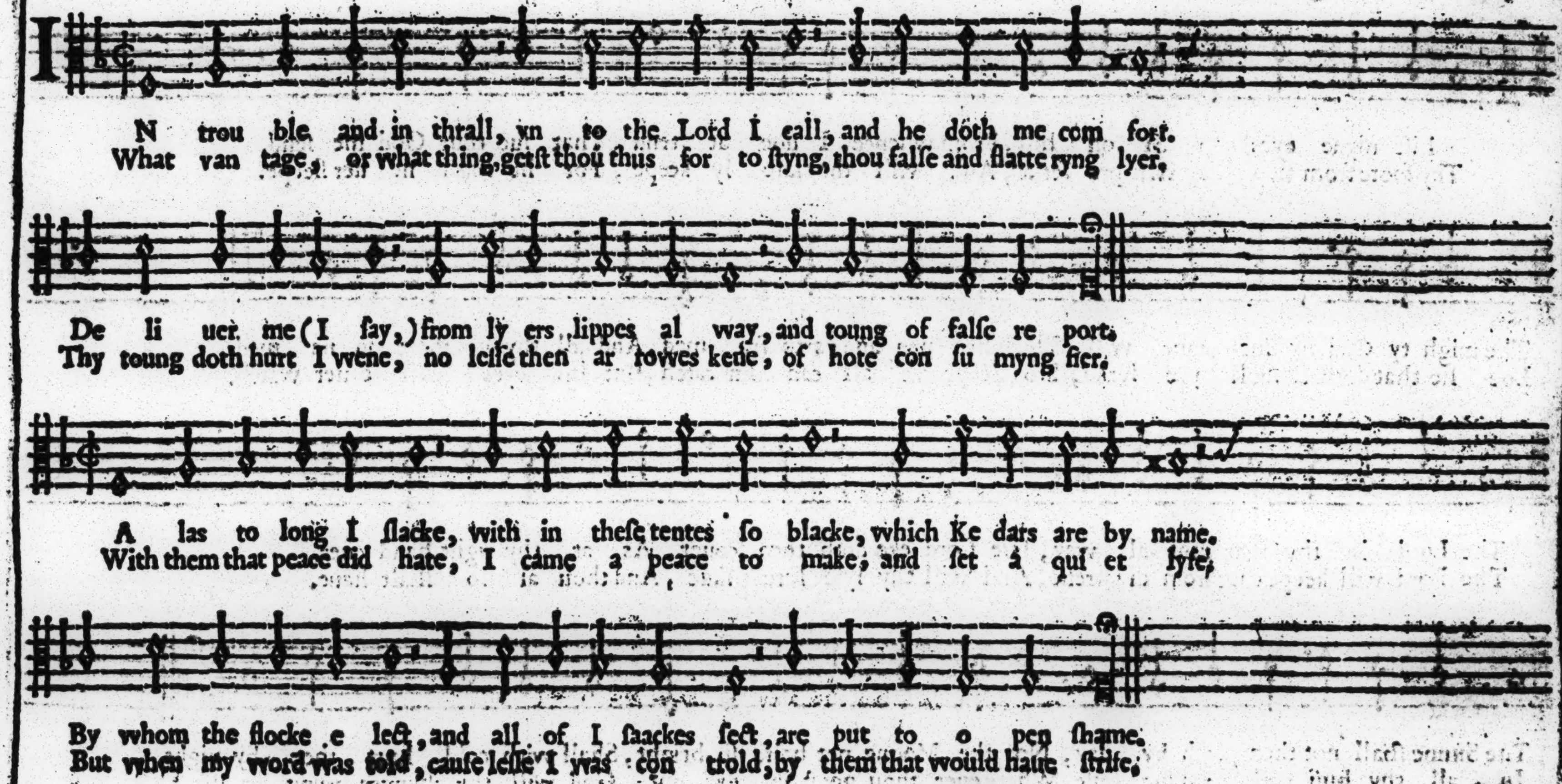

W
Ith hart I do ac cord, to prayſe and laude the Lord, in pre ſence of the iuſt.
Such as to hym loue beare, a por ti on full fayre, he hath vp for them layd.
Of all his workes en ſueth, both iudge ment, right, and truth, where to his ſta tutes tend.
For great his workes are founde, to ſearch them ſuch are bounde, as doe him loue and truſt.
For this they ſhall well finde, he will them haue in mynde, and keepe them as he ſayd.
They are de cre ed ſure, for e uer to en dure, which e qui tie doth end.
His workes are glo ri ous, al ſo his righ teouſ neſſe, it doth en dure for e uer.
For he did not diſ dayne, his workes to ſhew them playne, by light nyngs and by thun der.
Re demp ti on he gaue, his peo ple for to ſaue, and hath al ſo re qui red.
His won drous workes he would, we ſtill re mem ber ſhould, his mer cy fay leth ne uer.
When he the Hea thens land, did geue vn to their hand, where they be held his won ders.
His pro miſe not to fayle, but al wayes to pre uayle, his ho ly name be fea red.


T
He man is blest that God doth feare, And that his lawes doth loue in decde, His seede on earth God will vp reare.
Vn to the righteous doth a rise, In trou ble ioy, In dark nes light, Com pas si on is in his eyes.
And blesse such as from him pro ceede, His house with good he will ful fill, His righ teous nesse en dure shall still.
And mer cy al wayes in his sight, Yea pi tie mo ueth such to lend, He doth by iudge ment thinges ex pend.
And sure ly such shall ne uer fayle, For in re mem braunce had is he, No ty dynges ill can make him quayle
He did well for the poore pro uide, His righteousnesse doth still re mayne, And his e state with prayse a byde.
Who in the Lord sure hope doth see, His hart is firme, his feare is past, For he shall see his foes downe cast.
Though that the wic ked men dis dayne, Yea gnash his teeth there at shall he, And so con sume his state to see.


Ye children which doe ſerue the Lord, Prayſe ye his name with one accord, Yea bleſſed be alwayes his name.
He doth abaſe him ſelfe we know, Thynges to behold both here below, And alſo in heauen aboue.
Who from the riſing of the Sunne, Till it returne where it begun, Is to be prayſed with great fame.
The needy out of duſt to draw, And eke the poore which helpe none ſaw, His onely mercy did him moue.
The Lord all people doth ſurmount, As for his glory we may count, Aboue the heauens high to be.
And ſo him ſet in high degree, With Princes of great dignitie, That rule his people with great fame.
With God the Lord who may compare? Whoſe dwellynges in the heauens are, Of ſuch great power and force is he.
The barren he doth make to beare, And with great ioy her fruite to reare, Therfore prayſe ye his holy name.


B
Leſ ſed are they that per fect are , and pure in minde and hart: Whoſe lyues and con uer ſa ti on , from Gods lawes ne uer ſtart.
Doubt les ſuch men go not a ſtray , nor doe no wic ked thing: Which ſted faſt ly walke in his pathes, with out a ny wan dring.
O would to God it might thee pleaſe, my wayes ſo to ad dreſſe: That I might both in hart and voyce, thy lawes keepe and con feſſe.
Bleſ ſed are they that geue them ſelues , his ſta tutes to ob ſerue: See kyng the Lord with all their hart , and ne uer from him ſwerue.
It is thy will and commaundement , that with at ten tiue heede: Thy no ble and di uine pre ceptes, we learne & keepe in deede.
So ſhould no ſhame my lyfe at taynt , whileſt I thus ſet myne eyes: And bend my mynde al wayes to muſe , on thy ſa cred de crees.
Then will I prayſe with vp right hart , and ma gni fie thy name: When I ſhall learne thy iudge mẽts iuſt , and like wiſe proue the ſame.
By what meanes may a young man beſt , his life learne to a mend: If that he marke and keepe thy word , and there in his tyme ſpend.
With in my hart, and ſe cret thoughts , thy words I haue hid ſtill: That I might not at a ny tyme , of fend thy god ly will.
And whol ly will I geue my ſelfe, to keepe thy lawes moſt right: For ſake me not for e uer Lord , but ſhew thy grace and might.
Vn fay ned ly I haue thee ſought , and thus ſee kyng a byde: Oh ne uer ſuf fer me , O. Lord , from thy pre ceptes to ſlyde.
We ma gni fie thy name, O. Lord , and prayſe thee e uer more: Thy ſta tutes of moſt worthy fame, (O Lord) teach me ther fore.

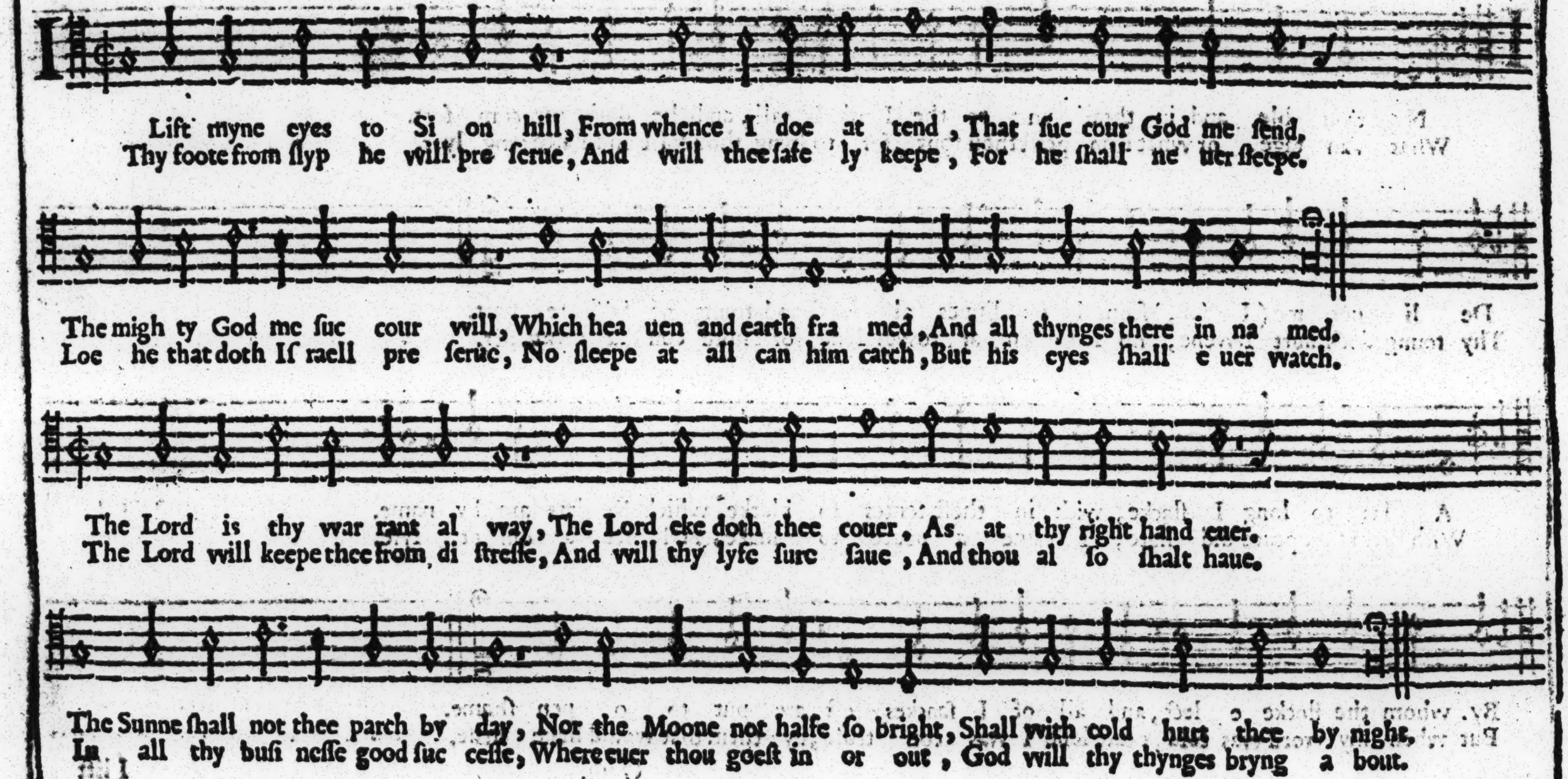
In


I
N trou ble and in thrall, vn to the Lord I call, and he doth me com fort.
What van tage, or what thing, geſt thou thus for to ſtyng, thou falſe and flatte ryng lyer.
De li uer me (I ſay,) from ly ers lippes al way, and toung of falſe re port.
Thy toung doth hurt I wene, no leſſe then ar rowes kene, of hote con ſu myng fier.
A las to long I ſlacke, with in theſe tentes ſo blacke, which Ke dars are by name.
With them that peace did hate, I came a peace to make, and ſet a qui et lyfe,
By whom the flocke e lect, and all of I ſaackes ſect, are put to o pen ſhame.
But when my word was told, cauſe leſſe I was con trold, by them that would haue ſtrife.

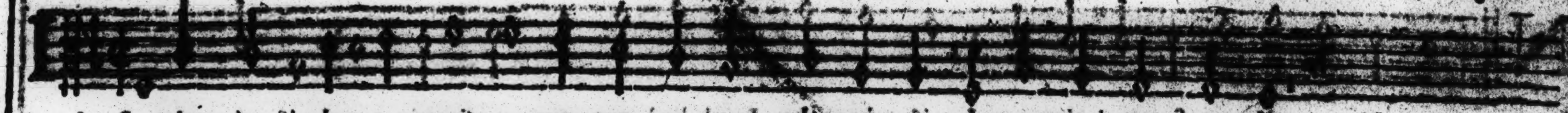
G.D.

The Cxxi. Pſalme.

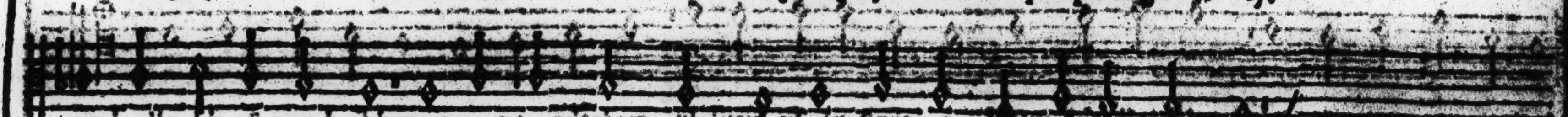
Tenor.


Lift myne eyes to Si on hill, From whence I doe at tend, That ſuc cour God me ſend,
Thy foote from ſlyp he will pre ſerue, And will thee ſafe ly keepe, For he ſhall ne uer ſleepe.
The migh ty God me ſuc cour will, Which hea uen and earth fra med, And all thynges there in na med.
Loe he that doth Iſ raell pre ſerue, No ſleepe at all can him catch, But his eyes ſhall e uer watch.
The Lord is thy war rant al way, The Lord eke doth thee couer, As at thy right hand euer.
The Lord will keepe thee from di ſtreſſe, And will thy lyfe ſure ſaue, And thou al ſo ſhalt haue.
The Sunne ſhall not thee parch by day, Nor the Moone not halfe ſo bright, Shall with cold hurt thee by night.
In all thy buſi neſſe good ſuc ceſſe, Where euer thou goeſt in or out, God will thy thynges bryng a bout.

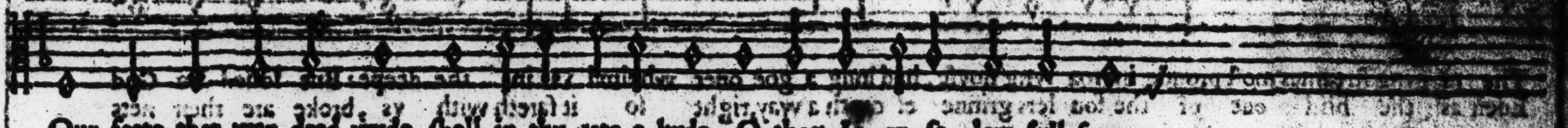
I did



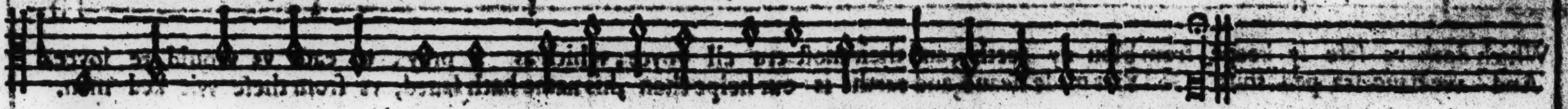
Did in hart reioyce, to heare the peoples voyce, in offeryng ſo willyngly.
The tribes with one accord, the tribes of God the Lord, are thither bent their wayes to take.
To pray let vs not ceaſe, for Ieruſalems peace, thy frendes God proſper mightely.



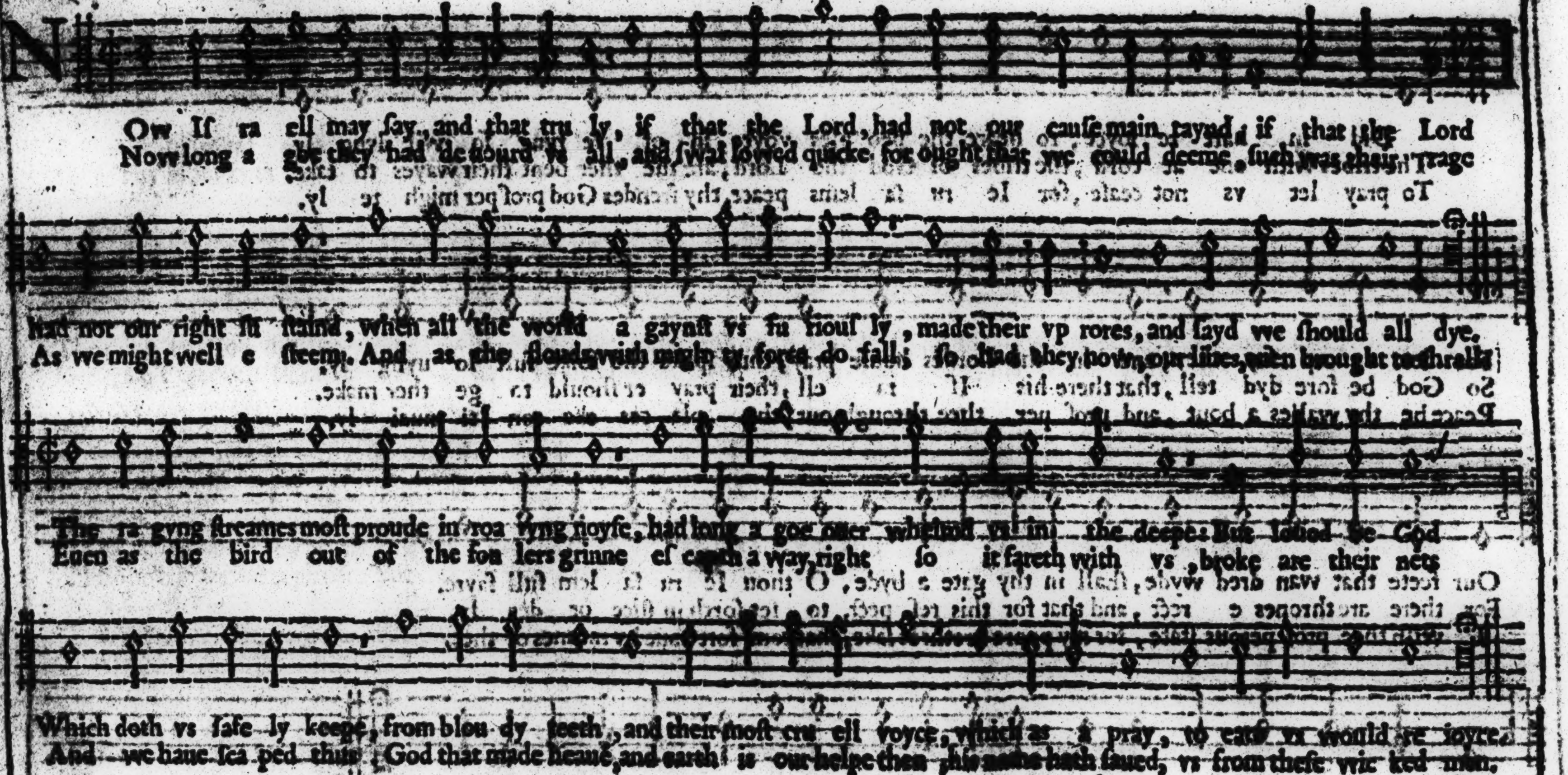
For let vs vp ſay they, and in the Lordes houſe pray, thus ſpake the folke full louyngly.
So God before dyd tell, that there his Iſraell, their prayer ſhould together make.
Peace be thy walles about, and proſper thee throughout, thy places eke continually.

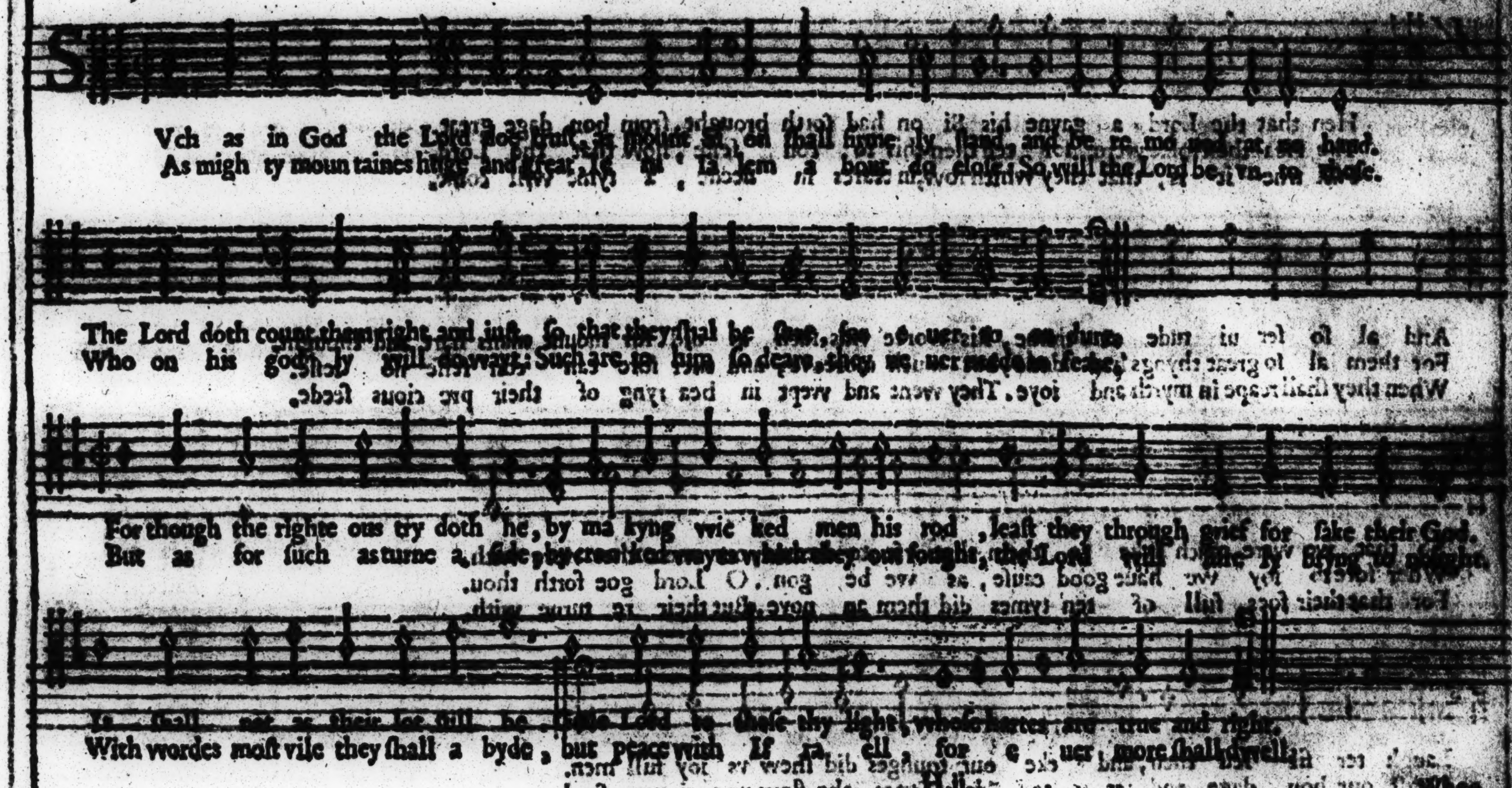


Our feete that wandred wyde, ſhall in thy gate abyde, O thou Ieruſalem full fayre.
For there are thrones erect, and that for this reſpect, to ſet forth iuſtice orderly.
I wiſh thee proſperous ſtate, for my poore brethrens ſake, that comfort haue by meanes of thee.



Which art ſo ſeemely ſet, much like a Citie neat, the like whereof is not els where.
Which thrones right to maintaine, to Dauids houſe pertaine, his folke to iudge accordyngly.
Gods houſe doth me allure, thy wealth for to procure, ſo much alwayes as lyeth in me.


N
Ow Iſraell may ſay, and that truly, if that the Lord, had not our cauſe maintayd, if that the Lord
Now long agoe they had deuourd vs all, and ſwallowed quicke, for ought that we could deeme, ſuch was their rage
had not our right ſuſtaind, when all the world agaynſt vs furiouſly, made their vp rores, and ſayd we ſhould all dye.
As we might well eſteem. And as the floudes with mighty force do fall, ſo had they now our liues, euen brought to thrall.
The raging ſtreames moſt proude in roaring noyſe, had long agoe ouer whelmd vs in the deepe: But loued be God
Euen as the bird out of the fowlers grinne eſcapeth away, right ſo it fareth with vs, broke are their nets
Which doth vs ſafely keepe, from bloudy teeth, and their moſt cruell voyce, which as a pray, to eate vs would reioyce.
And we haue ſcaped thus, God that made heauē, and earth is our helpe then, his name hath ſaued, vs from theſe wicked men.


S
Vch as in God the Lord doe truſt, as mount Si on ſhall firme ly ſtand, and be re mo ued at no hand.
As migh ty mountaines huge and great, Ie ru ſa lem a bout do cloſe: So will the Lord be vn to thoſe.
The Lord doth count them right and iuſt, ſo that they ſhal be ſure, for euer to endure.
Who on his god ly will do wayt: Such are to him ſo deare, they neuer neede to feare.
For though the righte ous try doth he, by ma kyng wic ked men his rod, leaſt they through grief for ſake their God.
But as for ſuch as turne a ſide by crooked wayes which they out ſought, the Lord will ſure ly bryng to naught.
It ſhall not as their lot ſtill be. Thou Lord to thoſe thy light, whoſe hartes are true and right.
With wordes moſt vile they ſhall a byde, but peace with Iſ ra ell, for e uer more ſhall dwell.

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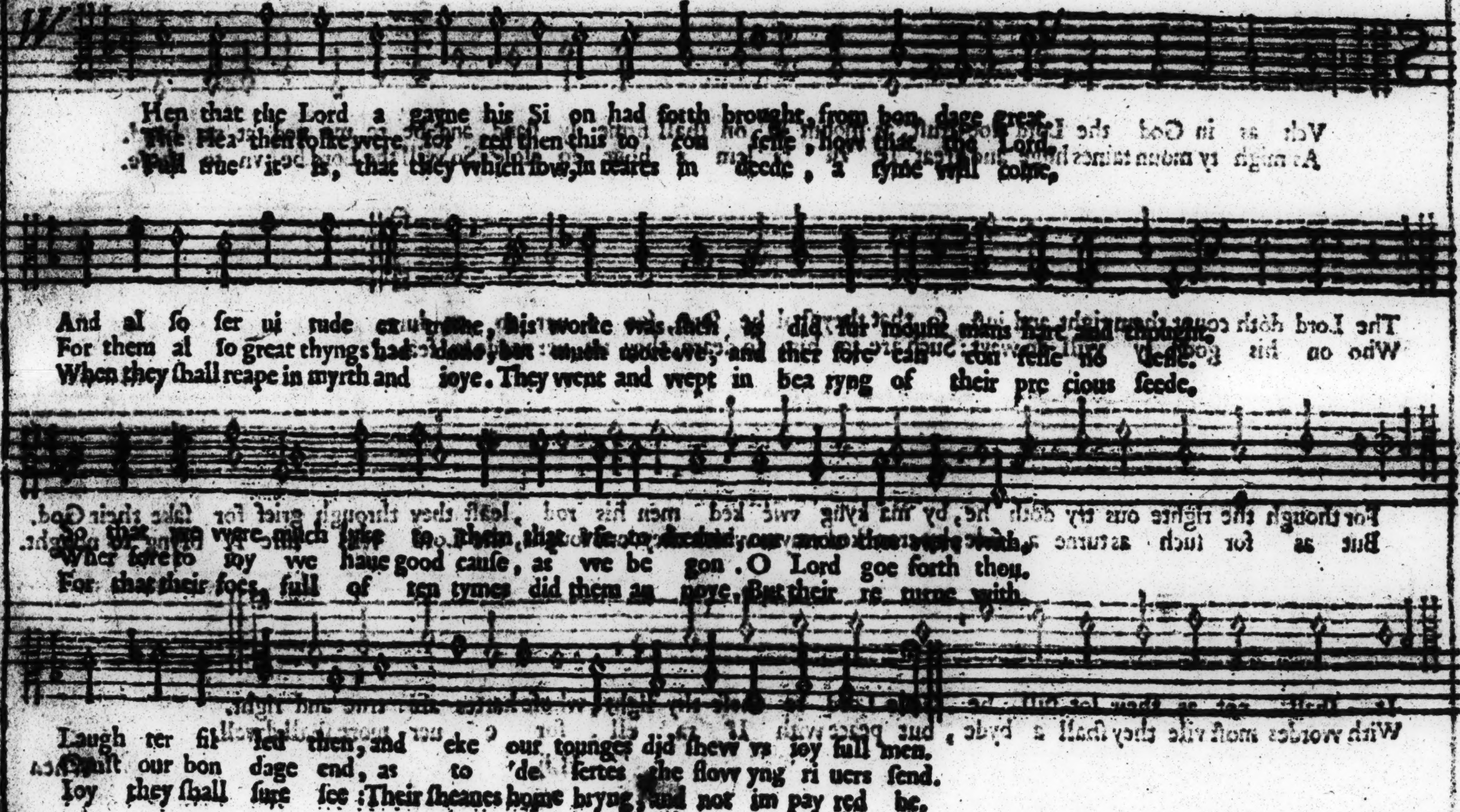
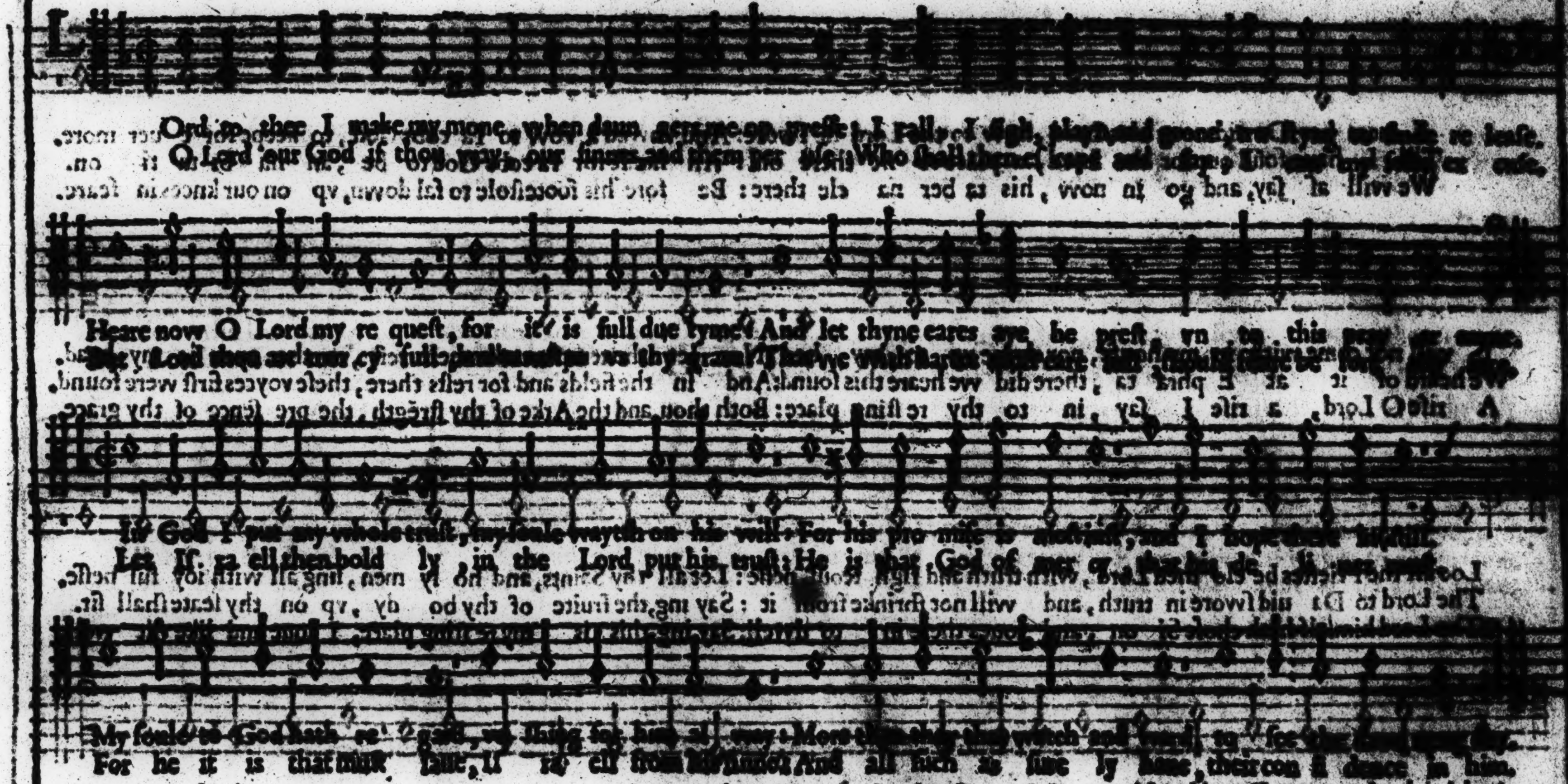
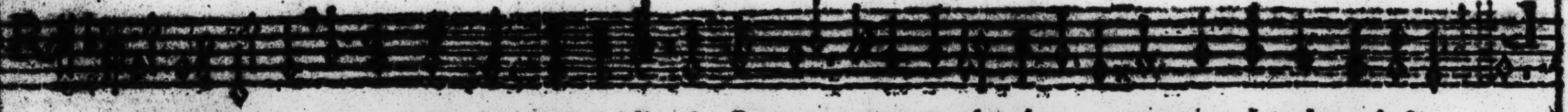
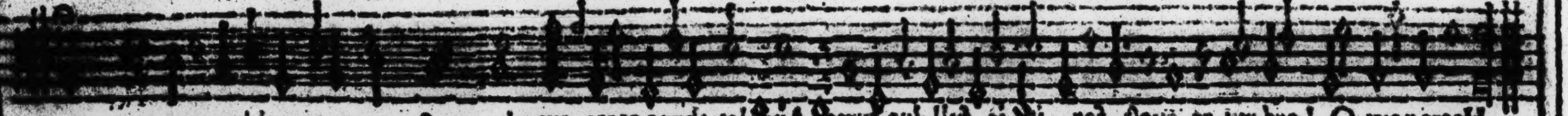

W
Hen that the Lord a gayne his Si on had forth brought, from bon dage great.
The Hea then folke were for ced then this to con fesse, how that the Lord,
Full true it is, that they which sow, in teares in deede, a tyme will come,
And al so ser ui tude extreme, his worke was such as did sur mount mans hart and thought,
For them al so great thyngs had done, but much more we, and ther fore can con fesse no lesse.
When they ſhall reape in myrth and ioye. They went and wept in bea ryng of their pre cious ſeede,
So that we were much lyke to Them that
Wher fore to ioy we haue good cauſe, as we be gon. O Lord goe forth thou.
For that their foes full of ten tymes did them an noye, But their re turne with.
Laugh ter fil led then, and eke our tounges did ſhew vs ioy full men.
Against our bon dage end, as to de ſertes the flowyng ri uers ſend.
Ioy they ſhall ſure ſee: Their ſheaues home bryng, and not im pay red be,

Lord

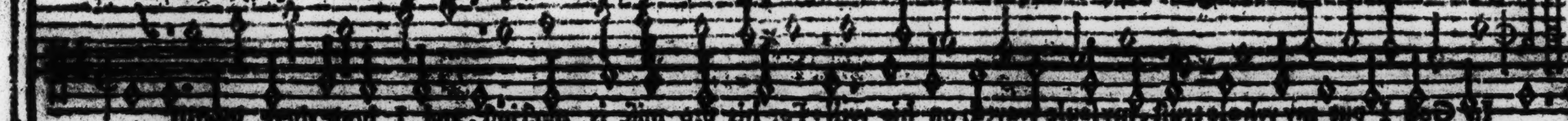

Lord, to thee I make my mone, when dangers me oppresse: I call, I sigh, plaine and grone, trusting to finde release.
O Lord our God if thou weigh our sinnes and them peruse: Who shall then escape and say, I can my selfe excuse.
Heare now O Lord my re quest, for it is full due tyme: And let thyne eares aye be prest, vn to this prayer of myne.
But Lord thou art mer cyfull [illegible] thy grace: That we with harts [illegible] should feare thy face.
In God I put my whole trust, my soule wayteth on his will: For his pro mise is most iust, and I hope therein still.
Let Is ra ell then bold ly, in the Lord put his trust: He is that God of mer cy, that his de [illegible]
My soule to God hath re spect, wa tching for him al way: More then they that watch and ward, to [illegible] for the dawning day.
For he it is that must saue, Is ra ell from his sinne: And all such as sure ly haue, their con fi dence in him.



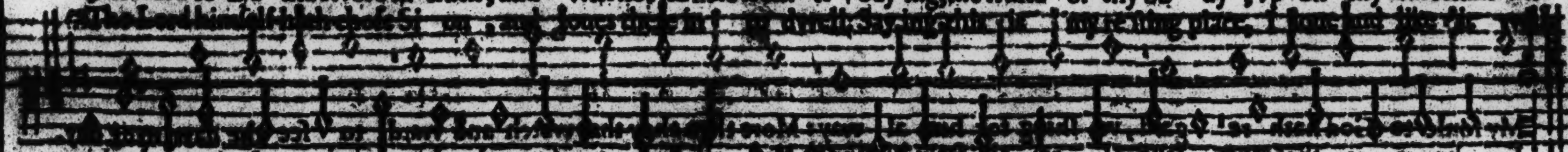
Remember Dauids troubles Lord, how to the Lord he swore: And vowed a vow to Ia cobs God, to keepe for e uer more.
Till I haue found out for the Lord, a place there to re maine: An house for Ia cobs God to be, an ha bi ta ti on.
We will as say, and go in now, his ta ber na cle there: Be fore his footestole to fal down, vp on our knees in feare.



I will not come within my house, nor climbe vp to my bed: Nor let mine eyes once take their sleepe, nor slumber in my head.
We heard of it at E phra ta, there did we heare this found: And in the fields and for rests there, these voyces first were found.
A rise O Lord, a rise I say, in to thy re sting place: Both thou, and the Arke of thy strẽgth, the pre sence of thy grace.

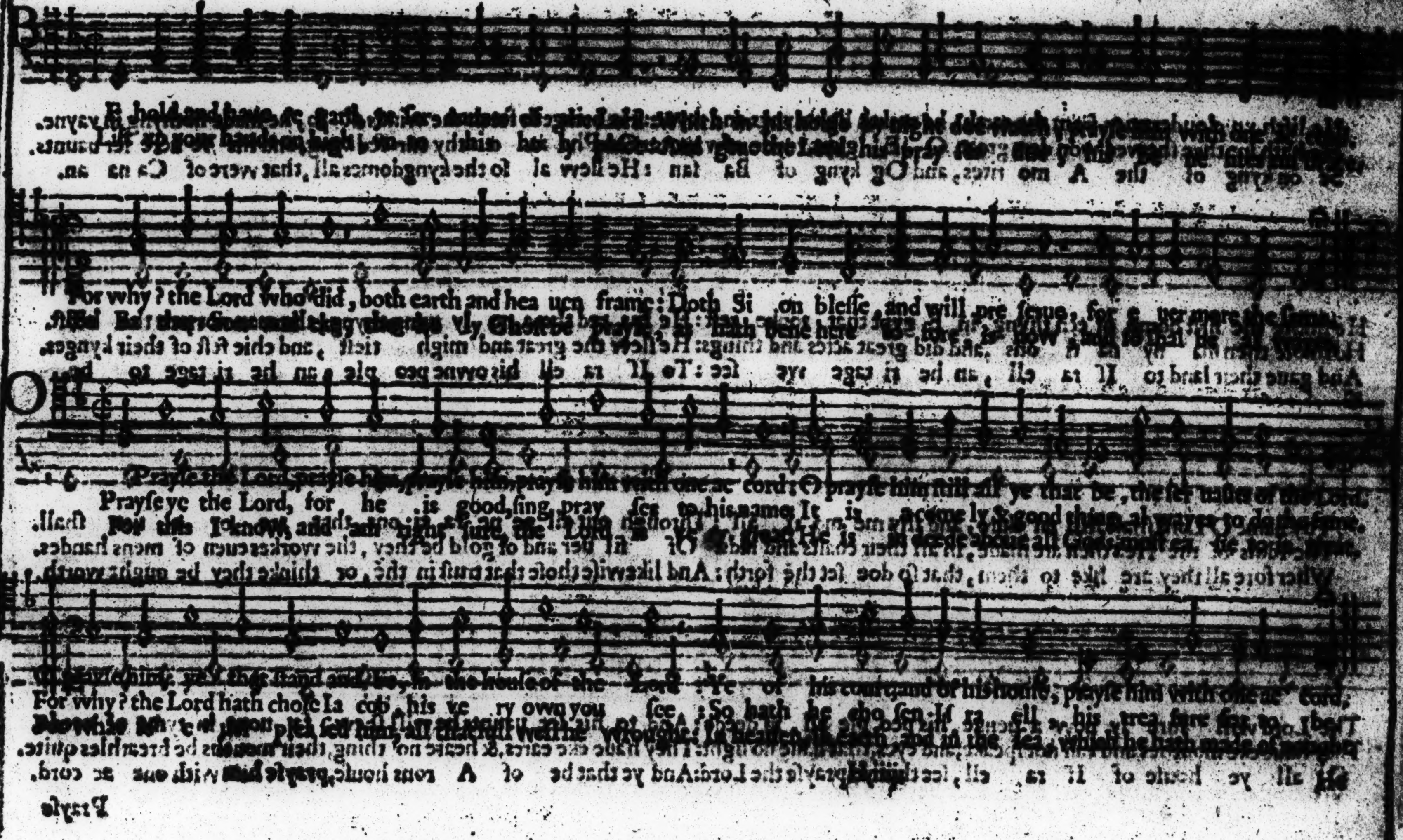


Loe let the Priestes be clo thed Lord, with truth and righ teous nesse: Let all thy Saints, and ho ly men, sing all with ioy ful nesse.
The Lord to Da uid swore in truth, and will not shrinke from it: Say ing, the fruite of thy bo dy, vp on thy seate shall sit.
The Lord himselfe hath chose Si on, and loues there in to dwell; Say ing this is my re sting place, I loue and like it well.

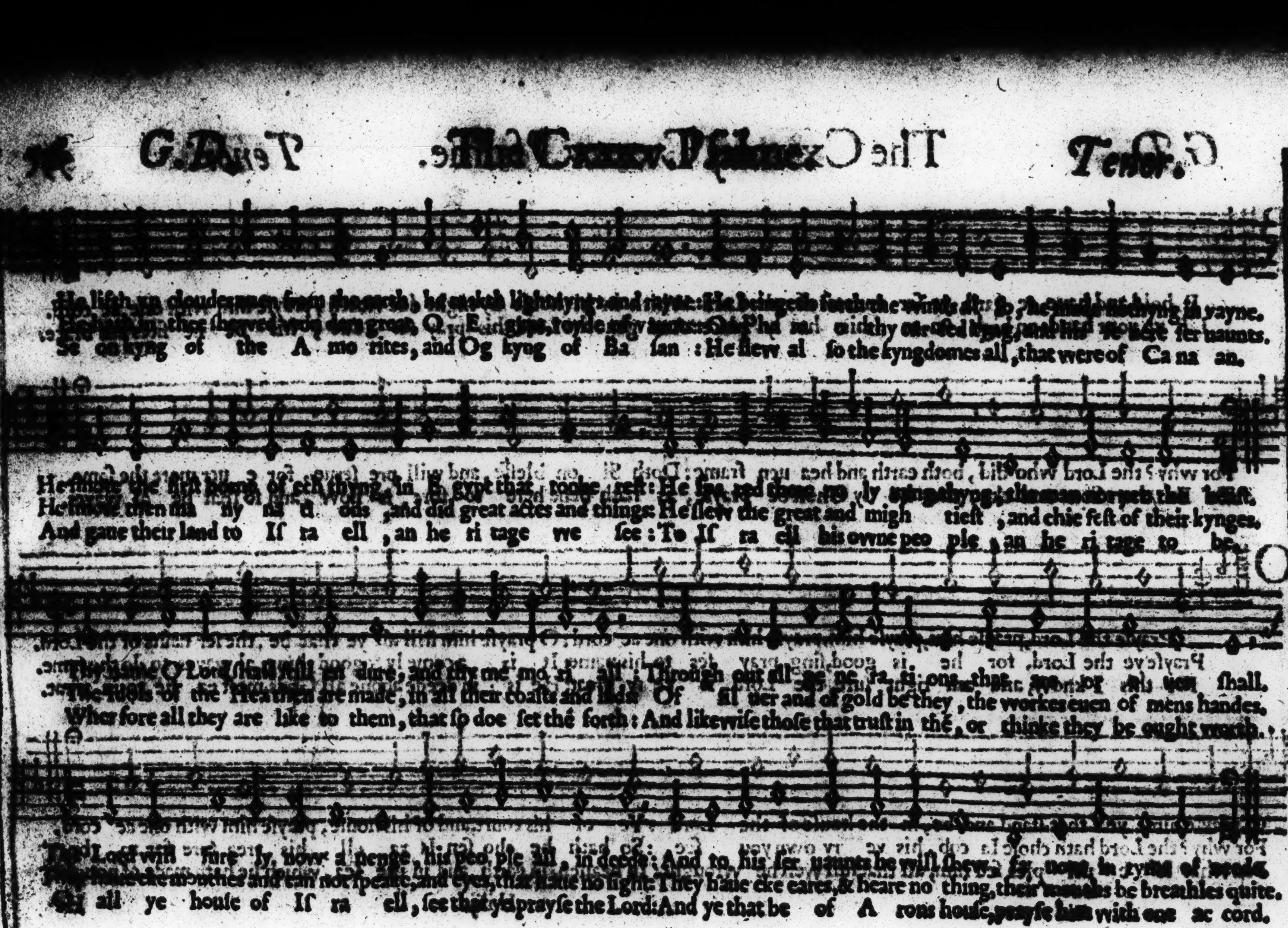


And for thy ser uaunt Da uids sake, re fuse not Lord I say: The face of thyne an noyn ted one, nor turne thy face a way.
And if thy sonnes my couenaunt keepe, that I shall teach ech one: Then shall thy sonnes for e uer sit, vp on thy Prin ly throne.
And I will blesse, with great en crease, her vi ctuals, eue ry where: And I will sa tis fie with bread, the nee dy that be there.

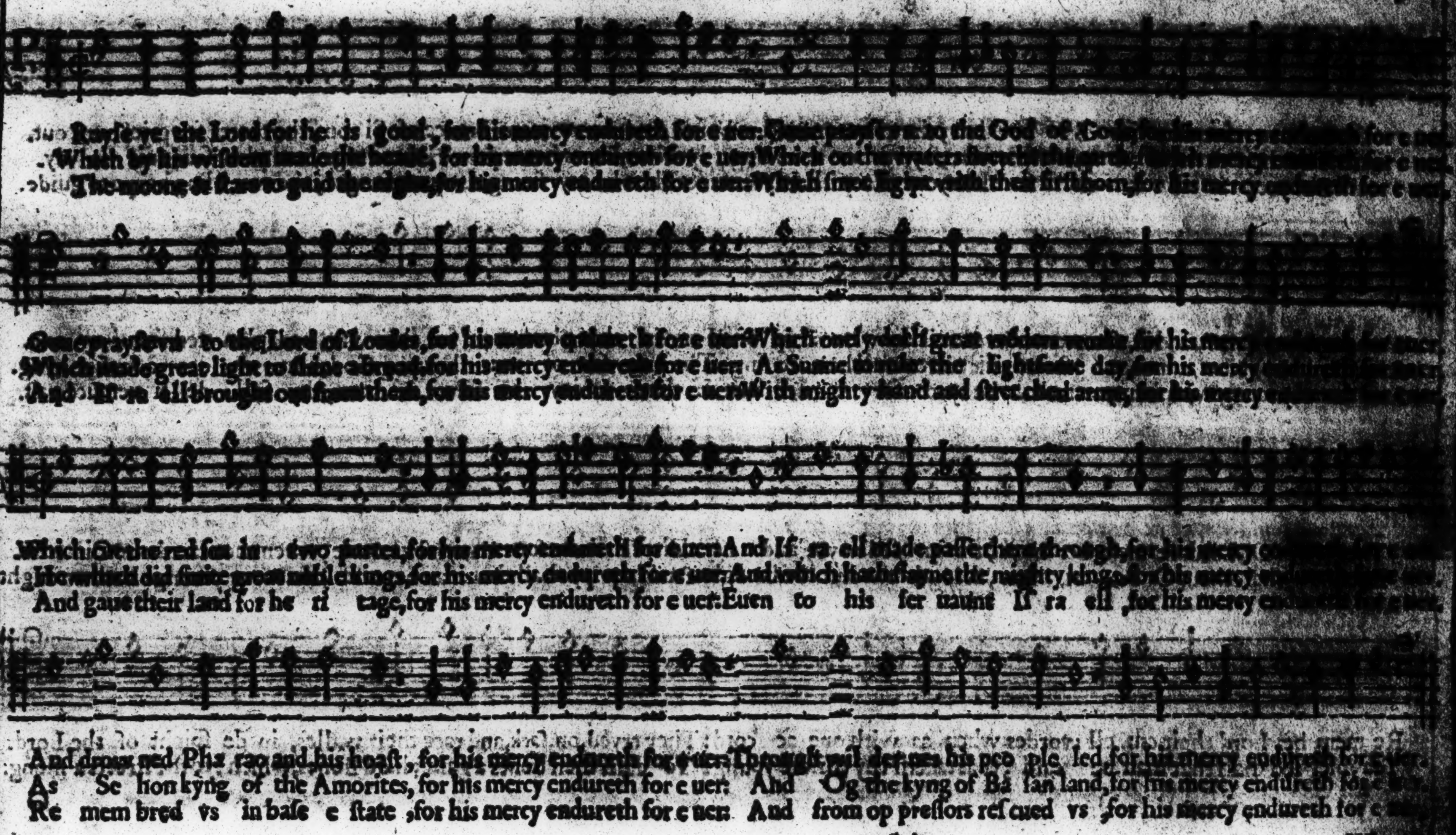
Behold


B
Behold and haue regard, ye seruantes of the Lord, which in his house by night do watch, prayse him with one accord.
Lift vp your handes on high, [illegible]
For why? the Lord who did, both earth and heauen frame: Doth Sion blesse, and will preserue, for euermore the same.
O
Prayse the Lord, prayse him, prayse him, prayse him with one accord: O prayse him still all ye that be, the seruantes of the Lord.
Prayse ye the Lord, for he is good, sing prayses to his name: It is a comely & good thing, alwayes to do the same.
For this I know, and am right sure, the Lord [illegible] He is [illegible] aboue all Gods [illegible]
O prayse him ye that stand and be, in the house of the Lord: Ye of his court and of his house, prayse him with one accord.
For why? the Lord hath chose Iacob, his very own you see: So hath he chosen Israell his treasure for to be.
[illegible] pleased him, all that will he wrought: In heauen, in earth, and in the sea, which he hath made of nought.

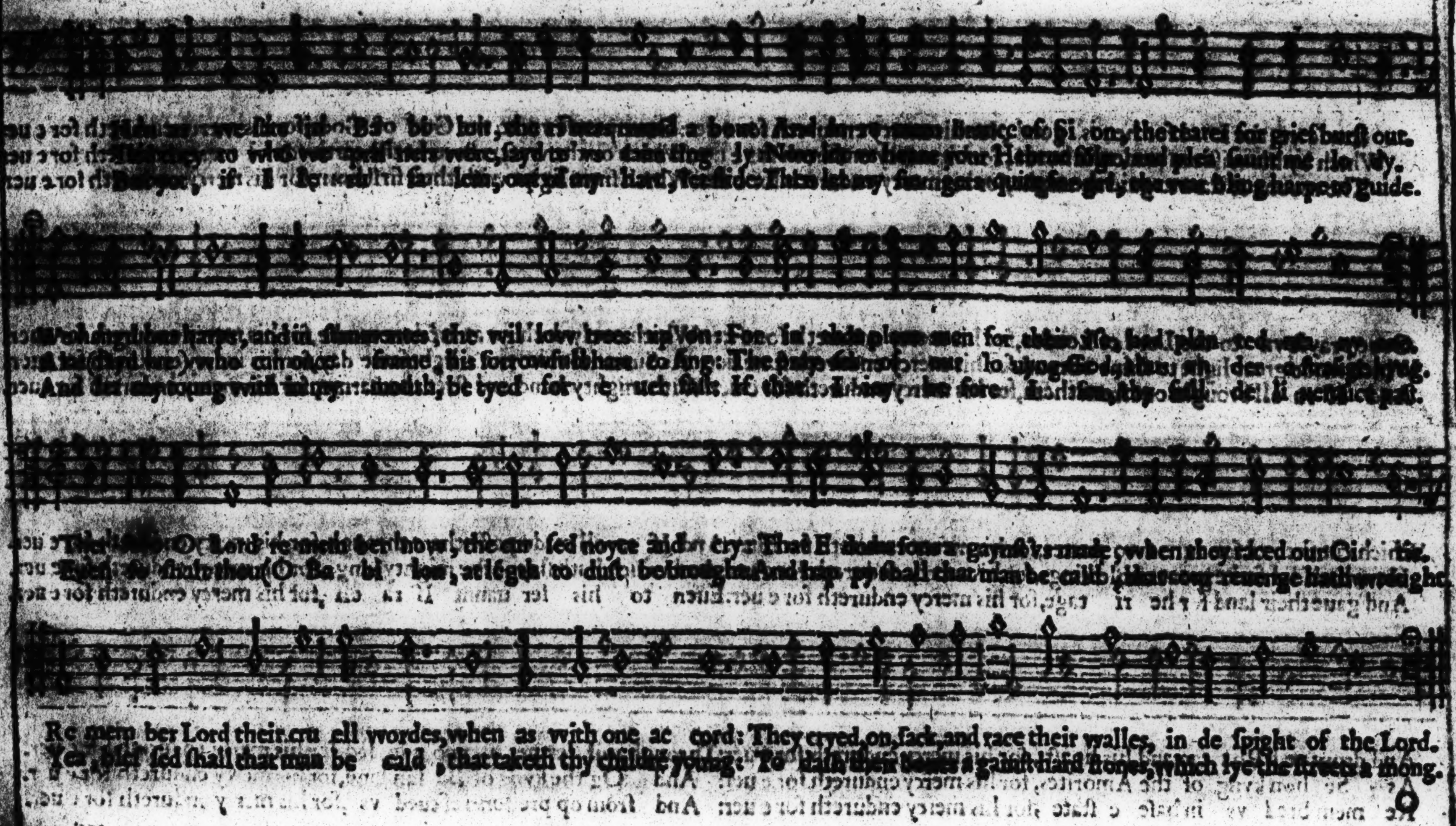
Tenor.

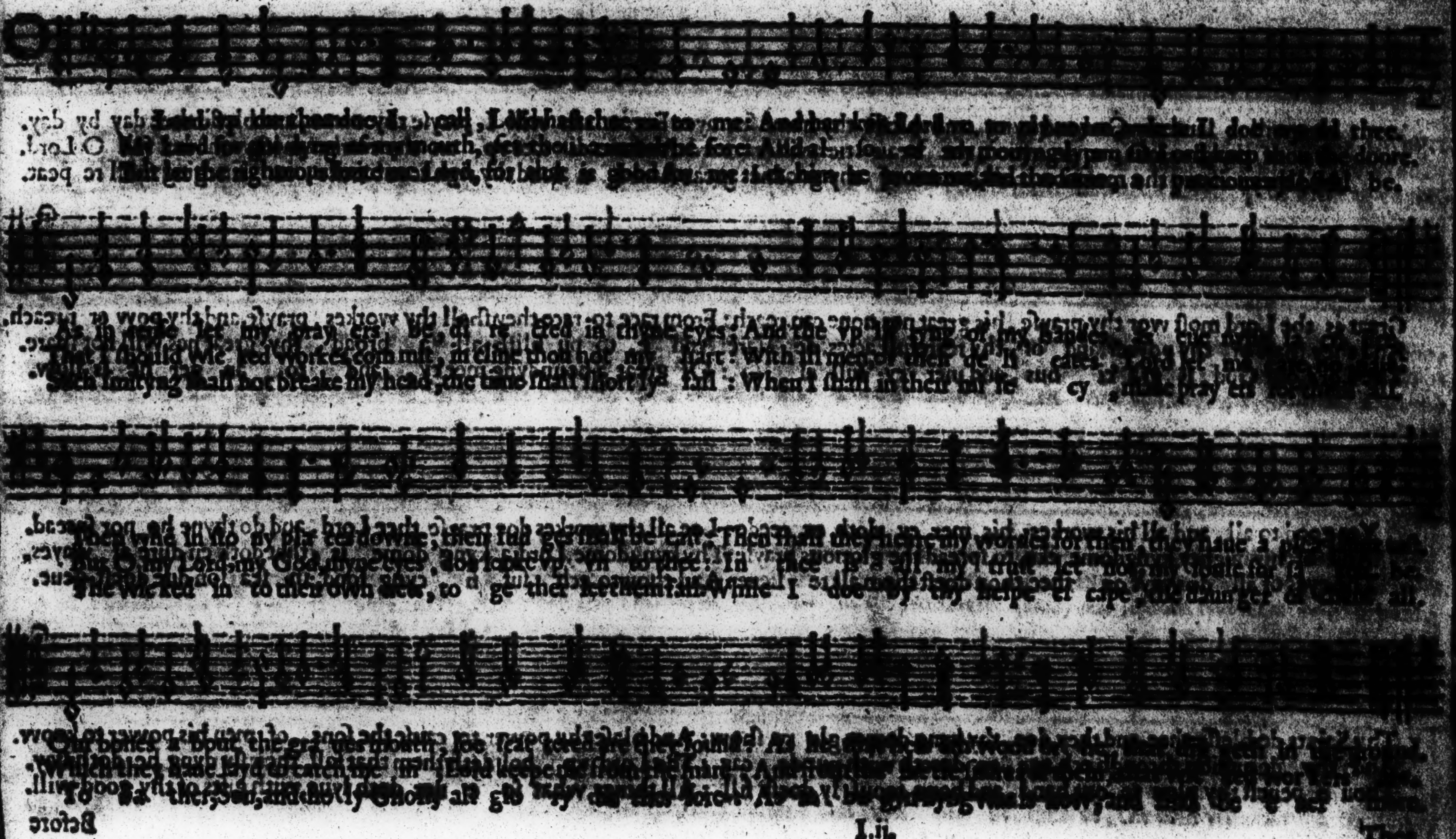

He lifth vp cloudes euen from the earth, he maketh lightnyngs and rayne: He bringeth forth the windes alſo, he made nothing in vayne.
He hath in thee ſhewed wonders great, O E gipt, to ſe [illegible] Pha rao and mighty [illegible] kyng, and his ſer uaunts.
Se on kyng of the A mo rites, and Og kyng of Ba ſan: He ſlew al ſo the kyngdomes all, that were of Ca na an.
He ſmote the firſt borne of ech thyng, in E gypt that tooke reſt: He ſpa red none on ly [illegible] of man and beaſt.
He ſmote then ma ny na ti ons, and did great actes and things: He ſlew the great and migh tieſt, and chie feſt of their kynges.
And gaue their land to Iſ ra ell, an he ri tage we ſee: To Iſ ra ell his owne peo ple, an he ri tage to be.
Thy name O Lord ſhall ſtill en dure, and thy me mo ri all: Through out all ge ne ra ti ons [illegible] ſhall.
The Idols of the Heathen are made, in all their coaſts and lãds: Of ſil uer and of gold be they, the workes euen of mens handes.
Wher fore all they are like to them, that ſo doe ſet thẽ forth: And likewiſe thoſe that truſt in thẽ, or thinke they be ought worth.
The Lord will ſure ly now a uenge, his peo ple all, in deede: And to his ſer uaunts he will ſhew a [illegible] in tyme of neede.
They haue eke mouthes and can not ſpeake, and eyes, that haue no ſight: They haue eke eares, & heare no thing, their mouths be breathles quite.
All ye houſe of Iſ ra ell, ſee that ye prayſe the Lord: And ye that be of A rons houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.

Prayſe


Rayſe ye the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for euer: Geue prayſe vnto the God of Gods, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which by his wiſdome made the heauens, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which on the waters ſtretched the earth, for his mercy endureth for euer.
The moone & ſtarres to guid the night, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which ſmote Egypt with their firſtborn, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Geue prayſe vnto the Lord of Lordes, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which onely doth great wonders worke, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which made great light to ſhine abroad, for his mercy endureth for euer: As Sunne to rule the lightſome day, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And Iſraell brought out from them, for his mercy endureth for euer: With mighty hand and ſtretched arme, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which cut the red ſea in two partes, for his mercy endureth for euer: And Iſraell made paſſe therethrough, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Him which did ſmite great noble kings, for his mercy endureth for euer: And which hath ſlayne the mighty kings, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And gaue their land for heritage, for his mercy endureth for euer: Euen to his ſeruaunt Iſraell, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And drowned Pharao and his hoaſt, for his mercy endureth for euer: Through wildernes his people led, for his mercy endureth for euer.
As Sehon kyng of the Amorites, for his mercy endureth for euer: And Og the kyng of Baſan land, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Remembred vs in baſe eſtate, for his mercy endureth for euer: And from oppreſſors reſcued vs, for his mercy endureth for euer.

Whe


the riuers round about, And in remembrance of Si on, the teares for grief burst out.
said to us tauntingly: Now let us heare your Hebrue songs, and pleasant melody.
out of my hart let slide: Then let my fingers quite forget, the warbling harpe to guide.
We hanged our harpes, and instruments, the willow trees vpon: For in that place men for their vse, had planted many one.
Alas (said we) who can once frame, his sorrowfull hart to sing: The praises of our louing God, thus vnder a straunge king.
And let my tongue within my mouth, be tyed for euer fast: If that I ioy before I see, thy full deliuerance past.
Therefore O Lord remember now, the cursed noyse and cry: That Edoms sonnes against vs made, when they raced our Citie.
Euen so shalt thou (O Babylon) at length to dust be brought: And happy shall that man be cald, that our reuenge hath wrought.
Re mem ber Lord their cru ell wordes, when as with one ac cord: They cryed on, sack, and race their walles, in de spight of the Lord.
Yea, bles sed shall that man be cald, that taketh thy children young: To dash their bones against hard stones, which lye the streets a mong.



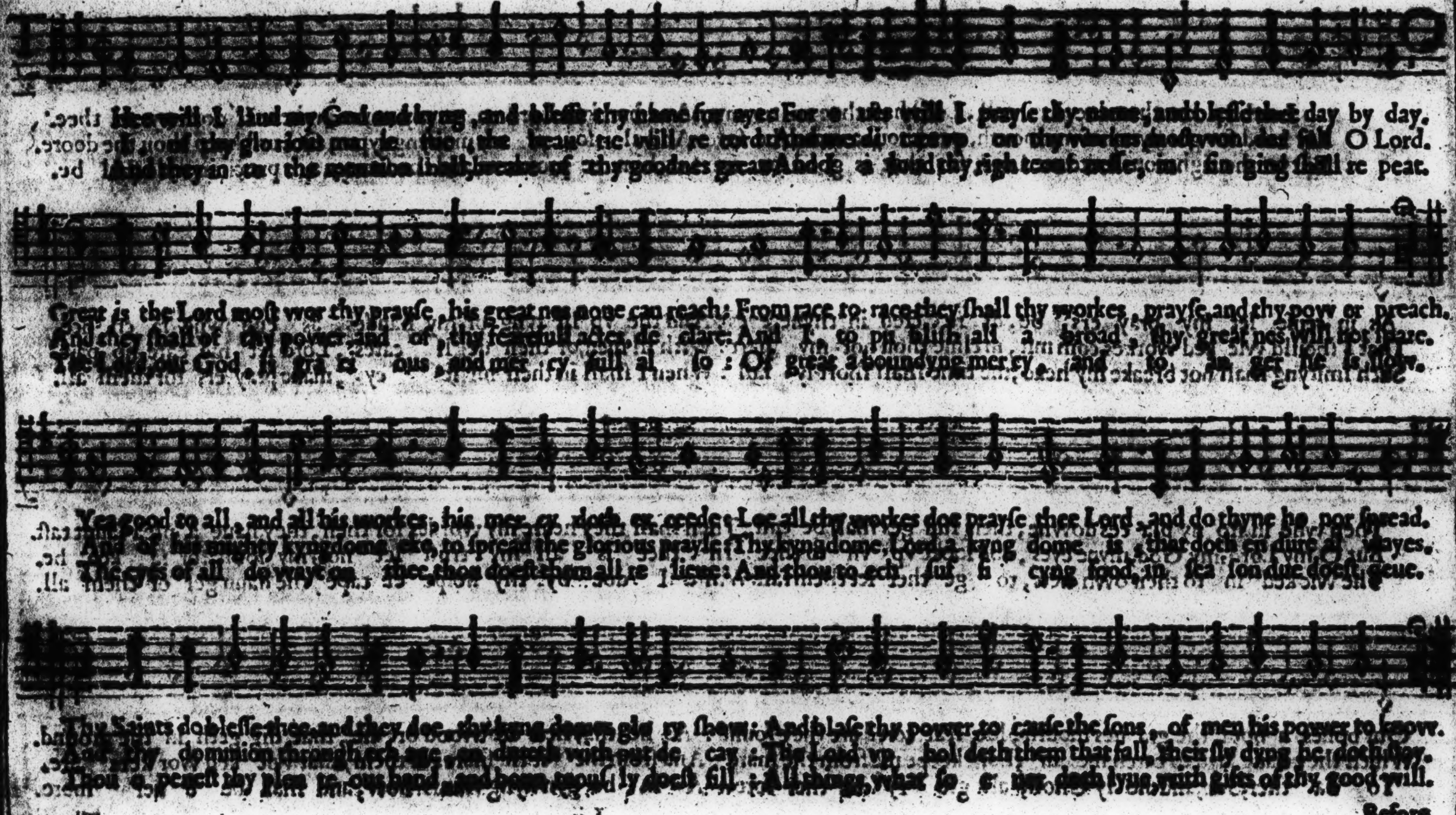
[illegible] call, Lord haste thee to me: And hearken Lord [illegible] I doe [illegible] thee.
My [illegible] mouth, [illegible] the force: And also [illegible] keepe [illegible] the doore.
Then let the righteous smite me Lord, for that is good [illegible] be.

As in thy sight let my prayers be directed in thine eyes: And the vp lifting of my handes, [illegible]
That I should wicked workes commit, incline thou not my heart: With them [illegible] delicates, Lord let me [illegible]
Such smiting shall not breake my head, the time shall shortly fall: When I shall in their mi[illegible]cy, make prayers for them all.

When [illegible] downe, then [illegible] be cast: Then shall they heare my wordes for then they haue a [illegible]
But O my Lord, my God, mine eyes doe looke vp vnto thee: In thee is all my trust, let not my soule [illegible]
The wicked in to their own nets, to [illegible] their recompence: While I doe by thy helpe escape, the danger of them all.

Our bones about the graues mouth, [illegible] are they found: As [illegible]
Which they haue layd to catch me in: Lord keepe me from the snare: And [illegible]
To the Father, and holy Ghost all glory [illegible]

Then



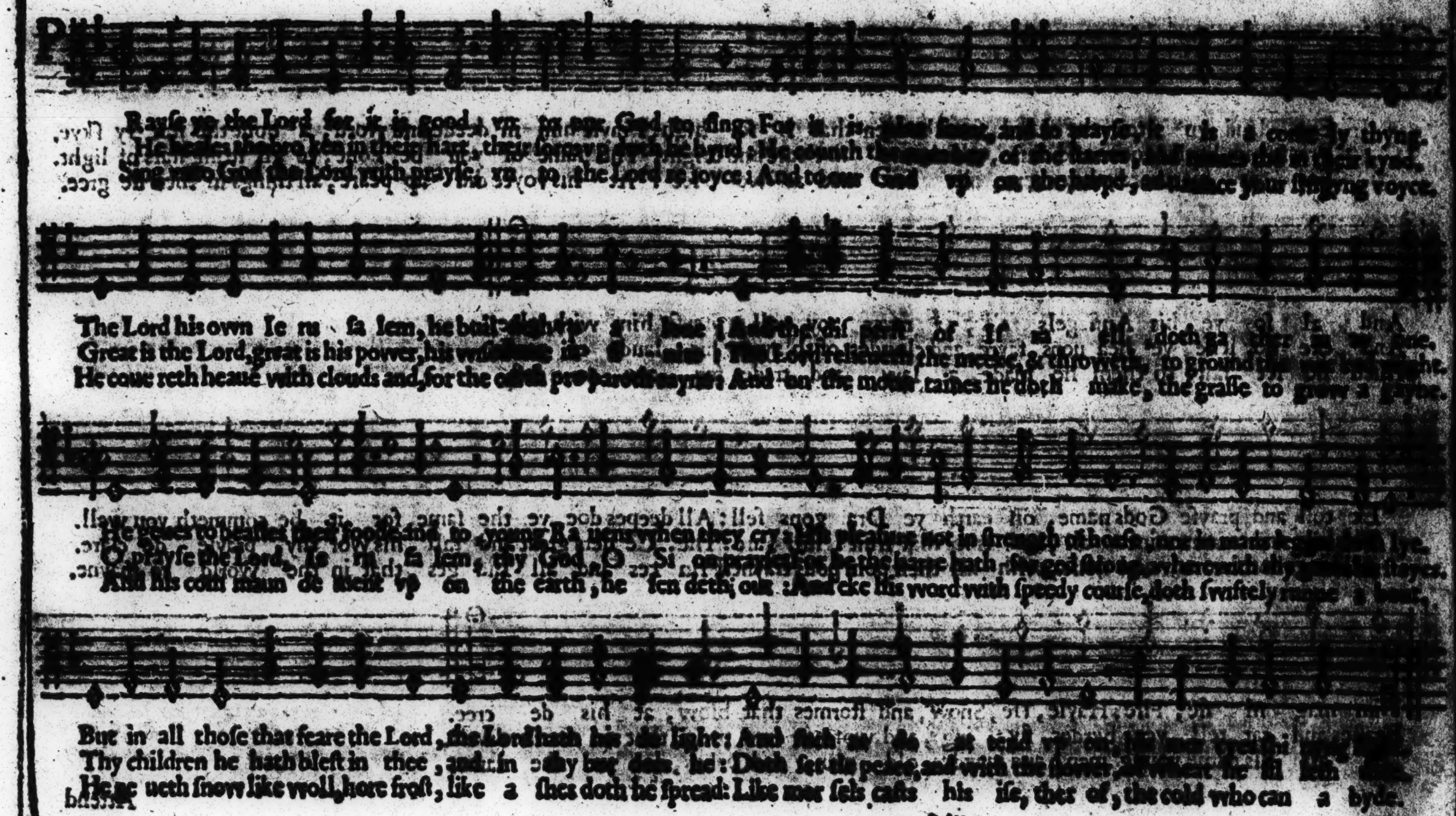
Thee will I laud my God and kyng, and blesse thy name for aye: For euer will I prayse thy name, and blesse thee day by day.
Thy glorious maiestie, the beautie will recorde: And meditate vpon thy workes, most wonderfull O Lord.
And they in to the memorie shall breake of thy goodnes great: And I aloud thy righteousnesse, in singing shall repeat.

Great is the Lord most worthy prayse, his greatnes none can reach: From race to race they shall thy workes prayse, and thy power preach.
And they shall of thy power, and of thy fearefull actes declare: And I to publish all abroad, thy greatnes will not spare.
The Lord our God is gracious, and mercyfull also: Of great aboundyng mercy, and to anger he is slow.

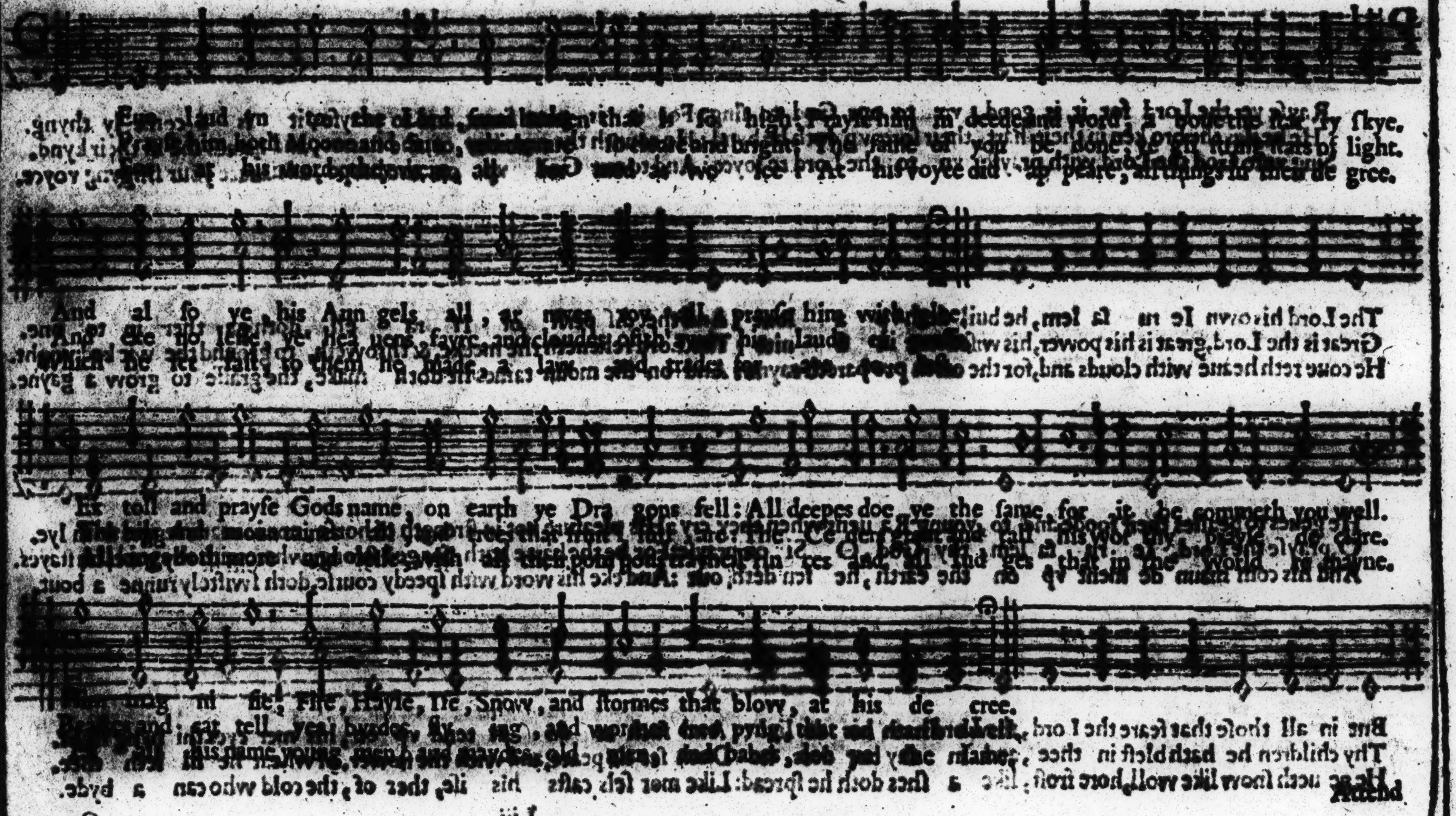
Yea good to all, and all his workes, his mercy doth exceede: Loe all thy workes doe prayse thee Lord, and do thyne honor spread.
And of his mighty kyngdome eke, to spread the glorious prayse: Thy kyngdome Lord, a kyngdome is, that doth endure alwayes.
The eyes of all do wayt on thee, thou doest them all relieue: And thou to ech sufficing food, in season due doest geue.

Thy Saints do blesse thee, and they doe thy kyngdomes glory shew: And blase thy power to cause the sons of men his power to know.
And thy dominion through ech age, endureth without decay: The Lord vpholdeth them that fall, their slydyng he doth stay.
Thou openest thy plenteous hand, and bounteously doest fill: All things what soeuer doth lyue, with gifts of thy good will.

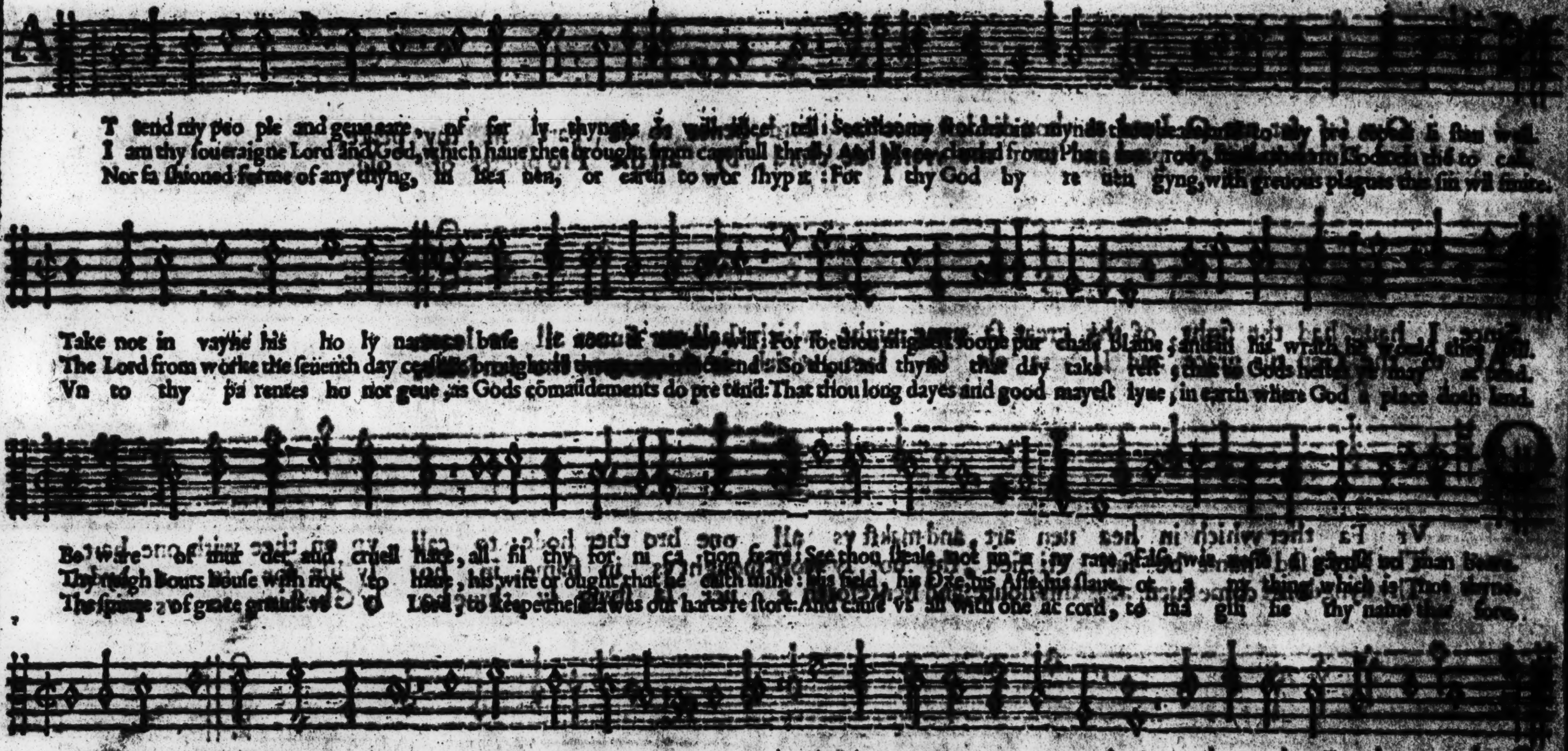
Before


Prayse ye the Lord, for it is good, vn to our God to sing: For it is pleasant, and to prayse, it is a comely thyng.
He heales the broken in their hart, their sores vp doth he bynd: He counth the number of the starres, and names them in their kynd.
Sing vnto God the Lord with prayse, vn to the Lord reioyce: And to our God vp on the harpe, aduaunce your singyng voyce.
The Lord his own Ie ru sa lem, he buildeth vp alone: And the dis persed of Is ra ell, doth ga ther in to one.
Great is the Lord, great is his power, his wisdome in fi nite: The Lord releueth the meeke, & throweth, to ground the wicked wight.
He coue reth heauē with clouds and, for the earth prepareth rayne: And on the moun taines he doth make, the grasse to grow a playne.
He geues to beastes their foode and, to young Ra uens when they cry: His pleasure not in strength of horse, nor in mans legges doth lye.
O prayse the Lord, Ie ru sa lem, thy God, O Si on prayse: For he the barres hath forged fast, wherewith thy gates he stayes.
And his com maun de ment vp on the earth, he sen deth out: And eke his word with speedy course, doth swiftly runne a bout.
But in all those that feare the Lord, the Lord hath his de light: And such as do at tend vp on his mercy euery night.
Thy children he hath blest in thee, and in thy bor ders he: Doth set thy peace, and with the flowre of wheate he fil leth thee.
He ge ueth snow like woll, hore frost, like a shes doth he spread: Like mor sels castes his ise, ther of, the cold who can a byde.

Geue


Geue laud vn to the Lord, from heauen that is so high: Prayse him in deede and word, aboue the starry skye.
Prayse him both Moone and Sunne, which are so cleare and bright: The same of you be done, ye glistring starres of light.
[illegible] At his voyce did appeare, all things in their degree.
And al so ye his Ann gels all, ar myes royall, prayse him with glee.
And eke no lesse ye hea uens fayre, and cloudes of th'ayre, his laud [illegible]
Which he set fast to them he made a law and trade [illegible]
Ex toll and prayse Gods name, on earth ye Dra gons fell: All deepes doe ye the same, for it be commeth you well.
[illegible] trees that fruit full are: The Ce ders great and tall, his worthy prayse de clare.
[illegible] that in the world re mayne.
Him mag ni fie, Fire, Hayle, Ice, Snow, and stormes that blow, at his de cree.
Beastes and cat tell, yea byrdes fly ing, and wormes [illegible]
[illegible] his name young men and maydes [illegible]

¶ The end of the Pſalmes.



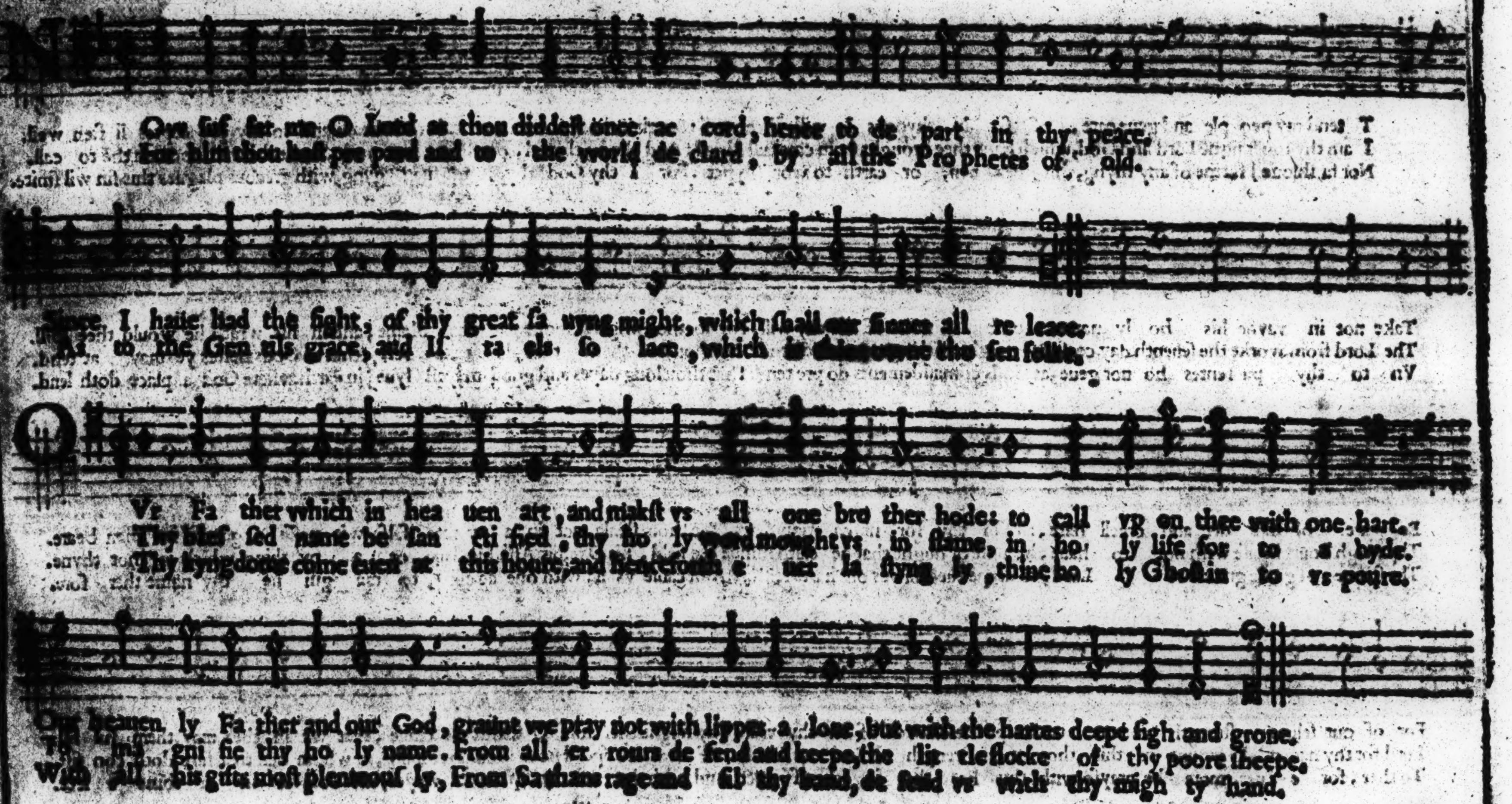
Attend my people and geue eare, of ferly thynges God will thee tell: See that my lawes in mynde thou beare, and to my precepts listen well.
I am thy soueraigne Lord and God, which haue thee brought from carefull thrall, And eke reclaimed from Pharaos rod, make thee no Gods on them to call.
Nor fashioned forme of any thyng, in heauen, or earth to worshyp it: For I thy God by reuengyng, with greuous plagues this sin will smite.

Take not in vayne his holy name, abuse it not after thy will: For so thou mightest soone purchase blame, and in his wrath he would thee spill.
The Lord from worke the seuenth day ceased, and brought all thynges to end: So thou and thyne that day take rest, that to Gods hestes ye may attend.
Vnto thy parentes honor geue, as Gods cōmaundementes do pretend: That thou long dayes and good mayest lyue, in earth where God a place doth lend.

Beware of murder and cruell hate, all filthy fornication feare: See thou steale not in any rate, false witnes against no man beare.
Thy neighbours house wish not to haue, his wife or ought that he calth mine: his field, his Oxe, his Asse, his slaue, or any thing which is not thyne.
The spirite of grace graunt vs O Lord, to keepe these lawes our hartes restore: And cause vs all with one accord, to magnifie thy name therfore.

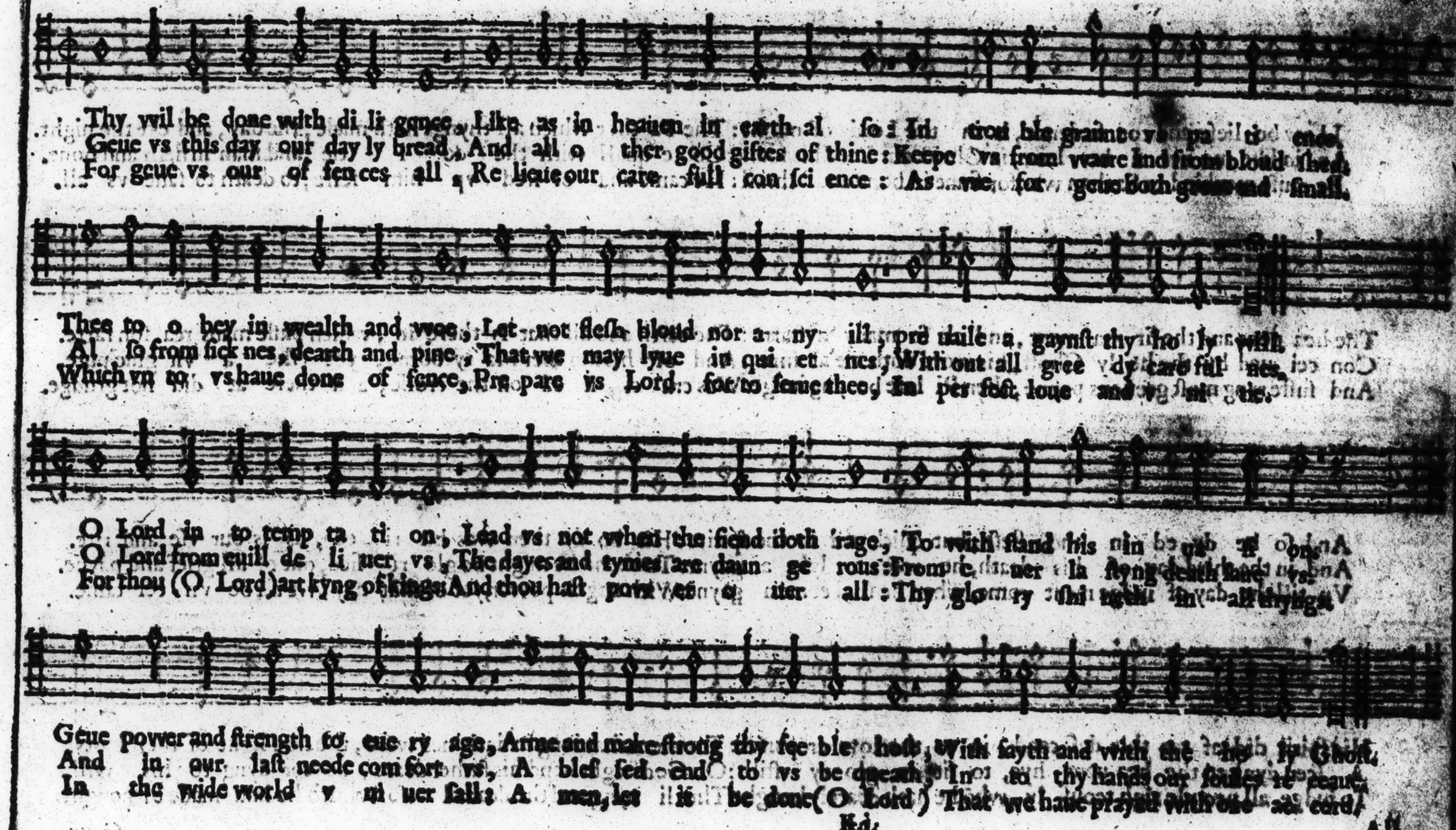
For of our selues no strength we haue, to keepe these lawes after thy will: Thy might therfore O Christ we craue, that we in thee may them fulfill.
Lord for thy names sake graunt vs this, thou art our strength [illegible] Of thee to speake how should we faine, in whom our true faith doth consist.
To thee, for euer more be prayse, with thy Father [illegible] and holy [illegible] thy spirite alwayes [illegible]

Now

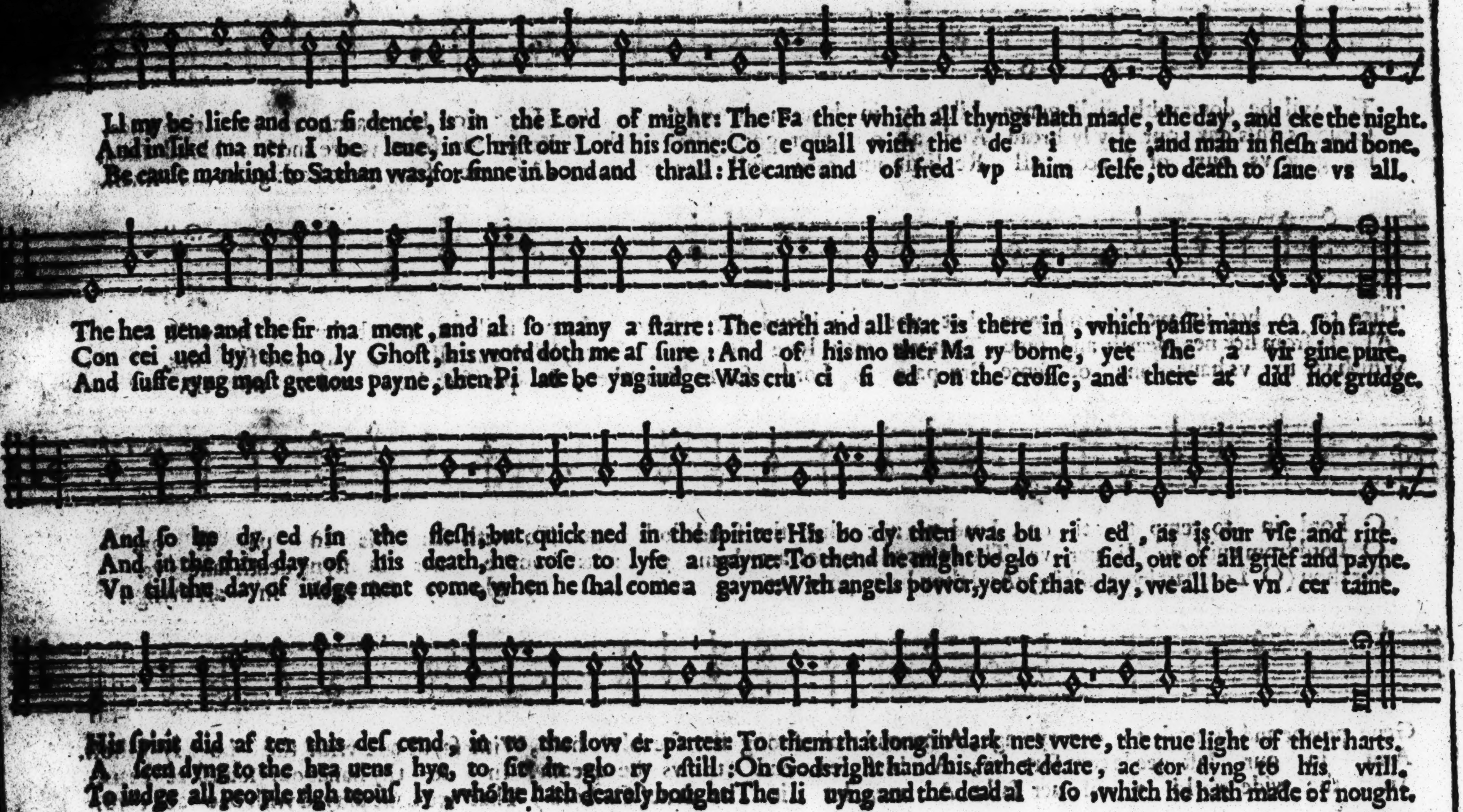

N
Ow ſuf fer me O Lord as thou diddeſt once ac cord, hence to de part in thy peace,
For him thou haſt pre pard and to the world de clard, by all the Pro phetes of old.
Since I haue had the ſight, of thy great ſa uyng might, which ſhall our ſinnes all re leaſe.
As to the Gen tils grace, and Iſ ra els ſo lace, which is thine owne the ſen folde.
O
Vr Fa ther which in hea uen art, and makſt vs all one bro ther hode: to call vp on thee with one hart.
Thy bleſ ſed name be ſan cti fied, thy ho ly word might vs in flame, in ho ly life for to a byde.
Thy kyngdome come euen at this houre, and henceforth e uer la ſtyng ly, thine ho ly Ghoſt in to vs poure.
Our heauen ly Fa ther and our God, graunt we pray not with lippes a lone, but with the hartes deepe ſigh and grone.
To ma gni fie thy ho ly name. From all er rours de fend and keepe, the li tle flocke of thy poore ſheepe.
With all his gifts moſt plenteouſ ly, From Sathans rage and ſub thy hand, de fend vs with thy migh ty hand.

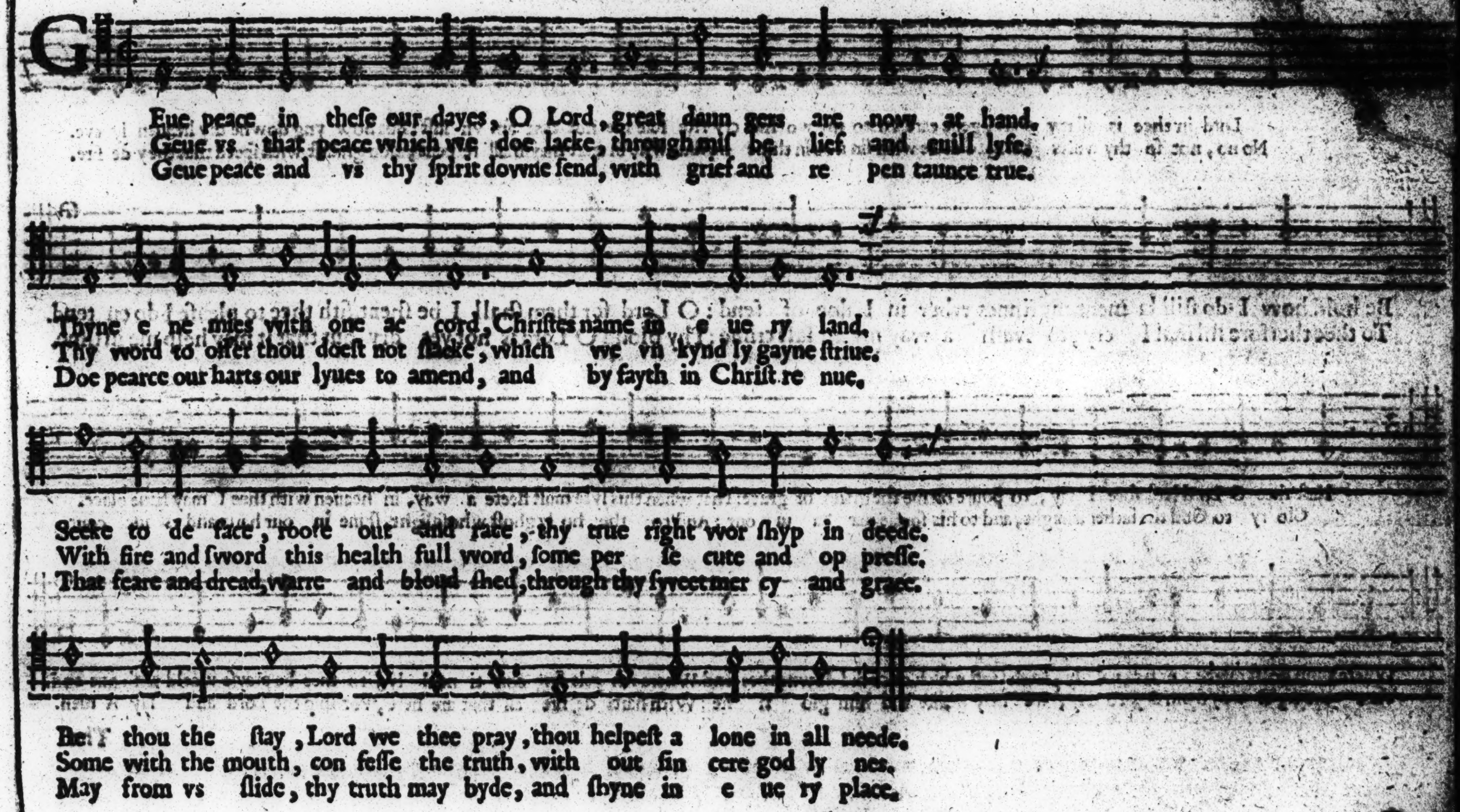
Thy

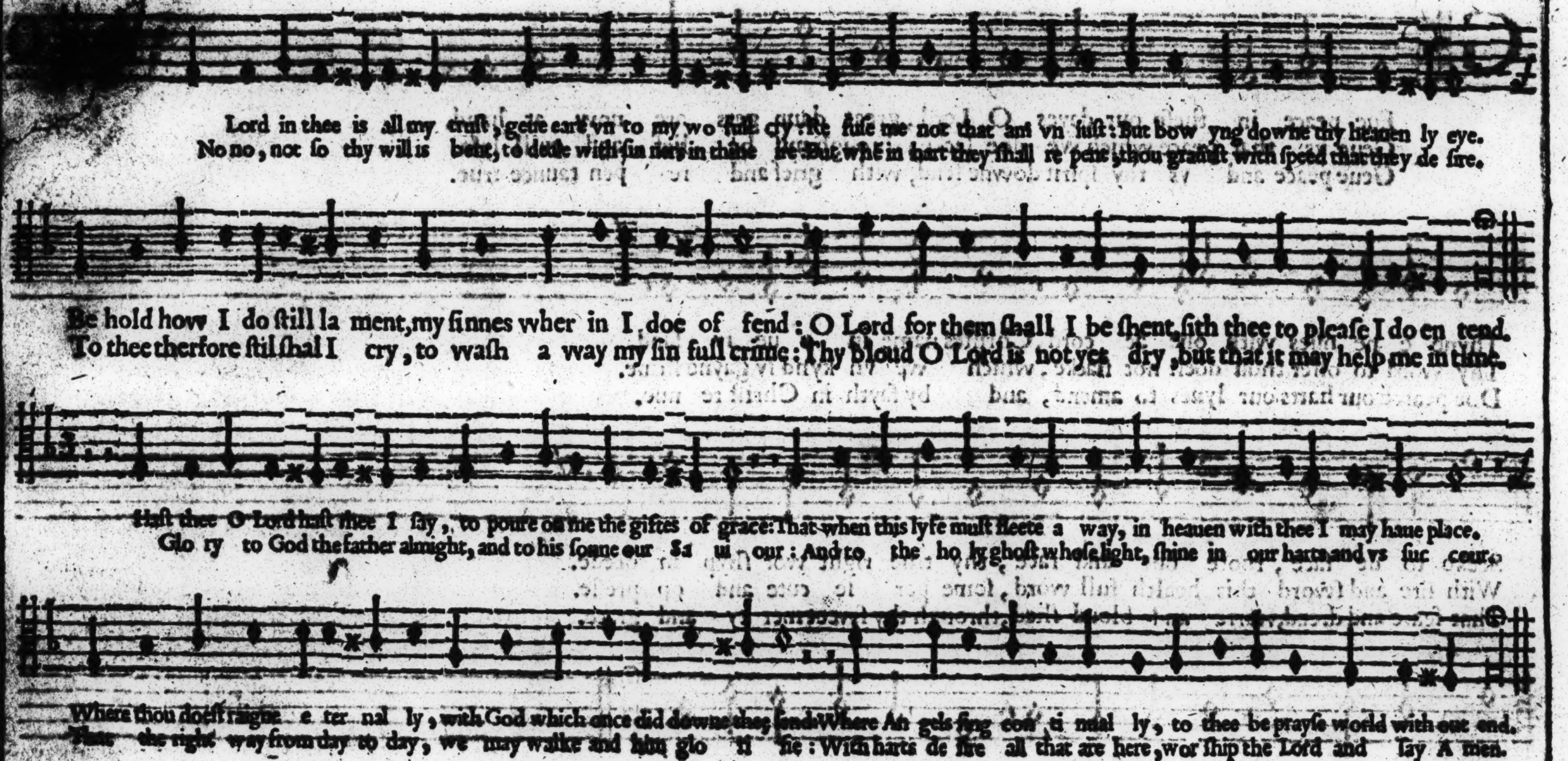
The Lordes Prayer.


Thy wil be done with di li gence, Like as in heauen in earth al so: In trou ble graunt to vs pa [illegible] ende.
Geue vs this day our day ly bread, And all o ther good giftes of thine: Keepe vs from warre and from bloud shed,
For geue vs our of fen ces all, Re lieue our care full con sci ence: As we for geue both great and small,
Thee to o bey in wealth and woe, Let not flesh bloud nor a ny ill, pre uaile a gaynst thy ho ly will.
Al so from sick nes, dearth and pine, That we may lyue in qui et nes, With out all gree dy care ful nes,
Which vn to vs haue done of fence, Pre pare vs Lord for to serue thee, In al per fect loue and [illegible] tie.
O Lord in to temp ta ti on, Lead vs not when the fiend doth rage, To with stand his [illegible] one.
O Lord from euill de li uer vs, The dayes and tymes are daun ge rous: From e uer la styng death saue vs.
For thou (O Lord) art kyng of kings: And thou hast pow er o uer all: Thy glo ry shi neth in all thyngs.
Geue power and strength to eue ry age, Arme and make strong thy fee ble host, With fayth and with the ho ly Ghost,
And in our last neede com fort vs, A bles sed end to vs be queath, In to thy hands our soules re ceaue,
In the wide world v ni uer sall: A men, let it be done (O Lord) That we haue prayed with one ac cord,
ed,

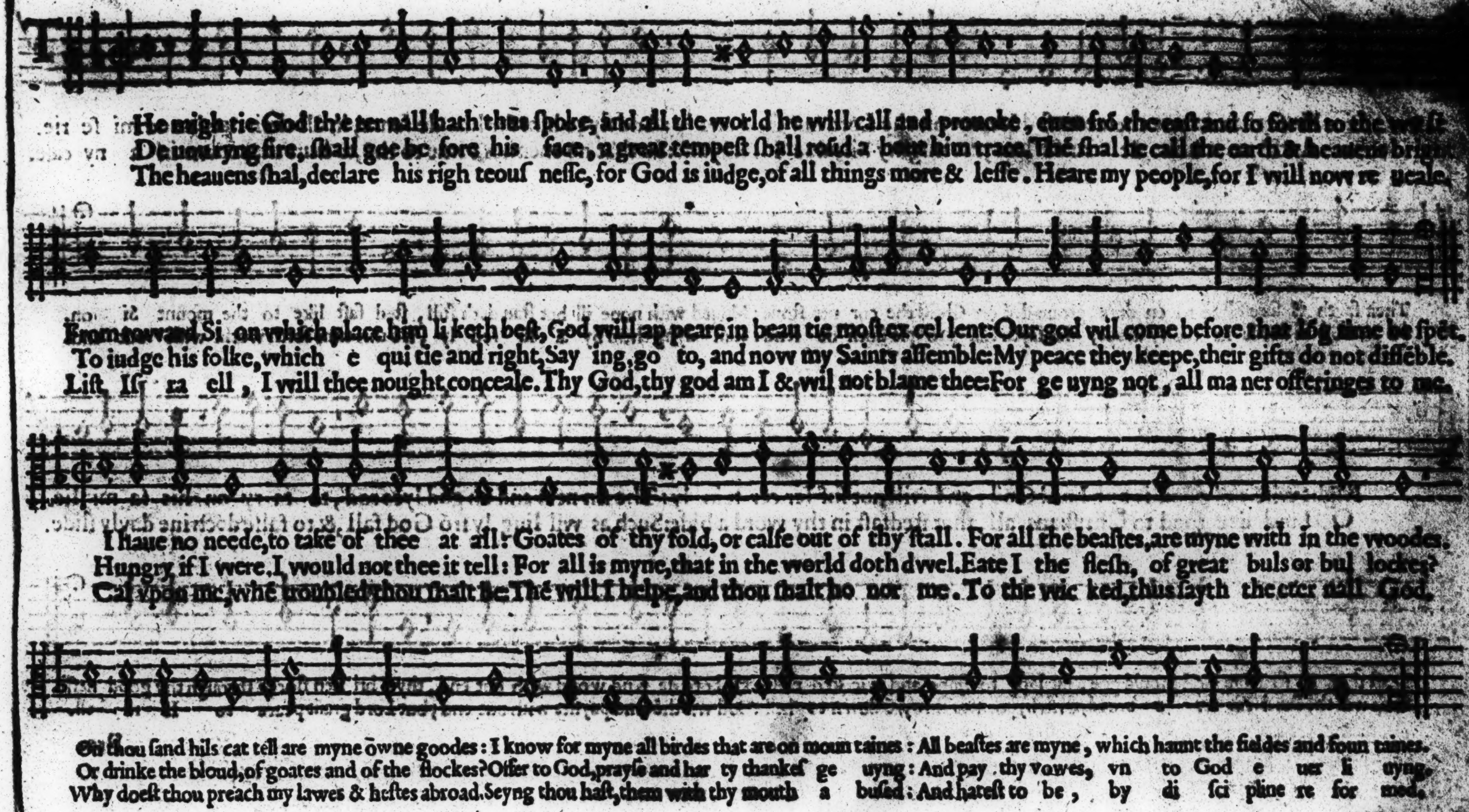
The xij. Articles of Christian fayth. *Tenor.*


Ll my beliefe and confidence, is in the Lord of might: The Father which all thyngs hath made, the day, and eke the night.
And in like maner I beleue, in Chriſt our Lord his ſonne: Coequall with the deitie, and man in fleſh and bone.
Becauſe mankind to Sathan was, for ſinne in bond and thrall: He came and offred vp himſelfe, to death to ſaue vs all.
The heauens and the firmament, and alſo many a ſtarre: The earth and all that is therein, which paſſe mans reaſon farre.
Conceiued by the holy Ghoſt, his word doth me aſſure: And of his mother Mary borne, yet ſhe a virgine pure.
And ſufferyng moſt greeuous payne, then Pilate beyng iudge: Was crucified on the croſſe, and there at did not grudge.
And ſo he dyed in the fleſh, but quickned in the ſpirite: His body then was buried, as is our vſe and rite.
And in the third day of his death, he roſe to lyfe agayne: To thend he might be glorified, out of all grief and payne.
Vntill the day of iudgement come, when he ſhal come agayne: With angels power, yet of that day, we all be vncertaine.
His ſpirit did after this deſcend, into the lower partes: To them that long in darknes were, the true light of their harts.
Aſcendyng to the heauens hye, to ſit in glory ſtill: On Gods right hand his father deare, accordyng to his will.
To iudge all people righteouſly, whō he hath dearely bought: The liuyng and the dead alſo, which he hath made of nought.

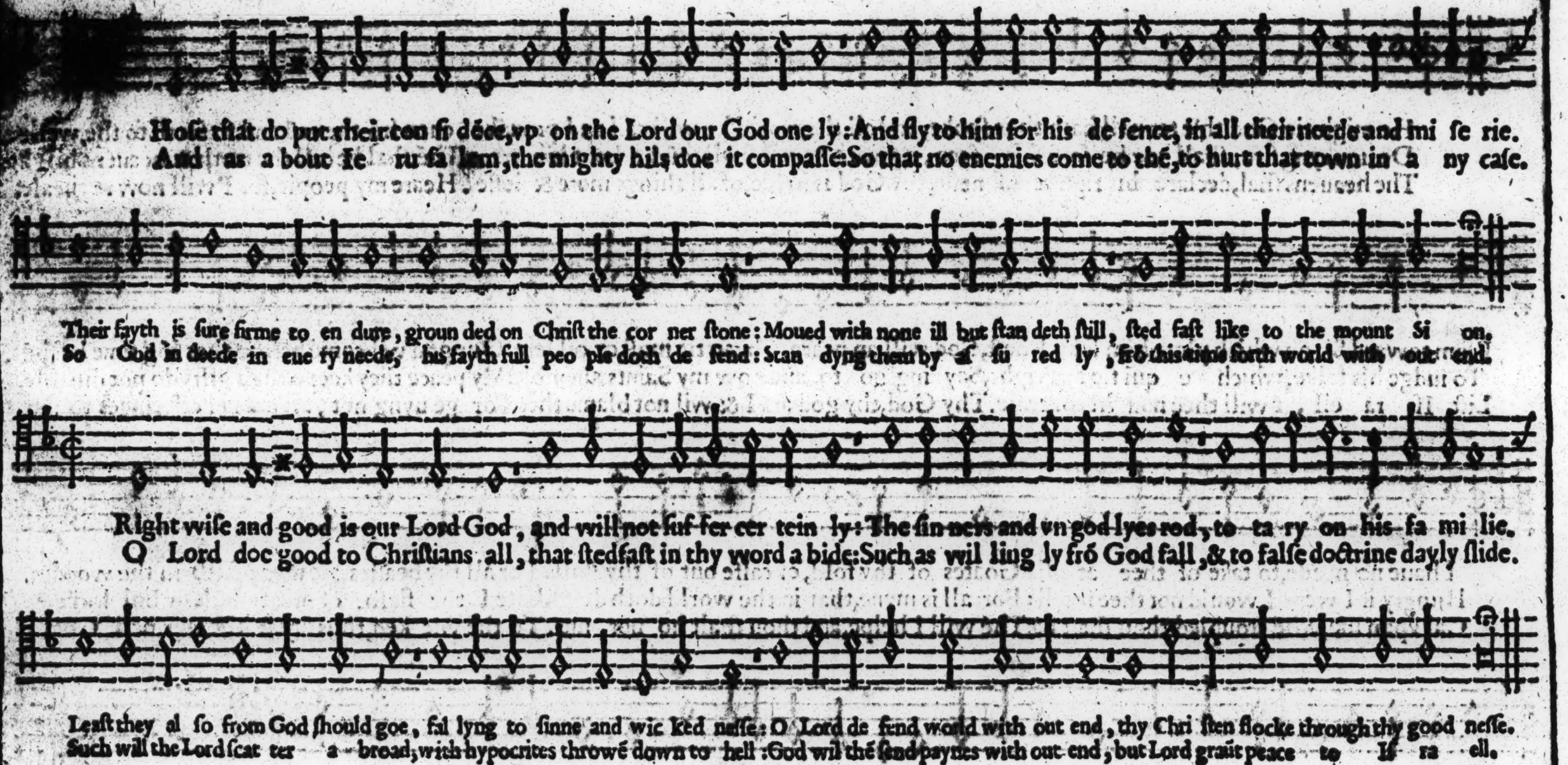

G
Eue peace in theſe our dayes, O Lord, great daun gers are now at hand.
Geue vs that peace which we doe lacke, through miſ be lief and euill lyfe.
Geue peace and vs thy ſpirit downe ſend, with grief and re pen taunce true.
Thyne e ne mies with one ac cord, Chriſtes name in e ue ry land.
Thy word to offer thou doeſt not ſlacke, which we vn kynd ly gayne ſtriue.
Doe pearce our harts our lyues to amend, and by fayth in Chriſt re nue.
Seeke to de face, roote out and race, thy true right wor ſhyp in deede.
With fire and ſword this health full word, ſome per ſe cute and op preſſe.
That feare and dread, warre and bloud ſhed, through thy ſweet mer cy and grace.
Be thou the ſtay, Lord we thee pray, thou helpeſt a lone in all neede.
Some with the mouth, con feſſe the truth, with out ſin cere god ly nes.
May from vs ſlide, thy truth may byde, and ſhyne in e ue ry place.

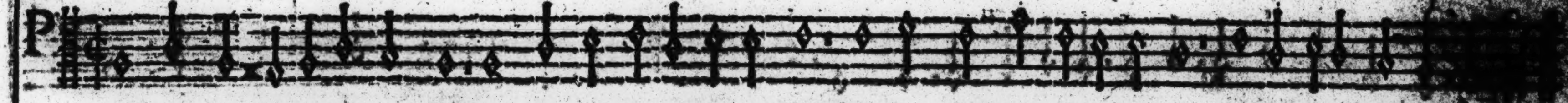

Lord in thee is all my truſt, geue eare vn to my wo full cry: Re fuſe me not that am vn iuſt: But bow yng downe thy heauen ly eye.
No no, not ſo thy will is bent, to deale with ſin ners in thine ire: But whē in hart they ſhall re pent, thou graūſt with ſpeed that they de ſire.
Be hold how I do ſtill la ment, my ſinnes wher in I doe of fend: O Lord for them ſhall I be ſhent, ſith thee to pleaſe I do en tend.
To thee therfore ſtil ſhal I cry, to waſh a way my ſin full crime: Thy bloud O Lord is not yet dry, but that it may help me in time.
Haſt thee O Lord haſt thee I ſay, to poure on me the giftes of grace: That when this lyfe muſt fleete a way, in heauen with thee I may haue place.
Glo ry to God the father almight, and to his ſonne our Sa ui our: And to the ho ly ghoſt whoſe light, ſhine in our harts and vs ſuc cour.
Where thou doeſt raigne e ter nal ly, with God which once did downe thee ſend: Where An gels ſing con ti nual ly, to thee be prayſe world with out end.
That the right way from day to day, we may walke and him glo ri fie: With harts de ſire all that are here, wor ſhip the Lord and ſay A men.

The

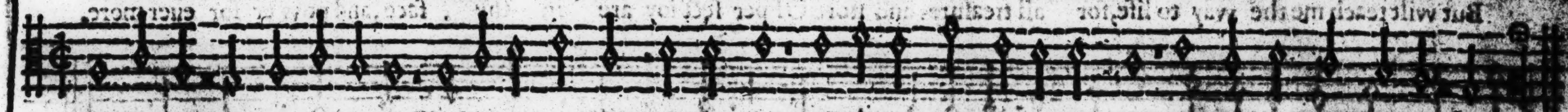

THe mightie God th'eternall hath thus ſpoke, and all the world he will call and prouoke, euen fró the eaſt and ſo forth to the weſt.
Deuouryng fire, ſhall goe before his face, a great tempeſt ſhall roūd about him trace. Thé ſhal he call the earth & heauens bright.
The heauens ſhal, declare his righteouſneſſe, for God is iudge, of all things more & leſſe. Heare my people, for I will now reueale.
From toward Sion which place him liketh beſt, God will appeare in beautie moſt excellent: Our god wil come before that lóg time be ſpét.
To iudge his folke, which equitie and right, Saying, go to, and now my Saints aſſemble: My peace they keepe, their gifts do not diſſéble.
Liſt, Iſraell, I will thee nought conceale. Thy God, thy god am I & wil not blame thee: For geuyng not, all maner offeringes to me.
I haue no neede, to take of thee at all: Goates of thy fold, or calfe out of thy ſtall. For all the beaſtes, are myne within the woodes.
Hungry if I were, I would not thee it tell: For all is myne, that in the world doth dwel. Eate I the fleſh, of great buls or bullockes?
Cal vpon me, whé troubled thou ſhalt be: Thé will I helpe, and thou ſhalt honor me. To the wicked, thus ſayth the eternall God.
On thouſand hils cat tell are myne ōwne goodes: I know for myne all birdes that are on mountaines: All beaſtes are myne, which haunt the fieldes and fountaines.
Or drinke the bloud, of goates and of the flockes? Offer to God, prayſe and harty thankeſ geuyng: And pay thy vowes, vnto God euer liuyng.
Why doeſt thou preach my lawes & heſtes abroad. Seyng thou haſt, them with thy mouth abuſed: And hateſt to be, by diſcipline reformed.

Qui confidunt in Domino. Pſalme. Cxxv.


THoſe that do put their con fi dẽce, vp on the Lord our God one ly: And fly to him for his de fence, in all their neede and mi ſe rie.
And as a bout Ie ru ſa lem, the mighty hils doe it compaſſe: So that no enemies come to thẽ, to hurt that town in a ny caſe.
Their fayth is ſure firme to en dure, groun ded on Chriſt the cor ner ſtone: Moued with none ill but ſtan deth ſtill, ſted faſt like to the mount Si on,
So God in deede in eue ry neede, his fayth full peo ple doth de fend: Stan dyng them by aſ ſu red ly, frõ this time forth world with out end.
Right wiſe and good is our Lord God, and will not ſuf fer cer tein ly: The ſin ners and vn god lyes rod, to ta ry on his fa mi lie.
O Lord doe good to Chriſtians all, that ſtedfaſt in thy word a bide: Such as wil ling ly frõ God fall, & to falſe doctrine dayly ſlide.
Leaſt they al ſo from God ſhould goe, fal lyng to ſinne and wic ked neſſe: O Lord de fend world with out end, thy Chri ſten flocke through thy good neſſe.
Such will the Lord ſcat ter a broad, with hypocrites throwẽ down to hell: God wil thẽ ſend paynes with out end, but Lord grãt peace to Iſ ra ell.

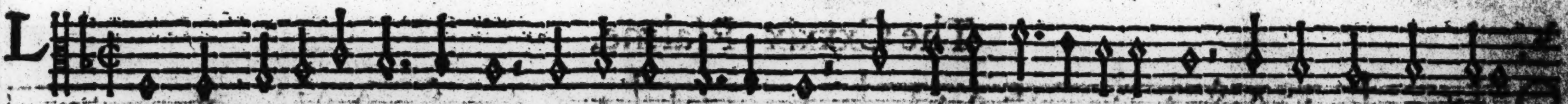


PReſerue vs Lord by thy deare word, from Turke and Pope defend vs Lord: Which both would thruſt out of his throne, our Lord Ieſus Chriſt thy deare ſon.
Lord Ieſus Chriſt ſhew forth thy might, that thou art Lord of Lordes by right: Thy poore afflicted flock defend, that they may praiſe thee [illegible]

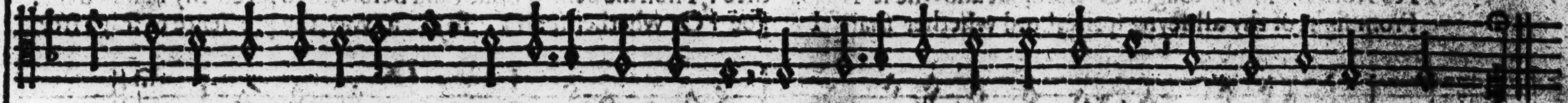


God holy ghoſt our comforter, be our patron helpe and ſuccour: Geue vs one minde & perfect peace, all giftes of grace in vs increaſe.
Thou liuing God in perſons three, thy name be prayſed in vnitie: In all our neede ſo vs defend, that we may prayſe the without end.

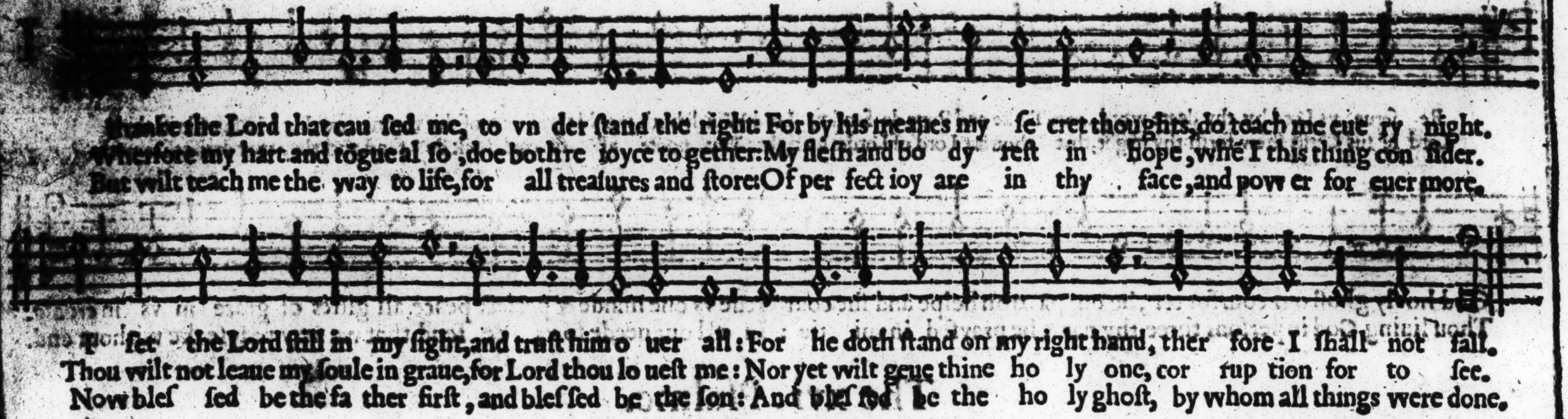
The xvi. Pſalme.



LOrd keepe me for I truſt in thee, and doe confeſſe in deede: Thou art my God and of my goods, O Lord thou haſt no neede.
They ſhal heap ſorowes on their heads, which run as they were mad: To offer to the Idoll Gods, alas it is to bad.
For why? the Lord the portion is, of myne inheritaunce: And thou art he that doeſt maintaine, my rent, my lot, my chaunce.



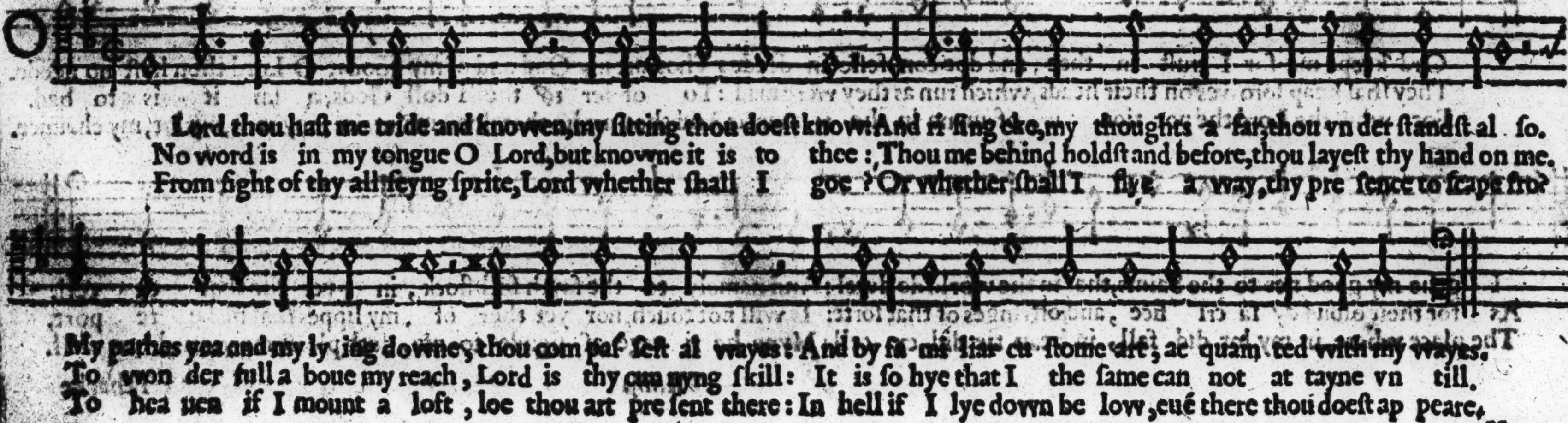
I geue my goodnes to the Saints, that in the world do dwel: And namely to the faythfull flock, in vertue that excell.
As for their bloudy ſacrifice, and offringes of that ſorte: I will not touch, nor yet therof, my lippes ſhal make report.
The place where in my lot did fall, in beautie did excell: Myne heritage aſſignde to me, doth pleaſe me wondrous well.



I thanke the Lord that cauſed me, to vnderſtand the right: For by his meanes my ſecret thoughts, do teach me euery night.
Wherfore my hart and tõgue alſo, doe both reioyce together: My fleſh and body reſt in hope, whẽ I this thing conſider.
Thou wilt teach me the way to life, for all treaſures and ſtore: Of perfect ioy are in thy face, and power for euermore.

I do ſet the Lord ſtill in my ſight, and truſt him ouer all: For he doth ſtand on my right hand, therfore I ſhall not fall.
Thou wilt not leaue my ſoule in graue, for Lord thou loueſt me: Nor yet wilt geue thine holy one, corruption for to ſee.
Now bleſſed be the father firſt, and bleſſed be the ſon: And bleſſed be the holy ghoſt, by whom all things were done.

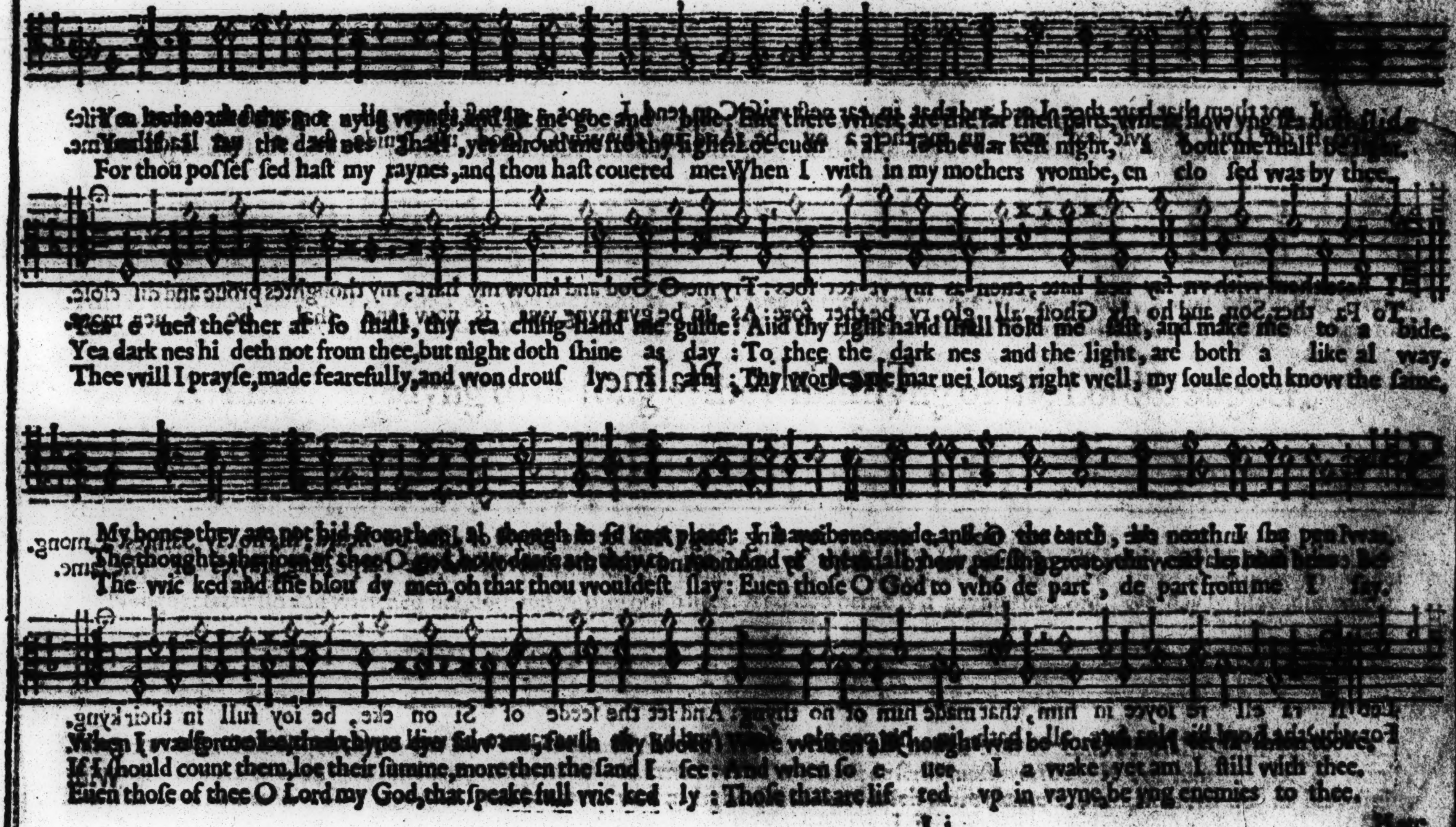
The Cxxxix. Pſalme.

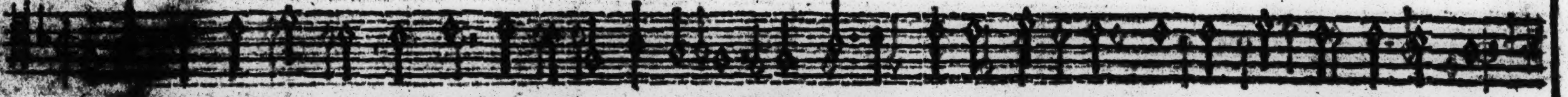


O Lord thou haſt me tride and knowen, my ſitting thou doeſt know: And riſing eke, my thoughts a far, thou vnderſtandſt alſo.
No word is in my tongue O Lord, but knowne it is to thee: Thou me behind holdſt and before, thou layeſt thy hand on me.
From ſight of thy all ſeyng ſprite, Lord whether ſhall I goe? Or whether ſhall I flye away, thy preſence to ſcape fro?

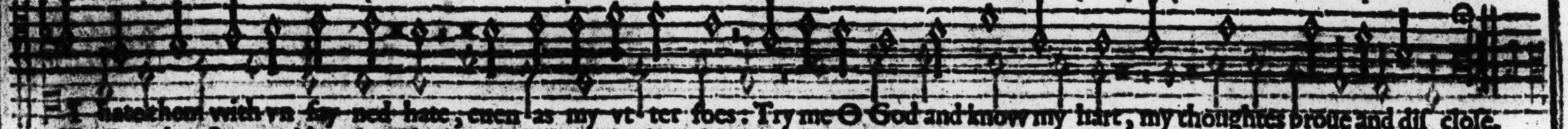
My pathes yea and my lying downe, thou compaſſeſt alwayes: And by familiar cuſtome art, acquainted with my wayes.
To wonderfull aboue my reach, Lord is thy cunnyng ſkill: It is ſo hye that I the ſame can not attayne vntill.
To heauen if I mount aloft, loe thou art preſent there: In hell if I lye down below, euẽ there thou doeſt appeare.

Yea


Yea [illegible] wings, and let me goe and [illegible] there where are the far theſt parts, where flowyng ſeas [illegible]
Yet if I ſay the darknes ſhall, yet ſhroud me fro thy ſight: Loe euen [illegible] the darkeſt night, about me ſhall be light.
For thou poſſeſſed haſt my raynes, and thou haſt couered me: When I within my mothers wombe, encloſed was by thee.
Yea euen there alſo ſhall, thy reaching hand me guide: And thy right hand ſhall hold me faſt, and make me to abide.
Yea darknes hideth not from thee, but night doth ſhine as day: To thee the darknes and the light, are both alike alway.
Thee will I prayſe, made fearefully, and wondrouſly [illegible]: Thy workes are maruelous, right well, my ſoule doth know the ſame.
My bones they are not hid from thee, although in ſecret place: I haue been made, and in the earth, beneath I ſhaped was.
The thoughts therfore of thee O God, how deare are they to me: And of them all how paſſing great, [illegible]
The wicked and the bloudy men, oh that thou wouldeſt ſlay: Euen thoſe O God to whō depart, depart from me I ſay.
When I was formeles [illegible] for in thy booke [illegible] were written all [illegible]
If I ſhould count them, loe their ſumme, more then the ſand I ſee: And when ſo euer I awake, yet am I ſtill with thee.
Euen thoſe of thee O Lord my God, that ſpeake full wickedly: Thoſe that are lifted vp in vayne, beyng enemies to thee.

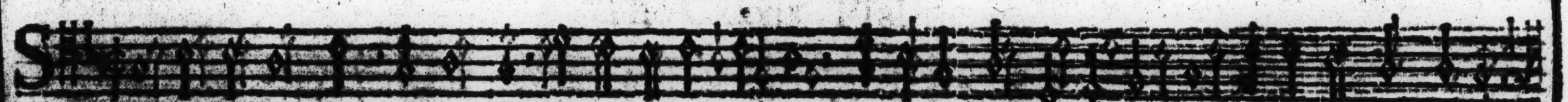


Hate I not them that hate thee Lord, and that in earneſt wiſe: Con tend I not a gaynſt them all, a gaynſt thee that a riſe.
Con ſi der Lord if wic ked nes in me there a ny be: And in thy way O God my guide, for e uer leade thou me.

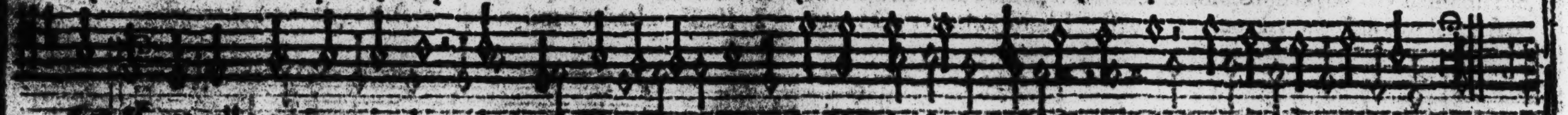


I hate them with vn fay ned hate, euen as my vt ter foes: Try me O God and know my hart, my thoughtes proue and diſ cloſe.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was, is now, and ſhal be, e uer more.

The Cxlix. Pſalme.

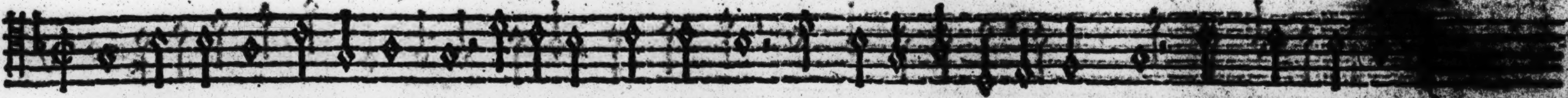


Sing ye vnto the Lord our God, a new reioy ſing ſong: And let the prayſe of him be heard, in all his Saintes a mong.
Let them [illegible] playſe with voyce of flute, [illegible] the harpe, ſing prayſes of the ſame.

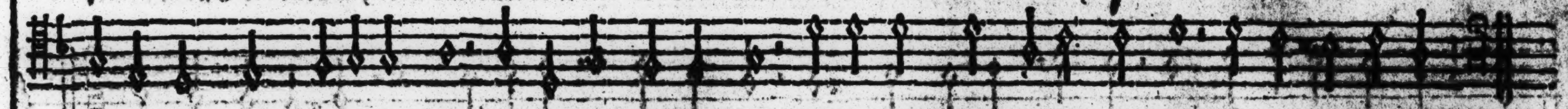


Let Iſ ra ell re ioyce in him, that made him of no thyng: And let the ſeede of Si on eke, be ioy full in their kyng.
For why the Lord his plea ſure all, hath in his peo ple ſet: And by de liuer aunce he will rayſe, the meeke to glo ry great.

With

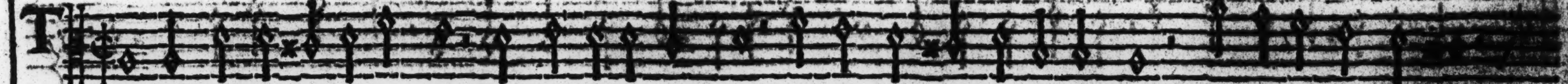


With glory and with honor now, let all the Saintes reioyce: And now aloud vpon their beds, ad[illegible]ce their ſinging voyce.
To plague the Heathē and correct, the people with their hāds: To bynd their ſtately kings in chaines, their Lordes in yron bandes.

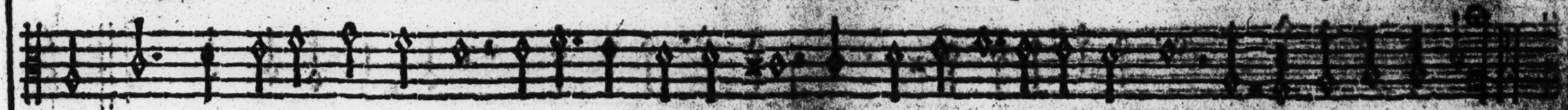


And in their mouthes let be the actes, of God the mighty Lord: And in their handes eke let them beare, a double edged ſword.
To execute on thē the dome, that written is before: This honor all his Saints ſhal haue, prayſe ye the Lord therfore.

¶A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.

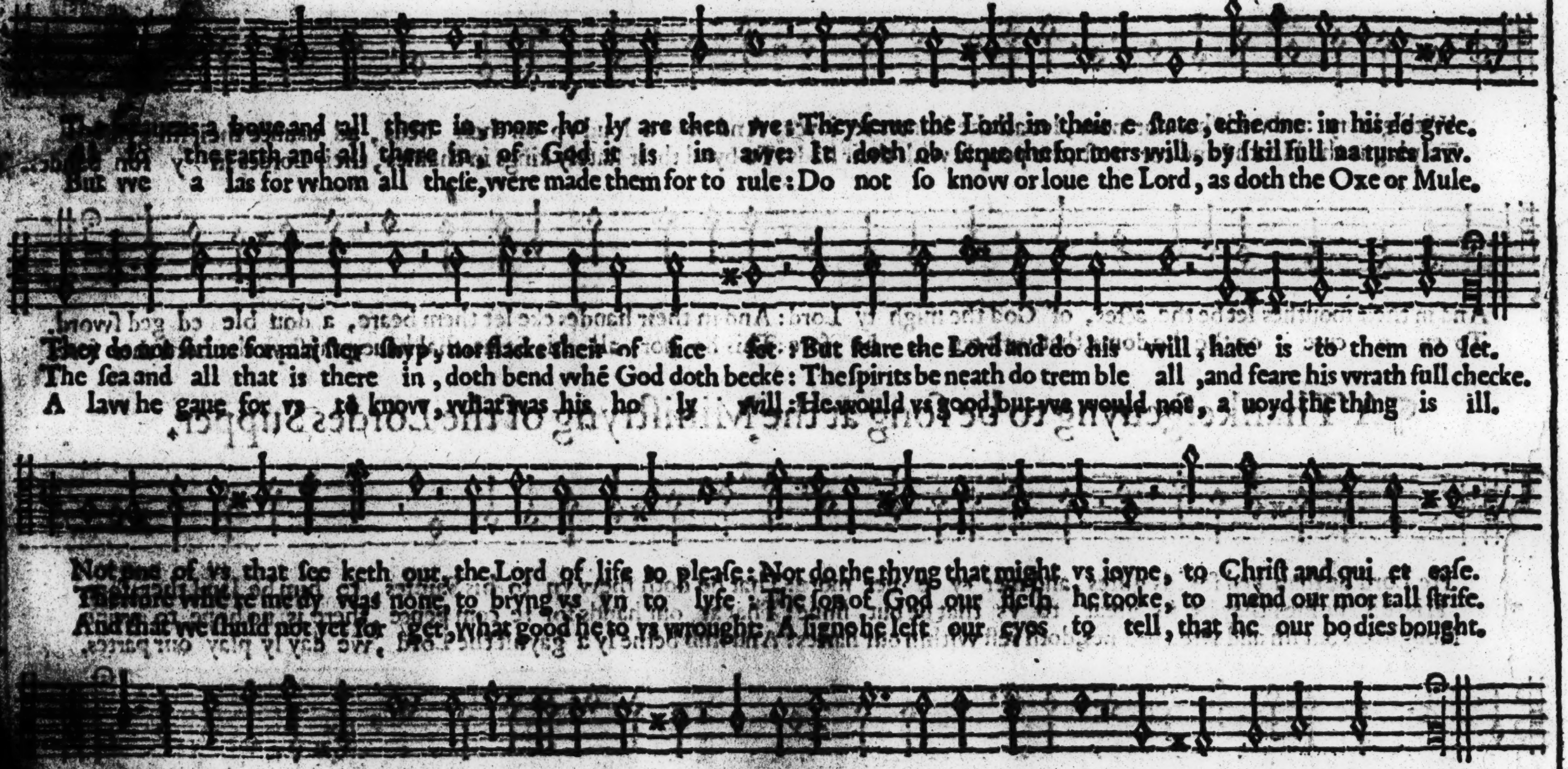


THe Lord be thanked for his giftes, and mercy euer more: That he doth ſhew vnto his Saintes, to him be laud therfore.
His benefites they be ſo great, to vs that be but ſinne: That at our hands for recompence, there is no hope to winne.
Nought els but ſin and wretchednes, doth reſt within our hartes: And ſtubbernely agaynſt the Lord, we dayly play our partes.



Our tongues can not ſo prayſe the Lord, as he doth right deſerue: Our harts can not of him ſo thinke, as he doth vs preſerue.
O ſinnefull fleſh that thou ſhouldſt haue, ſuch mercies of the Lord: Thou doeſt deſerue moſt worthely of him to be abhorde.
The ſunne aboue in firmament, that is to vs a light: Doth ſhew it ſelf more cleane & pure, then we be in his ſight.

A Thankſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.



The heauens aboue and all therein, more holy are then we: They ſerue the Lord in their eſtate, eche one in his degree.
[illegible] the earth and all therein, of God it is in awe: It doth obſerue the formers will, by ſkilfull natures law.
But we alas for whom all theſe, were made them for to rule: Do not ſo know or loue the Lord, as doth the Oxe or Mule.

They do not ſtriue for maiſterſhyp, nor ſlacke their office ſet: But feare the Lord and do his will, hate is to them no let.
The ſea and all that is therein, doth bend whē God doth becke: The ſpirits beneath do tremble all, and feare his wrath full checke.
A law he gaue for vs to know, what was his holy will: He would vs good but we would not, auoyd the thing is ill.

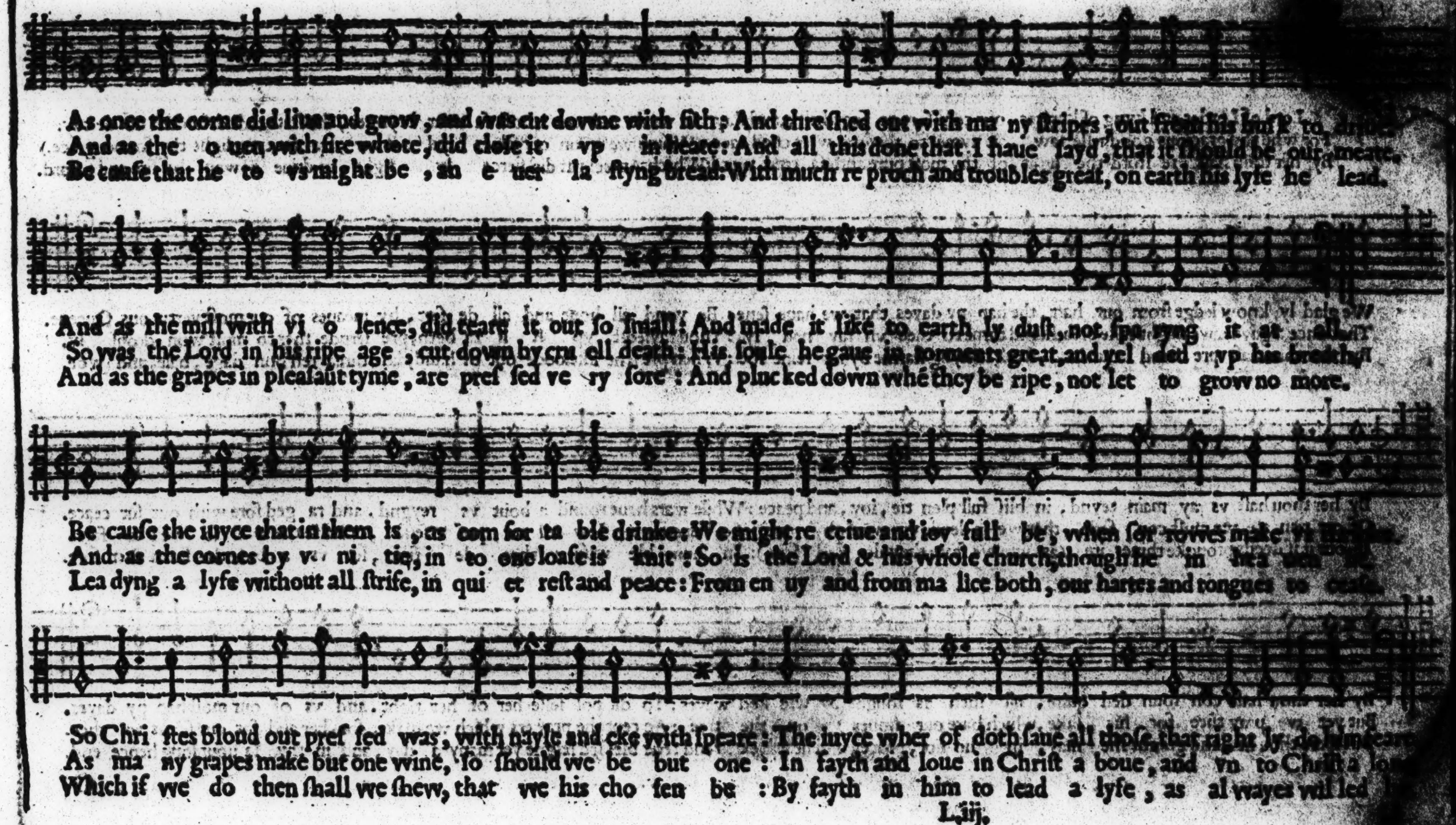
Not one of vs that ſeeketh out, the Lord of life to pleaſe: Nor do the thyng that might vs ioyne, to Chriſt and quiet eaſe.
Therfore when remedy was none, to bryng vs vnto lyfe: The ſon of God our fleſh he tooke, to mend our mortall ſtrife.
And that we ſhuld not yet forget, what good he to vs wrought: A ſigne he left our eyes to tell, that he our bodies bought.

Thus are we all his enemies, we can it not deny: And he agayne of his good will, would not that we ſhould dye.
And all the law of God the Lord, he did fulfill to bay: And for our ſinnes vpon the croſſe, his bloud our debtes did pay.
The bread and wine here viſible, vnto our eyes and taſt: His mercies great thou mayſt recorde, if that his ſprite thou haſt.

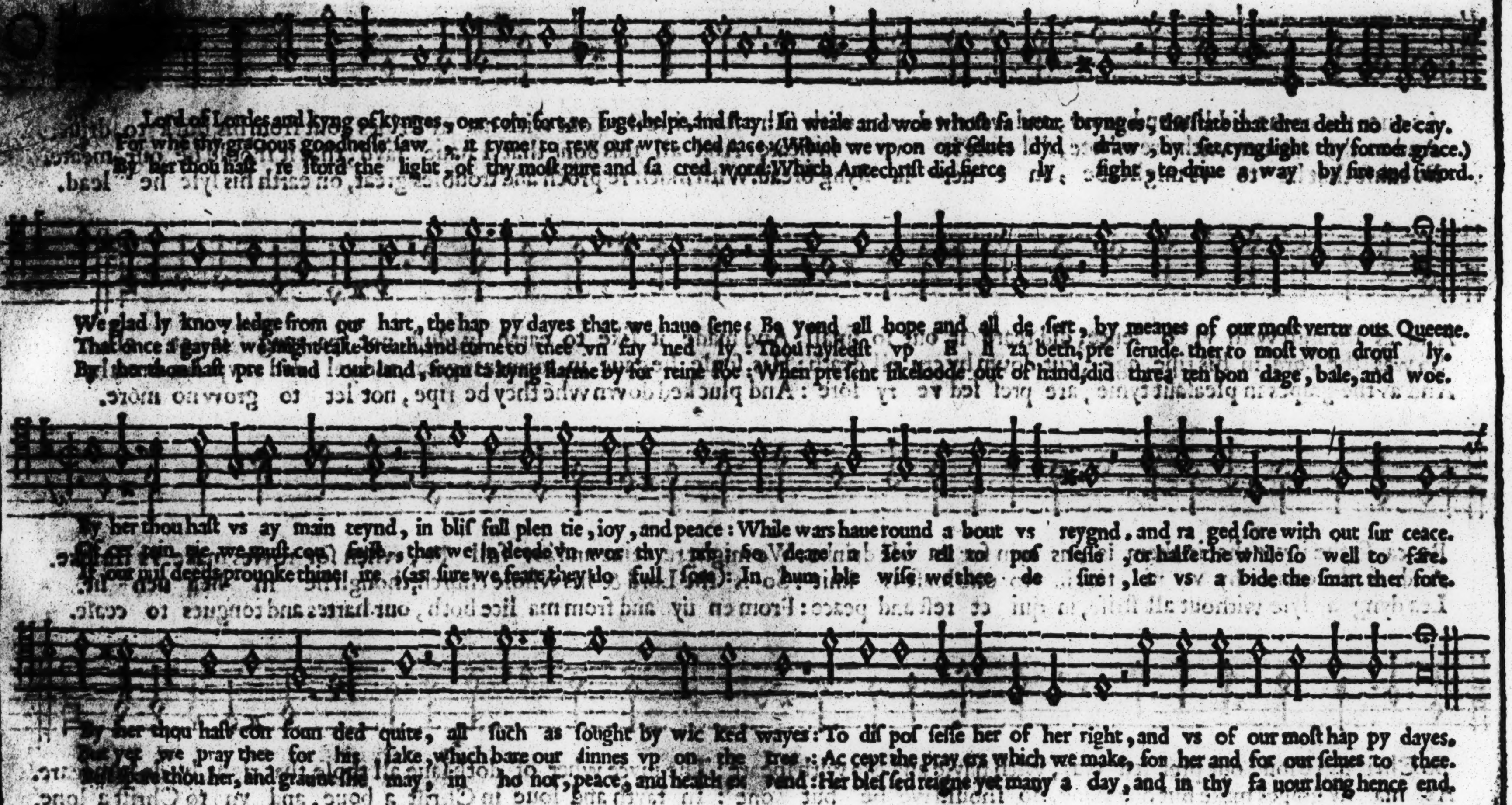
As

G.D.

A Thankesgeuyng to be song at the Ministryng of the Lordes Supper.

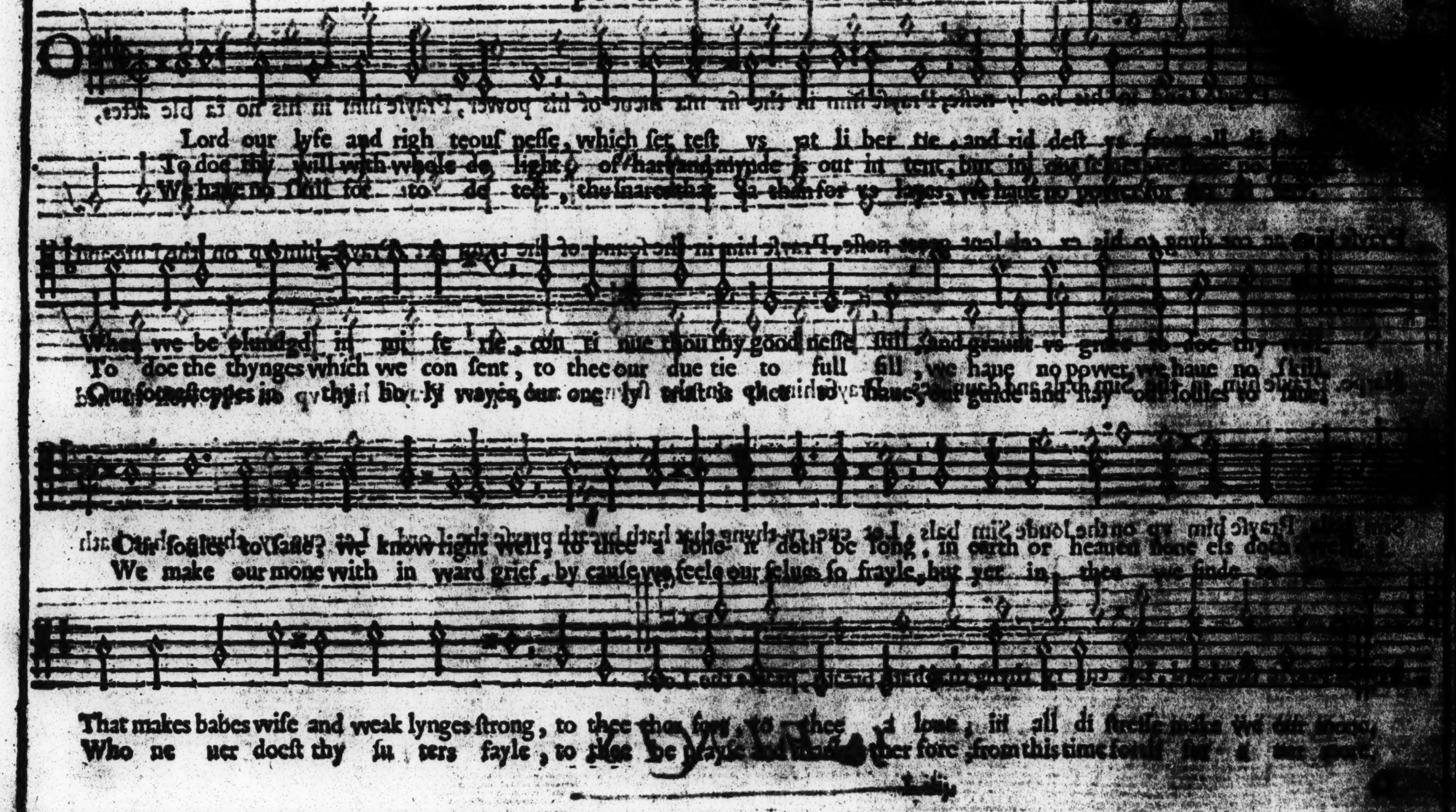

As once the corne did liue and grow, and was cut downe with sith: And threshed out with ma ny stripes, out from his husk to driue.
And as the o uen with fire whote, did close it vp in heate: And all this done that I haue sayd, that it should be our meate.
Be cause that he to vs might be, an e uer la styng bread: With much re proch and troubles great, on earth his lyfe he lead.
And as the mill with vi o lence, did teare it out so small: And made it like to earth ly dust, not spa ryng it at all.
So was the Lord in his ripe age, cut down by cru ell death: His soule he gaue in torments great, and yel ded vp his breath.
And as the grapes in pleasaūt tyme, are pres sed ve ry sore: And plucked down whē they be ripe, not let to grow no more.
Be cause the iuyce that in them is, as com for ta ble drinke: We might re ceiue and ioy full be, when sorrowes make vs shrinke.
And as the cornes by va ni tie, in to one loafe is knit: So is the Lord & his whole church, though he in hea uen sit.
Lea dyng a lyfe without all strife, in qui et rest and peace: From en uy and from ma lice both, our hartes and tongues to cease.
So Chri stes bloud out pres sed was, with nayle and eke with speare: The iuyce wher of doth saue all those, that right ly do him feare.
As ma ny grapes make but one wine, so should we be but one: In fayth and loue in Christ a boue, and vn to Christ a lone.
Which if we do then shall we shew, that we his cho sen be: By fayth in him to lead a lyfe, as al wayes willed he.

A Prayer and thankeſgeuyng to God for the Queenes Maieſtie.


Lord of Lordes and kyng of kynges, our comfort, refuge, helpe, and stay: In weale and woe whoſe fauour brynges, the ſtate that dreadeth no decay.
For whe thy gracious goodneſſe ſaw, it tyme to rew our wretched caſe: (Which we vpon our ſelues dyd draw, by ſettyng light thy former grace.)
By her thou haſt reſtord the light, of thy moſt pure and ſacred word: Which Antechriſt did fiercely fight, to driue away by fire and ſword.
We gladly knowledge from our hart, the happy dayes that we haue ſene: Beyond all hope and all deſert, by meanes of our moſt vertuous Queene.
That once agayne we might take breath, and come to thee vnfaynedly: Thou rayſedſt vp Elizabeth, preſerude therto moſt wondrouſly.
By her thou haſt preſerud our land, from raging flame by forreine foe: When preſent likelyhode out of hand, did threaten bondage, bale, and woe.
By her thou haſt vs ay maintaynd, in bliſſfull plentie, ioy, and peace: While wars haue round about vs reygnd, and raged ſore without ſurceace.
Of certaintie we muſt confeſſe, that we in deede vnworthy are: So deare a Iewell to poſſeſſe, or halfe the while ſo well to fare.
If our miſdeeds prouoke thine ire, (as ſure we feare they do full ſore): In humble wiſe we thee deſire, let vs abide the ſmart therfore.
By her thou haſt confounded quite, all ſuch as ſought by wicked wayes: To diſpoſſeſſe her of her right, and vs of our moſt happy dayes.
But yet we pray thee for his ſake, which bare our ſinnes vpon the tree: Accept the prayers which we make, for her and for our ſelues to thee.
Still ſaue thou her, and graunt ſhe may, in honor, peace, and health extend: Her bleſſed reigne yet many a day, and in thy fauour long hence end.

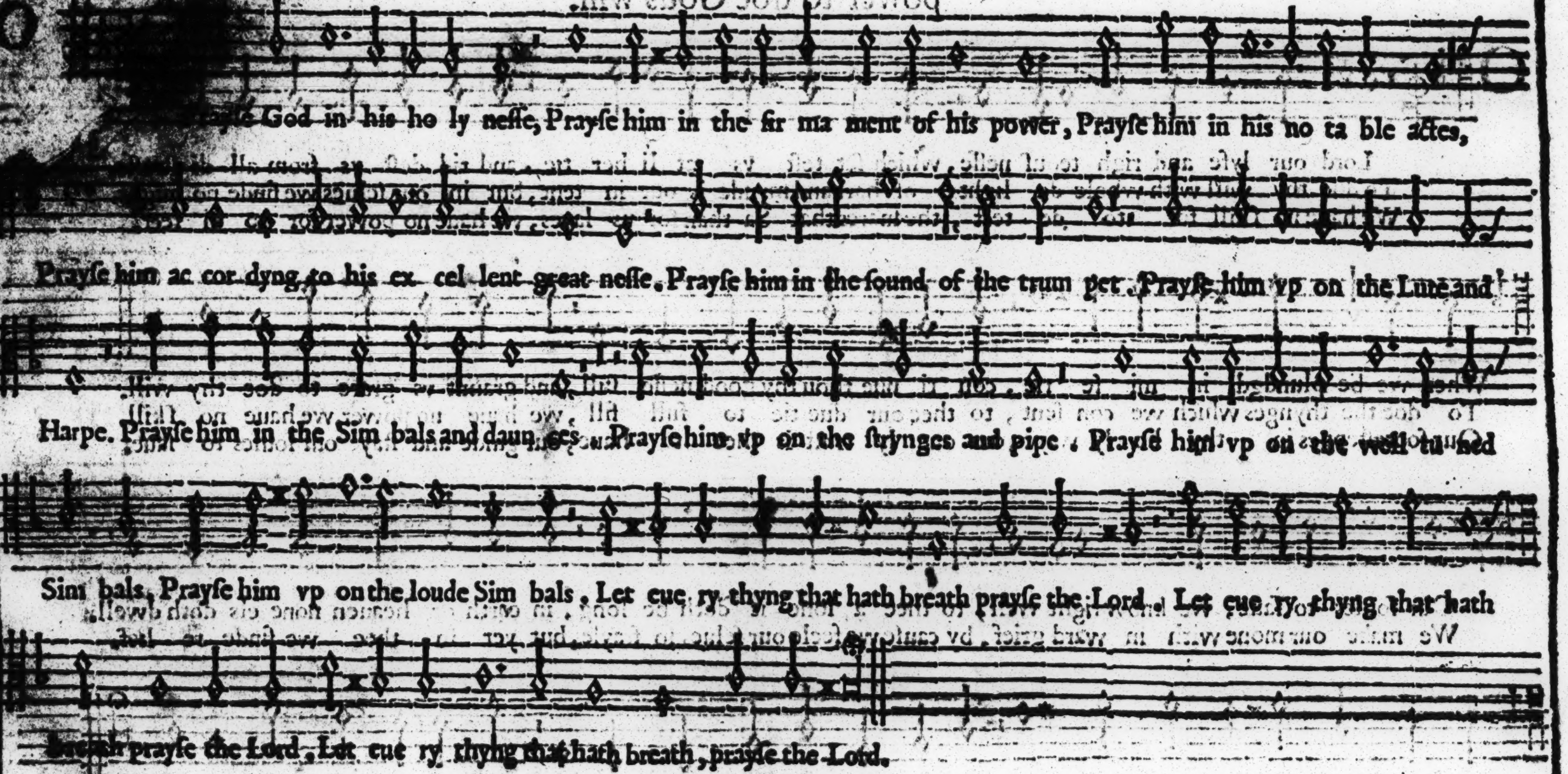
G. D.

A Prayer for mercy, wisdome and power to doe Gods will.

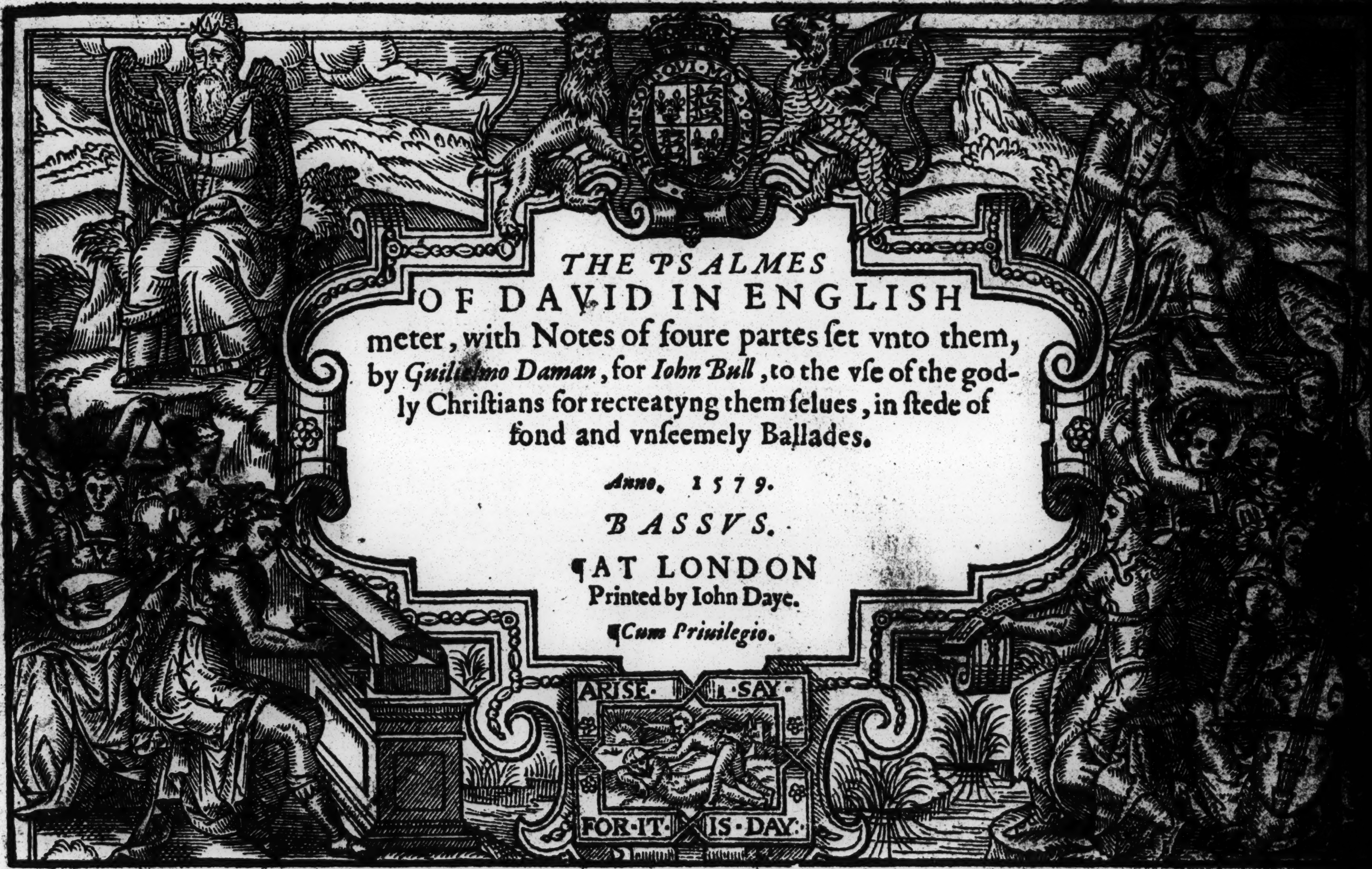

O Lord our lyfe and righ teouſ neſſe, which ſet teſt vs at li ber tie, and rid deſt vs from all di[illegible]
To doe thy will with whole de light, of hart and mynde is our in tent, but in our ſelues [illegible]
We haue no ſkill for to de tect, the ſnares that ſa than for vs layes, we haue no power for [illegible]
When we be plunged in mi ſe rie, con ti nue thou thy good neſſe ſtill, and graunt vs grace to doe thy will.
To doe the thynges which we con ſent, to thee our due tie to full fill, we haue no power, we haue no ſkill.
Our foote ſteppes in thy ho ly wayes, our on ly truſt is thee to haue, our guide and ſtay our ſoules to ſaue;
Our ſoules to ſaue; we know right well, to thee a lone it doth be long, in earth or heauen none els doth [illegible]
We make our mone with in ward grief, by cauſe we feele our ſelues ſo frayle, but yet in thee we finde re[illegible]
That makes babes wiſe and weak lynges ſtrong, to thee ther fore, to thee a lone, in all di ſtreſſe make we our mone.
Who ne uer doeſt thy ſu ters fayle, to thee be prayſe and thankes ther fore, from this time forth for e uer more.

The CL. Pſalme.

Tenor.


Prayſe God in his ho ly neſſe, Prayſe him in the fir ma ment of his power, Prayſe him in his no ta ble actes,
Prayſe him ac cor dyng to his ex cel lent great neſſe. Prayſe him in the ſound of the trum pet. Prayſe him vp on the Lute and
Harpe. Prayſe him in the Sim bals and daun ces. Prayſe him vp on the ſtrynges and pipe. Prayſe him vp on the well tu ned
Sim bals, Prayſe him vp on the loude Sim bals. Let eue ry thyng that hath breath prayſe the Lord. Let eue ry thyng that hath
breath prayſe the Lord. Let eue ry thyng that hath breath, prayſe the Lord.

FINIS.



THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH

meter, with Notes of foure partes ſet vnto them,
by *Guilielmo Daman*, for *Iohn Bull*, to the vſe of the godly Chriſtians for recreatyng them ſelues, in ſtede of
fond and vnſeemely Ballades.

Anno. 1579.

BASSVS.

¶AT LONDON
Printed by Iohn Daye.

¶*Cum Priuilegio.*

NATIONAL LIBRARY SCOTLAND

Edward Hake Gent. vpon the Edition of theſe Pſalmes in meter, to the Reader.

Lyke as by ſondry good lawes and conſtitutions politicall, ſome thyngs, which ſeeme to be in propertie priuate, by reaſon of poſſeſsion which men haue in the ſame, are yet in their vſe publicque, and to retaine them, is oftentymes perillous and at all tymes iniurious: For example: whereas by the lawes of this Realme, ſondry men hauing landes and poſſeſsions hereditary, if there happẽ to be diſcouered within the ſame any mynes precious, or any thyng what ſoeuer, which the Lawyers comprehend vnder the title of *Treaſure troue*: Theſe thynges ſo found, albeit they may thought priuate, and the propertie therof to appertaine to the Finder, or at the leaſt, to thoſe onely to whõ the Freehold or poſſeſsiõ of the Soyle belõgeth, yet are they in deede publicque, as apperteinyng to the vſe of a publicque perſone, to the vſe I meane of our ſoueraigne by reaſon of her Prerogatiue.

Euen ſo (gentle Reader) by compariſon not altogether vnapt, it ſtandeth with the giftes and qualities of the mynde, beyng diſcouered and brought to light by the induſtry of man: Which, albeit they may ſeeme to be at the priuate deuotiõ and free diſpoſition of the partie from whom they proceeded: Yet if they be ſuch as either the Church of God or the cõmon wealth may take profite by, they forthwith ceaſe to be priuate, and are become (as I may ſay) *Deodands*, to weete, thynges to be ſacrificed to the Lord, whether they be to the good vſe of his Church or to the profitable vſe of the common wealth.

Which premiſſes duely conſidered, (in the application therof) after that by priuate meanes and for his priuate delite, the publiſher of theſe Pſalmes *Iohn Bull* Citezen and Goldſmith of London, had by peece meale gottẽ and gathered together frõ the fertile Soyle of his honeſt frẽd *Guilielmo Daman* one of her Maieſties Muſitions, ſuch fruites as not meanely ingẽdred and increaſed in him ſelfe ſpeciall cõfortes, and recreations aſwell ſpirituall as corporall: He thought his bonde in this behalfe no whit more eaſie, nor his poſſeſſiõ more priuate thẽ hath bene declared in the caſes premiſed: And therfore with a ſingle regarde of diſcharging his duety therin, (the Author of the Sõges neuer intẽdyng the publiſhing of the ſame) he haſted forthwith of him ſelf, with the onely good and godly forwardnes of the Printer (who to his well deſerued prayſe, hath ſpared neither charges nor trauaile herein) to commit the ſame to the Preſſe, leaſt he might haue ſeemed by lõg detayning and dayly vſing of them to his priuate delite, to haue fared with his brethren as wretched Myſers of this world are wont to do in the diſpoſition of their goodes, which whẽ they may no lõger keepe by reaſon that by death or by other meanes they are to be ſeparated frõ them, then doe they (and not before) diſtribute and diſpoſe thẽ to the benefite of others: Or rather as vnprofitable wantons, who when they haue had their full pleaſures of the thynges they delited in, of very lothſomnes doe then deliuer them ouer to the world, or to ſuch as to whom (before tymes) they affoorded not one iote for their comfort.

And now, touchyng matter of commendation to be thought vpon, as due to both perſons and cauſe: This I ſay: that to commend either the ſayd Publiſher or Printer, in the godly accompliſhment of this good worke, or to commende the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes, whether for the excellencie of the Harmony, or for the ſkilfull handlyng therof: Theſe thinges I muſt leaue to be done by thoſe, whoſe commendations ſhall ſtand for allowable Cenſures, which I confeſſe (eſpecially in the matter of Muſicke) may in no wiſe be attributed to any Iudgement of myne.

But yet thus farre I am to aduertiſe all thoſe that ſhall yeeld any Cẽſure hereupon: to weete, that the author and compoſer of the Muſicke of theſe Pſalmes neuer ment thẽ to the vſe of any learned and cunnyng Muſition, but altogether reſpected the pleaſuryng of his priuate frend, who in deede profeſſed nought els in him ſelfe ſaue onely a fauour and ſingular good likyng of Muſicke. Agayne, touchyng the Author: He

beyng

being tyed (as is knowẽ to the learned) altogether to the part of the Tenors, or common tunes: what ſcope or libertie could he haue to ſet forth within the compaſſe of ſo ſmall a limite, any thing profound to the delectation of the learned?

Laſtly, to thruſt my penne into the large fieldes of prayſes and due commendations of Muſicke in generall, whether they ſtand to be made by the Iudgement of reaſon, or by the Cenſure of the holy Ghoſt deliuered in the word: This I doubt not, I might eaſely begyn, yea and plẽtyfully proceede in, but how or where I ſhould make an end (authorities and places in that behalfe beyng ſo infinite) truely truely I know not. I leaue Muſicke therfore to be commended by and of her ſelfe, and the warraunt of Muſickes commendation, I leaue to God and to Nature, who ſhall mightyly, nay, gloriouſly yeeld forth the ſame to all ſuch as will aſke and enquire therof. *Read. 1. Sam. 16. 23. 2 Kyng. 3. 15. Ephe. 5. 19. 1. Cor. 14. 15.*

Neuertheleſſe in any thyng by me here written, I haue not meant to defende any the abuſes of Muſicke whatſoeuer committed in the Church of God, or rather the prophanyng of Gods diuine ſeruice by Muſicke (as in tyme of Popery) namely by ouer curious, yea, and as I may ſay ouer tragicall diſmembryng not onely of wordes but of letters and ſillables in the holy Pſalmes and Anthemes appointed to the prayſing of God: For what hath either Muſicke or any thing els betwene heauen and earth to be commended for, farther, then that it ſhall ſerue to ſet forth the glory and comfort of the eternall word? which thyng whenſoeuer it ſhall ceaſe to doe, and ſhall aduaunce it ſelfe aboue or before the ſence thereof, it is not onely not to be allowed of, but alſo with all force of law to be thruſt out of the Church. But this our Muſicke well imployed vpon theſe Pſalmes, is altogether free from ſuch abuſes. God graunt we may vſe it to our comfort and to the prayſes of his name. Amen.

Edward Hake.

FINIS.

¶ A Table of all the Pſalmes ſet forth by Guilielmo Daman, one of her Maieſties Muſitions, in foure partes conteined in this Booke.

95. Pſal. O Come let vs ſing.
¶Veni Creator Spiritus.
Come holy Ghoſt eternall God. 1
100. pſal. All people that on earth do dwell. 2
O Lord of whom I doe depend. 3
¶Te Deum Laudamus.
We prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee. 4
¶The ſong of the three children.
O all ye workes of God the Lord. 5
¶Benedictus Dominus.
The onely Lord of Iſraell. 6
¶Magnificat anima mea.
My ſoule doth magnifie the Lord. 7
¶Nunc dimittis ſeruum tuum.
O Lord becauſe my harts deſire. 8
¶Quicunque Vult.
What man ſoeuer he be that. 9
¶The Lamentation of a Sinner.
O Lord turne not away thy face. 10
¶The Lordes Prayer.
Our Father which in heauen art. 11
¶The ten Commaundementes.
Harke Iſraell and what I ſay. 12
¶The complaint of a Sinner.
Where righteouſneſſe doth ſay. 13

¶These are at the beginnyng.

1. Pſal. The man is bleſt, that hath not bent. 14
3. pſal. O Lord how are my foes increaſe. 15
14. pſal. There is no God as fooliſh men. 16
18. pſal. O God my ſtrength and fortitude. 17
21. pſal. O Lord how ioyfull is the kyng. 18
23. pſal. My ſhepheard is the liuyng Lord. 19
25. pſal. I lift myne hart to thee, my God. 20
26. pſal. Lord be my Iudge and thou ſhalt. 21
30. pſal. All laud and prayſe with hart. 22
33. pſal. Ye righteous in the Lord reioyce. 23
41. pſal. The man is bleſt that carefull is. 24
44. pſal. Our eares haue heard our Fathers tell. 25
45. pſal. My hart doth take in hand, ſome godly. 26
46. pſal. The Lord is our defence and ayde. 27
50. pſal. The God of Gods the Lord. 28
51. pſal. O Lord conſider my diſtreſſe. 29
52. pſal. Why doeſt thou tyraunt boaſt abroad. 30
59. pſal. Send ayde and ſaue me from my foes. 31
65. pſal. Regard O Lord for I complayne. 32
68. pſal. Let God ariſe and then his foes. 33
69. pſal. Saue me O God and that. 34
72. pſal. Lord geue thy Iudgementes. 35
77. pſal. I with my voyce to God doe cry. 36
78. pſal. Attend my people to my law. 37
81. pſal. Be light and glad in God reioyce. 38
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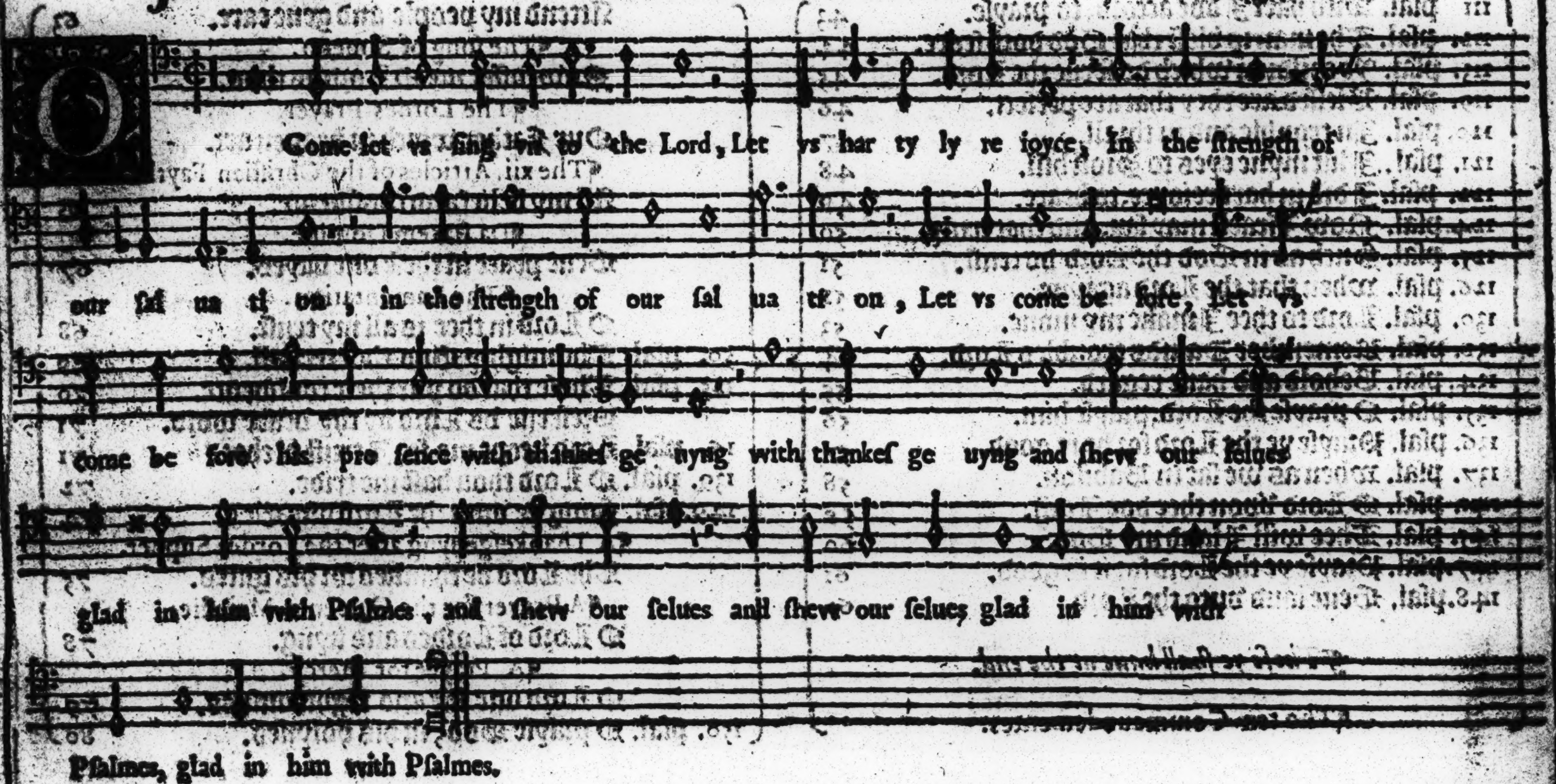
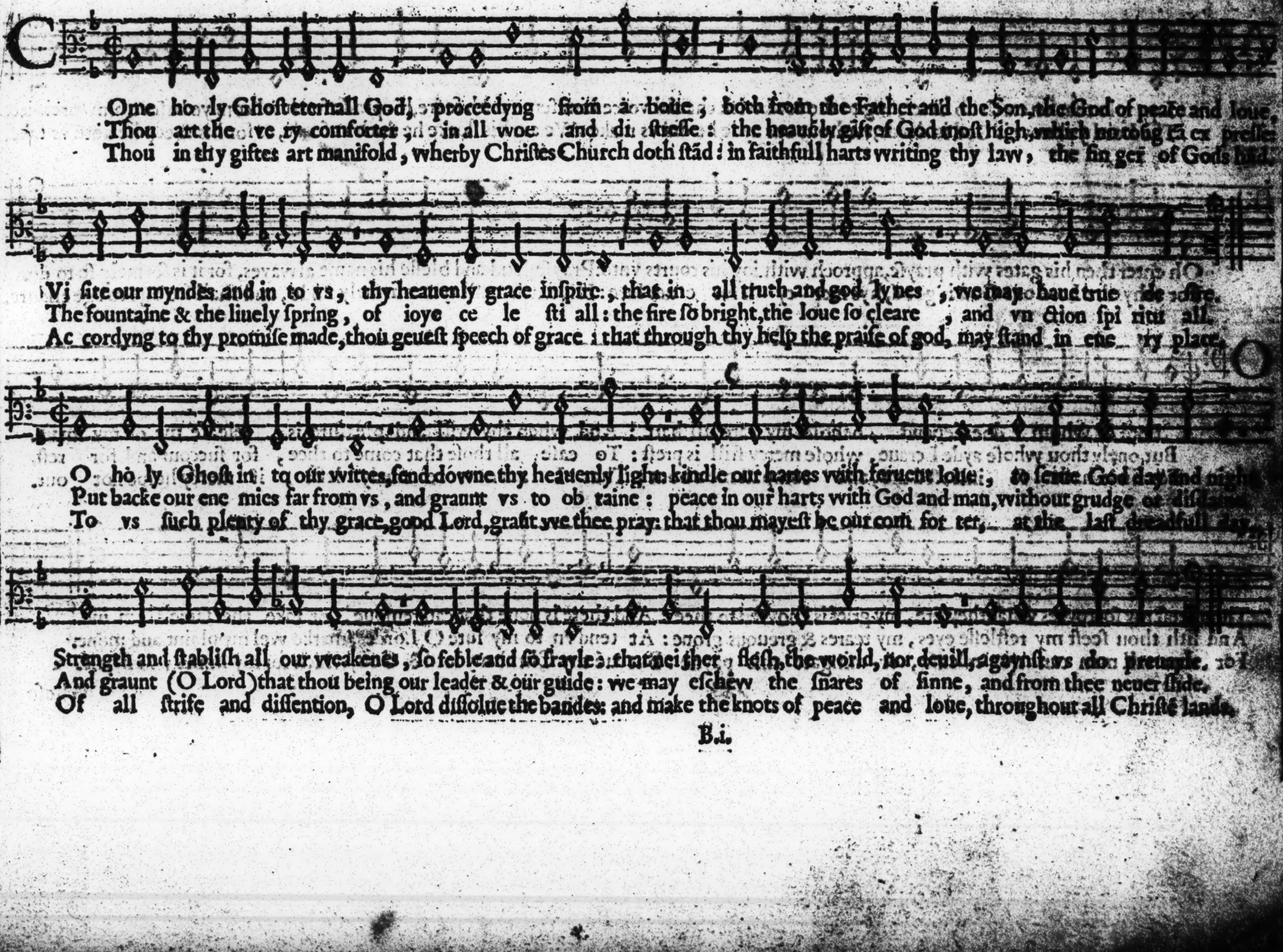
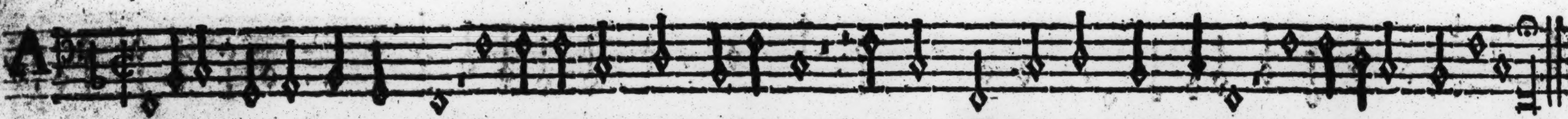
G.Daman. The XCV. Psalme. *Bassus.*


O
Come let vs sing vn to the Lord, Let vs har ty ly re ioyce, in the strength of
our sal ua ti on, in the strength of our sal ua ti on, Let vs come be fore, Let vs
come be fore his pre sence with thankes ge uyng with thankes ge uyng and shew our selues
glad in him with Psalmes, and shew our selues and shew our selues glad in him with
Psalmes, glad in him with Psalmes.

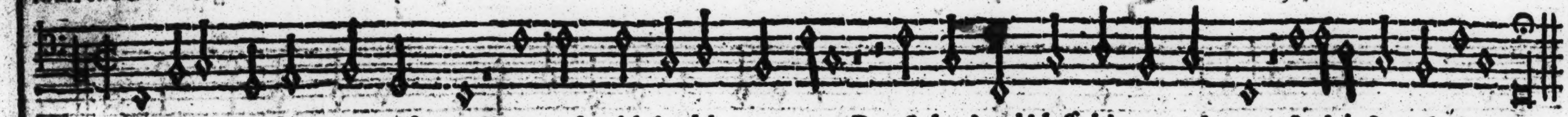
Come


Come holy Ghoſt eternall God, proceedyng from aboue; both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and loue,
Thou art the very comforter, in all woe and diſtreſſe: the heauenly gift of God moſt high, which no tong can expreſſe:
Thou in thy giftes art manifold, wherby Chriſtes Church doth ſtād: in faithfull harts writing thy law, the finger of Gods hād.
Viſite our myndes and into vs, thy heauenly grace inſpire: that in all truth and godlynes, we may haue true deſire.
The fountaine & the liuely ſpring, of ioye celeſtiall: the fire ſo bright, the loue ſo cleare, and vnction ſpiritual.
Accordyng to thy promiſe made, thou geueſt ſpeech of grace: that through thy help the praiſe of god, may ſtand in euery place.
O holy Ghoſt into our wittes, ſend downe thy heauenly light: kindle our hartes with feruent loue, to ſerue God day and night.
Put backe our enemies far from vs, and graunt vs to obtaine: peace in our harts with God and man, without grudge or diſdaine.
To vs ſuch plenty of thy grace, good Lord, grāt we thee pray: that thou mayeſt be our comforter, at the laſt dreadfull day.
Strength and ſtabliſh all our weakenes, ſo feble and ſo frayle: that neither fleſh, the world, nor deuill, agaynſt vs do preuaile.
And graunt (O Lord) that thou being our leader & our guide: we may eſchew the ſnares of ſinne, and from thee neuer ſlide.
Of all ſtrife and diſſention, O Lord diſſolue the bandes: and make the knots of peace and loue, throughout all Chriſtē lands.

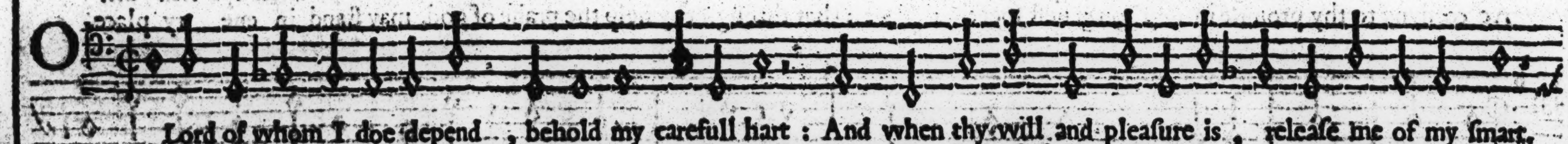
G.D. Iubilate Deo omnis. Pſalme. 100. *Baſſus.*



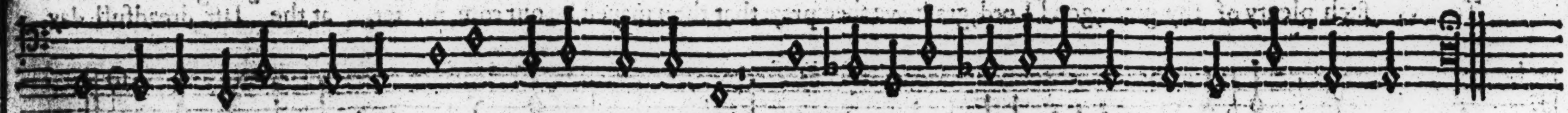
All people that on earth do dwel, ſing to the lord with cherful voice him ſerue with feare, his praiſe forth tel com ye before him & reioice.
The Lord ye know is God in deede, without our ayde he did vs make: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, & for his ſheep he doth vs take.



Oh enter then his gates with prayſe, approch with ioy his courts vnto: Prayſe, laud and bleſſe his name alwayes, for it is ſeemely ſo to do.
For why? the Lord our God is good, hys mer cy is for e uer ſure: His truth at all tymes firmely ſtode, and ſhall frō age to age endure.



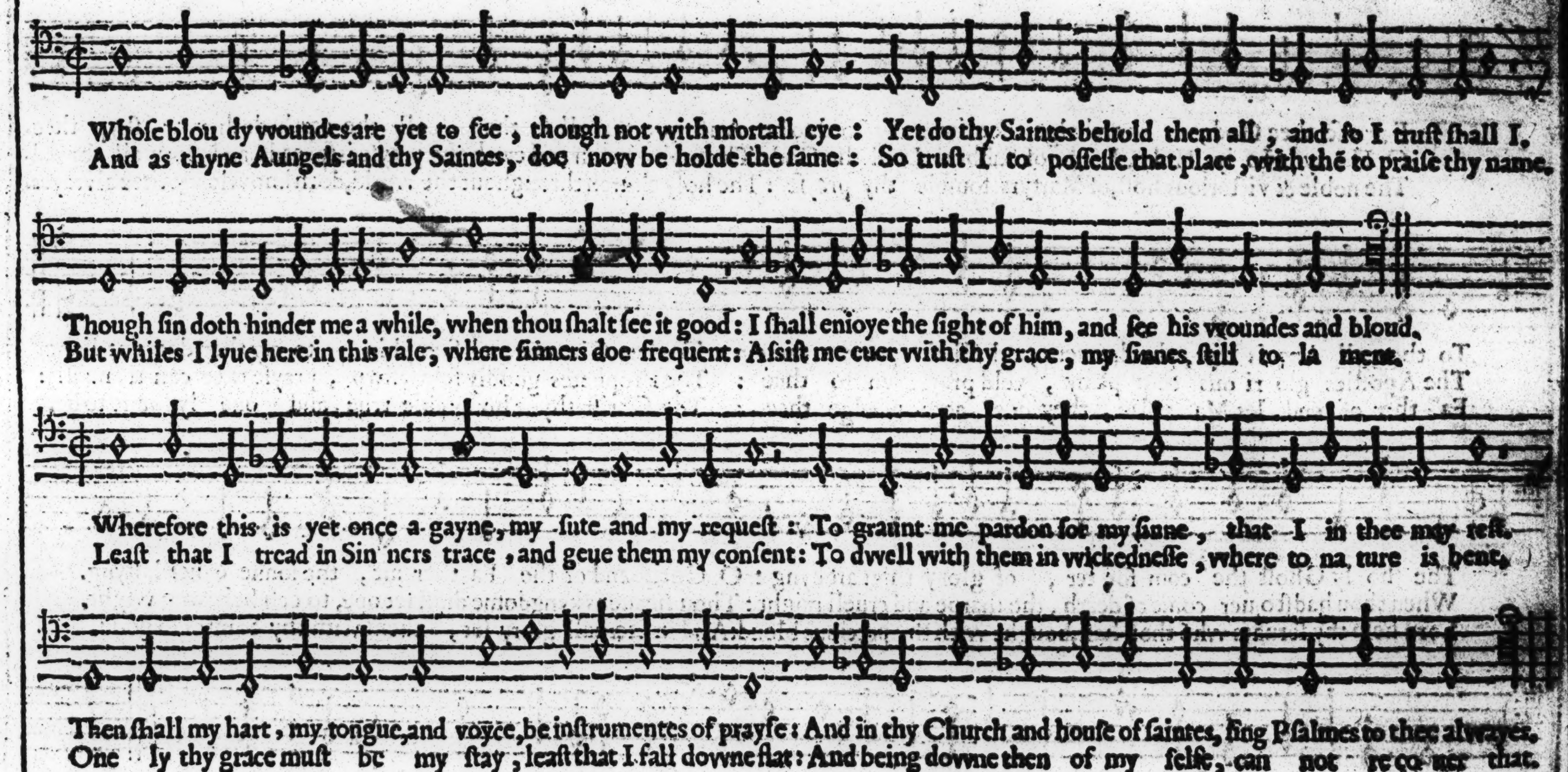
O Lord of whom I doe depend, behold my carefull hart: And when thy will and pleaſure is, releaſe me of my ſmart.
But onely thou whoſe ayde I craue, whoſe mercy ſtill is preſt: To eaſe all thoſe that come to thee, for ſuccour and for reſt.
For ſinne hath ſo incloſed me, and compaſt me a bout: That I am now re medy leſſe, if mercy helpe not out.



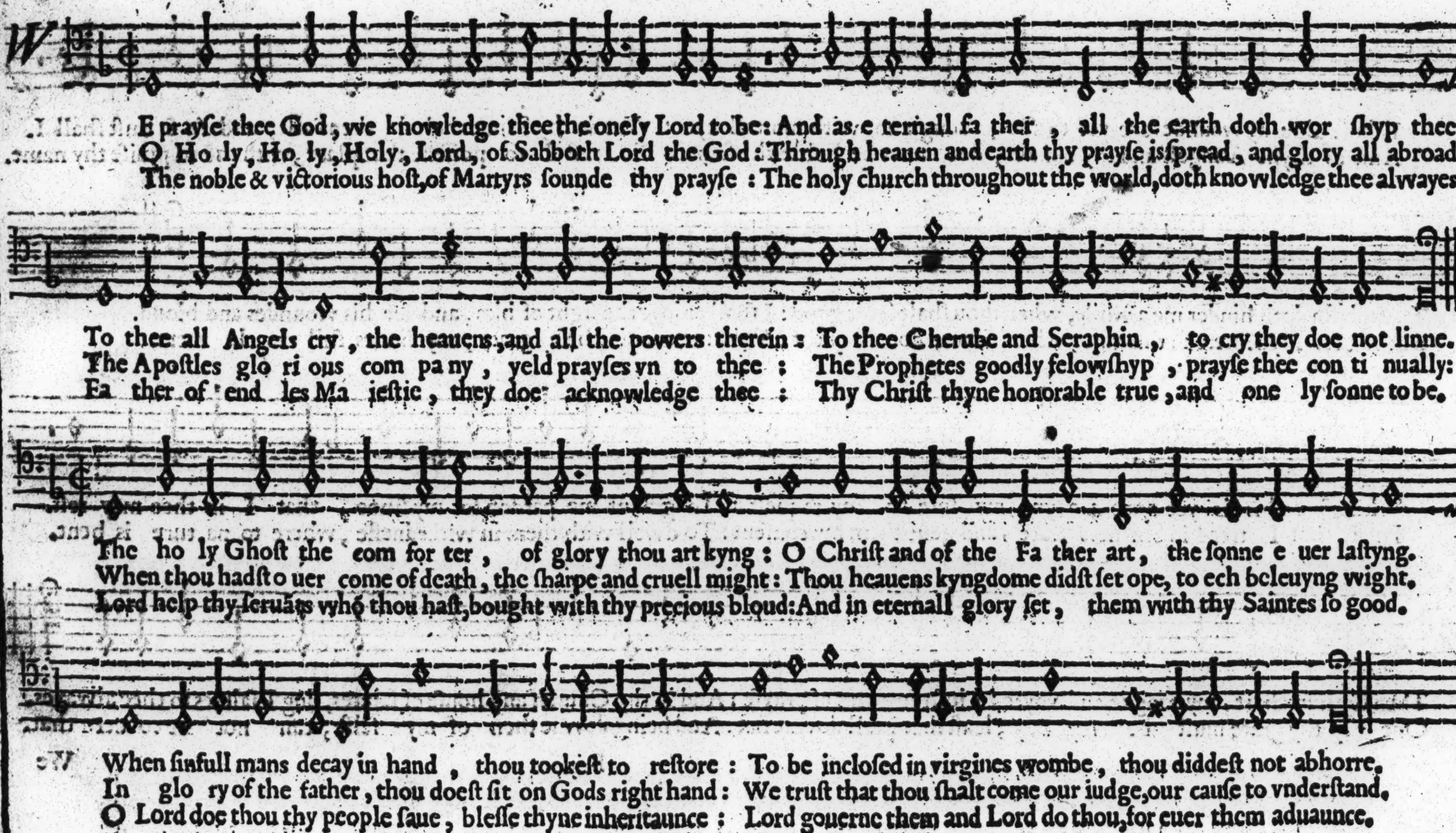
Thou ſeeſt my ſorrowes what they are, my grief is knowen to thee: And there is none that can remoue, or take the ſame from me.
And ſith thou ſeeſt my reſtleſſe eyes, my teares & greuous grone: At tend vn to my ſute O Lorde, marke wel my plaint and mone.
For mor tall man can not releaſe, or mitigate this payne: But euē thy Chriſt my lord & God, which for my ſinnes was ſlayne.

Whoſe

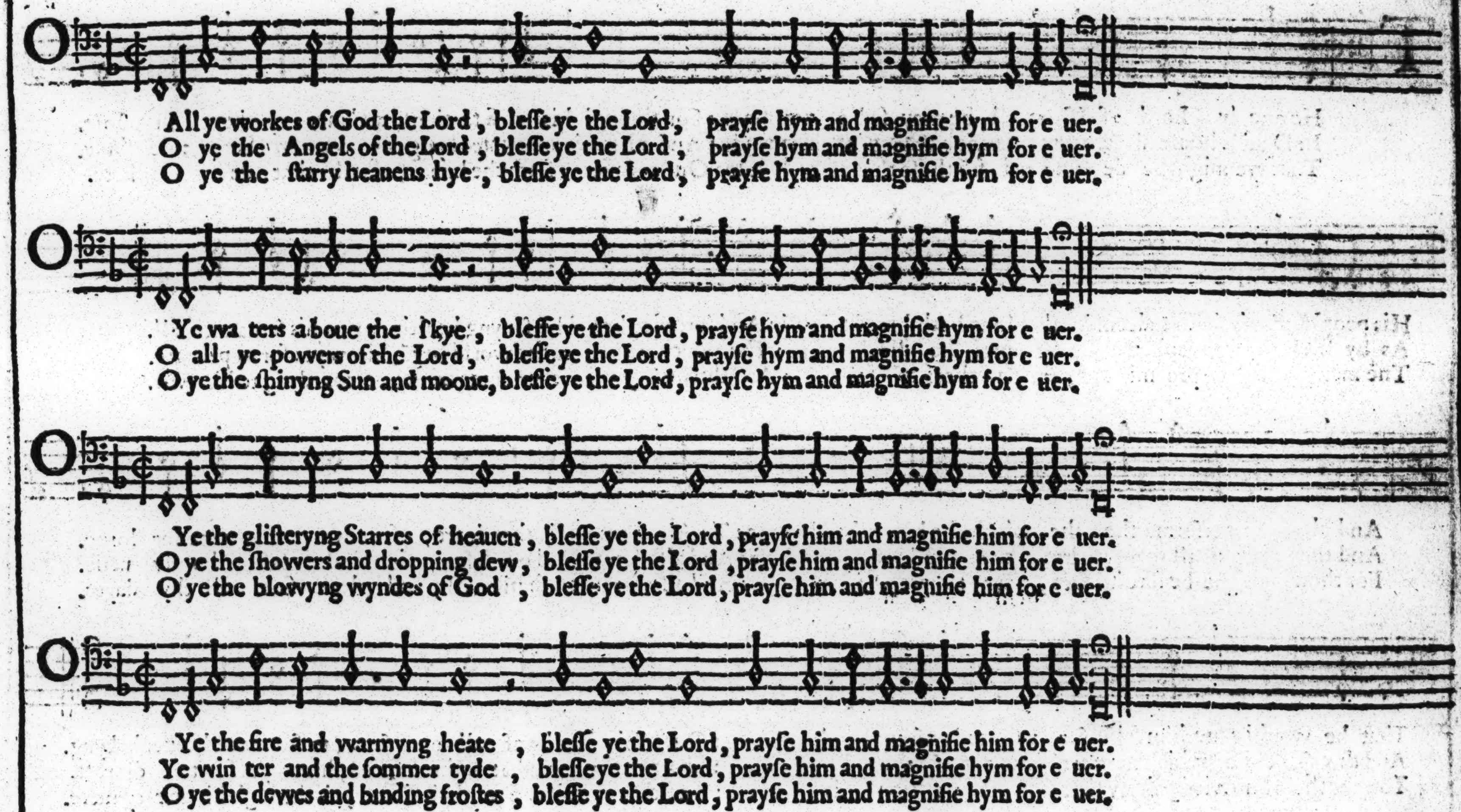
The humble ſute of a Sinner.


Whoſe blou dy woundes are yet to ſee , though not with mortall eye : Yet do thy Saintes behold them all , and ſo I truſt ſhall I.
And as thyne Aungels and thy Saintes, doe now be holde the ſame : So truſt I to poſſeſſe that place , with thē to praiſe thy name.
Though ſin doth hinder me a while, when thou ſhalt ſee it good : I ſhall enioye the ſight of him, and ſee his woundes and bloud,
But whiles I lyue here in this vale, where ſinners doe frequent : Aſsiſt me euer with thy grace , my ſinnes ſtill to la ment.
Wherefore this is yet once a gayne, my ſute and my requeſt : To graunt me pardon for my ſinne , that I in thee may reſt.
Leaſt that I tread in Sin ners trace , and geue them my conſent : To dwell with them in wickedneſſe , where to na ture is bent.
Then ſhall my hart , my tongue, and voyce, be inſtrumentes of prayſe : And in thy Church and houſe of ſaintes, ſing Pſalmes to thee alwayes.
One ly thy grace muſt be my ſtay , leaſt that I fall downe flat : And being downe then of my ſelfe , can not re co uer that.

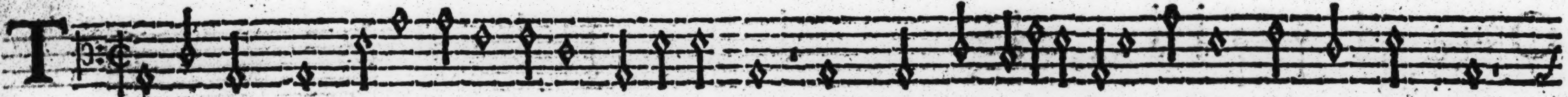
G.D. The ſong of S. Ambroſe called *Te Deum*. **Baſſus.**


WE prayſe thee God, we knowledge thee the onely Lord to be: And as e ternall fa ther , all the earth doth wor ſhyp thee.
O Ho ly, Ho ly, Holy, Lord, of Sabboth Lord the God: Through heauen and earth thy prayſe is ſpread, and glory all abroad.
The noble & victorious hoſt, of Martyrs ſounde thy prayſe: The holy church throughout the world, doth knowledge thee alwayes.
To thee all Angels cry, the heauens, and all the powers therein: To thee Cherube and Seraphin, to cry they doe not linne.
The Apoſtles glo ri ous com pa ny, yeld prayſes vn to thee: The Prophetes goodly felowſhyp, prayſe thee con ti nually:
Fa ther of end les Ma ieſtie, they doe acknowledge thee: Thy Chriſt thyne honorable true, and one ly ſonne to be.
The ho ly Ghoſt the com for ter, of glory thou art kyng: O Chriſt and of the Fa ther art, the ſonne e uer laſtyng.
When thou hadſt o uer come of death, the ſharpe and cruell might: Thou heauens kyngdome didſt ſet ope, to ech beleuyng wight.
Lord help thy ſeruāts whō thou haſt, bought with thy precious bloud: And in eternall glory ſet, them with thy Saintes ſo good.
When ſinfull mans decay in hand, thou tookeſt to reſtore: To be incloſed in virgines wombe, thou diddeſt not abhorre.
In glo ry of the father, thou doeſt ſit on Gods right hand: We truſt that thou ſhalt come our iudge, our cauſe to vnderſtand.
O Lord doe thou thy people ſaue, bleſſe thyne inheritaunce: Lord gouerne them and Lord do thou, for euer them aduaunce.

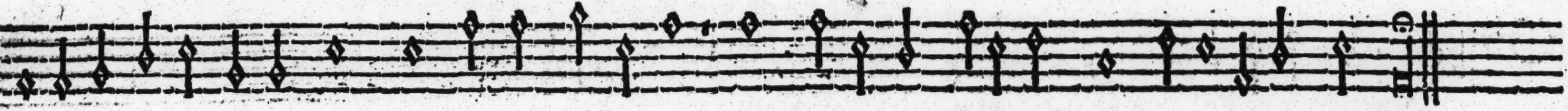
O


All ye workes of God the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
O ye the Angels of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
O ye the ſtarry heauens hye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
Ye wa ters aboue the ſkye, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
O all ye powers of the Lord, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
O ye the ſhinyng Sun and moone, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe hym and magnifie hym for e uer.
Ye the gliſteryng Starres of heauen, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie him for e uer.
O ye the ſhowers and dropping dew, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie him for e uer.
O ye the blowyng wyndes of God, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie him for e uer.
Ye the fire and warmyng heate, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie him for e uer.
Ye win ter and the ſommer tyde, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie hym for e uer.
O ye the dewes and binding froſtes, bleſſe ye the Lord, prayſe him and magnifie hym for e uer.

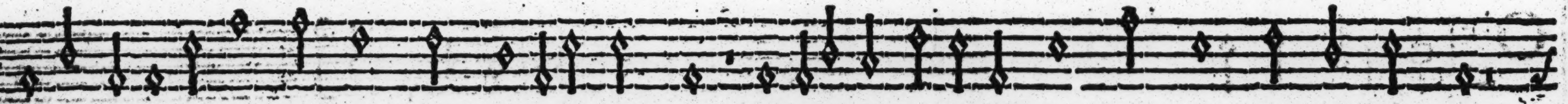
G.D. The ſong of Zacharias called *Benedictus*. *Baſſus*.



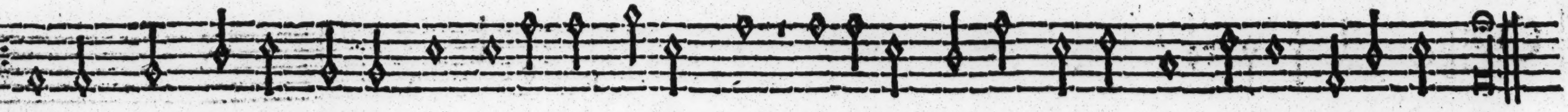
THe onely Lord of Iſraell, be prayſed euer more: For through his viſitation, and mercy kept in ſtore.
In Dauids houſe his ſeruaunt true, accordyng to his mynde: And alſo his annoynted kyng, as we in Scripture finde.
That we might be deliuered, frõ thoſe that make debate: Our enemies & from the hands, of all that doe vs hate.



His people now he hath redeemde, that long hath bene in thrall: And ſpread abroad his ſauyng health, vpon his ſeruauntes all.
As by his holy Prophetes all, oft tymes he did declare: The which were ſince the world begã, his wayes for to prepare.
The mercy which he promiſed, our Fathers to fulfill: And thinke vpon his couenaunt made, according to his will.



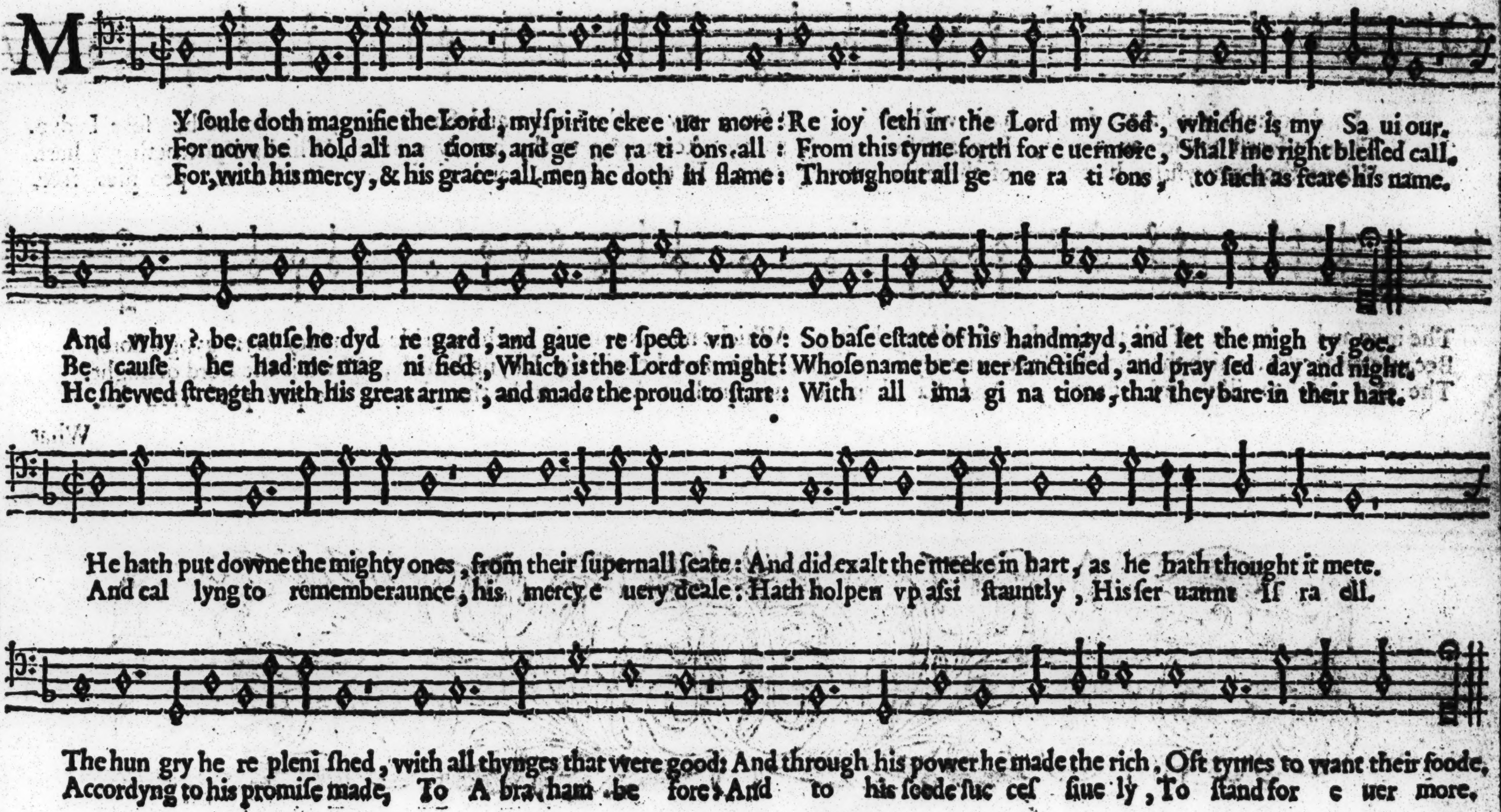
And alſo to performe the othe, which he he before had ſworne: To Abraham our Father deare, for vs that were forlorne.
And that without all maner feare, and eke in righteouſneſſe: And alſo for to lead our lyfe, in ſtedfaſt holyneſſe.
For thou ſhalt goe before his face, for to prepare his wayes: And alſo for to teach his will, and pleaſure all thy dayes.



That he would geue him ſelfe for vs, and vs from bondage bryng: Out of the handes of all our foes, to ſerue our heauenly kyng.
And thou (O child) which now art borne, and of the Lord elect: Shalt be the Prophet of the highest, his wayes for to direct.
To geue them knowledge how that their, ſaluation is neare: And that remiſsion of their ſinnes, is through his mercy mere.

My

G.D. The ſong of Bleſſed Mary called *Magnificat.*



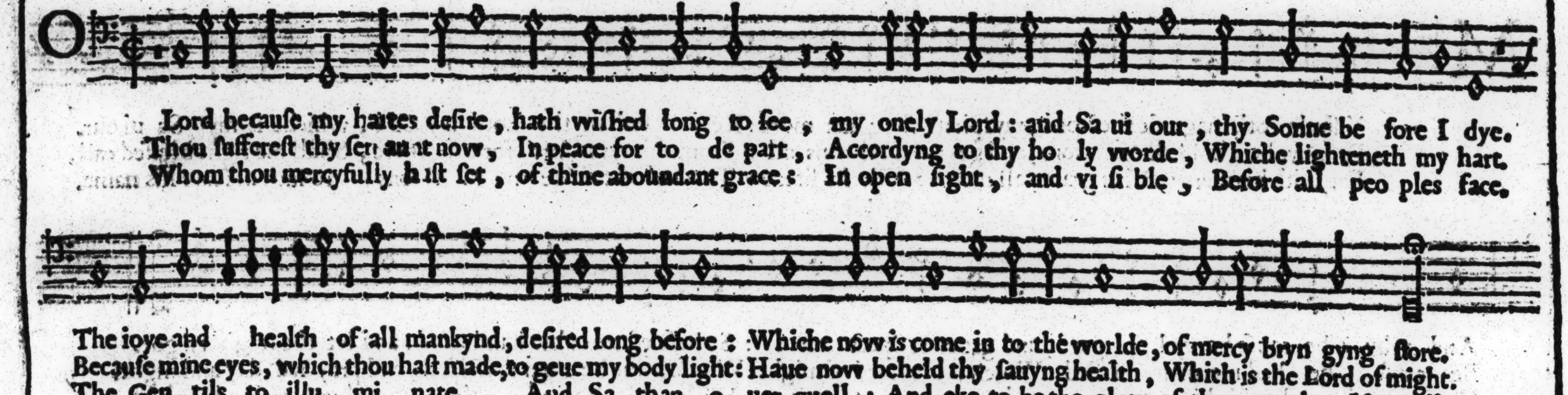
MY ſoule doth magnifie the Lord, my ſpirite eke euermore: Reioyſeth in the Lord my God, whiche is my Sauiour.
For now behold all nations, and generations all: From this tyme forth for euermore, Shall me right bleſſed call.
For, with his mercy, & his grace, all men he doth inflame: Throughout all generations, to ſuch as feare his name.

And why? becauſe he dyd regard, and gaue reſpect vnto: So baſe eſtate of his handmayd, and let the mighty goe.
Becauſe he had me magnified, Which is the Lord of might: Whoſe name be euer ſanctified, and prayſed day and night.
He ſhewed ſtrength with his great arme, and made the proud to ſtart: With all imaginations, that they bare in their hart.

He hath put downe the mighty ones, from their ſupernall ſeate: And did exalt the meeke in hart, as he hath thought it mete.
And callyng to rememberaunce, his mercy euery deale: Hath holpen vp aſsiſtauntly, His ſeruaunt Iſraell.

The hungry he repleniſhed, with all thynges that were good: And through his power he made the rich, Oft tymes to want their foode.
Accordyng to his promiſe made, To Abraham before: And to his ſeede ſucceſsiuely, To ſtand for euermore.

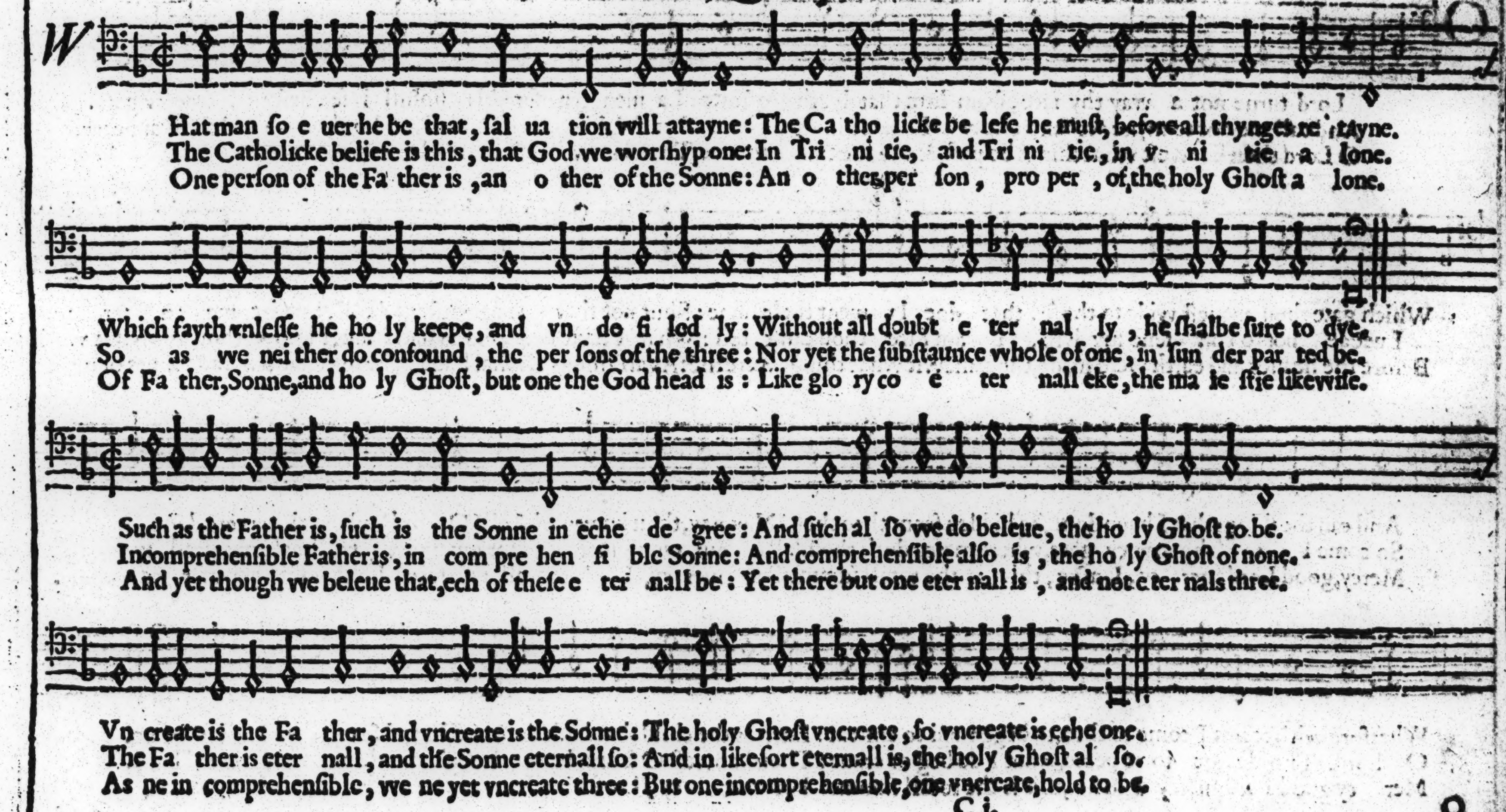
G.D. The ſong of Symeon called *Nunc dimittis*. *Baſsus.*

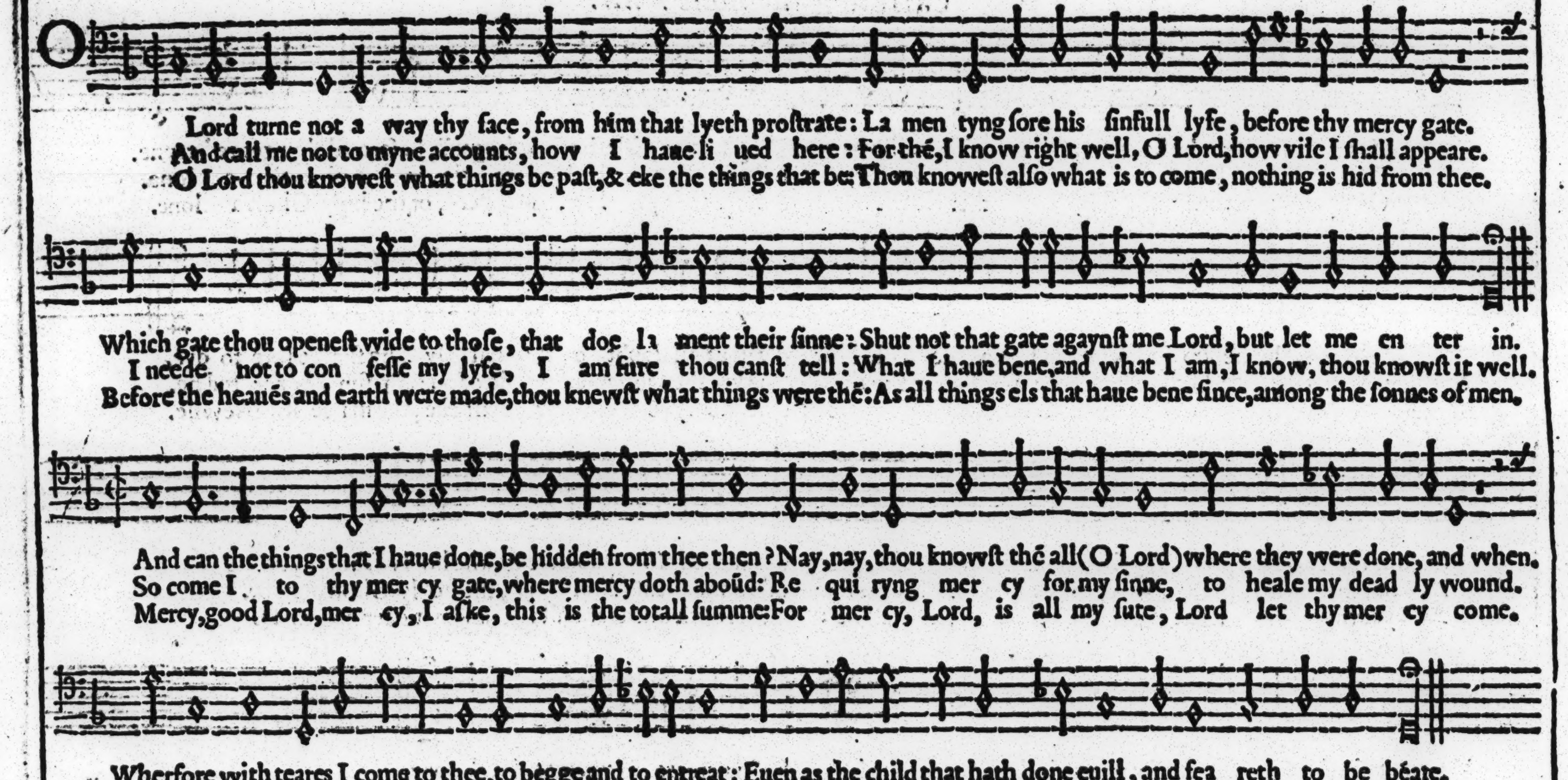

O
Lord becauſe my hartes deſire, hath wiſhed long to ſee, my onely Lord: and Sa ui our, thy Sonne be fore I dye.
Thou ſuffereſt thy ſeruaunt now, In peace for to de part, Accordyng to thy ho ly worde, Whiche lighteneth my hart.
Whom thou mercyfully haſt ſet, of thine aboundant grace: In open ſight, and vi ſi ble, Before all peo ples face.
The ioye and health of all mankynd, deſired long before: Whiche now is come in to the worlde, of mercy bryn gyng ſtore.
Becauſe mine eyes, which thou haſt made, to geue my body light: Haue now beheld thy ſauyng health, Which is the Lord of might.
The Gen tils to illu mi nate, And Sa than o uer quell: And eke to be the glory of the peo ple Iſra ell.

What

G.Damane.

The Symbole or Creede of Athanaſius. called *Quicunque Vult*.


WHat man ſo e uer he be that, ſal ua tion will attayne: The Ca tho licke be leſe he muſt, before all thynges re tayne.
The Catholicke beliefe is this, that God we worſhyp one: In Tri ni tie, and Tri ni tie, in v ni tie a lone.
One perſon of the Fa ther is, an o ther of the Sonne: An o ther per ſon, pro per, of the holy Ghoſt a lone.
Which fayth vnleſſe he ho ly keepe, and vn do fi led ly: Without all doubt e ter nal ly, he ſhalbe ſure to dye.
So as we nei ther do confound, the per ſons of the three: Nor yet the ſubſtaunce whole of one, in ſun der par ted be.
Of Fa ther, Sonne, and ho ly Ghoſt, but one the God head is: Like glo ry co e ter nall eke, the ma ie ſtie likewiſe.
Such as the Father is, ſuch is the Sonne in eche de gree: And ſuch al ſo we do beleue, the ho ly Ghoſt to be.
Incomprehenſible Father is, in com pre hen ſi ble Sonne: And comprehenſible alſo is, the ho ly Ghoſt of none.
And yet though we beleue that, ech of theſe e ter nall be: Yet there but one eter nall is, and not e ter nals three.
Vn create is the Fa ther, and vncreate is the Sonne: The holy Ghoſt vncreate, ſo vncreate is eche one.
The Fa ther is eter nall, and the Sonne eternall ſo: And in like ſort eternall is, the holy Ghoſt al ſo.
As ne in comprehenſible, we ne yet vncreate three: But one incomprehenſible, one vncreate, hold to be.



O Lord turne not away thy face, from him that lyeth proſtrate: Lamentyng ſore his ſinfull lyfe, before thy mercy gate.
And call me not to myne accounts, how I haue liued here: For thẽ, I know right well, O Lord, how vile I ſhall appeare.
O Lord thou knoweſt what things be paſt, & eke the things that be: Thou knoweſt alſo what is to come, nothing is hid from thee.

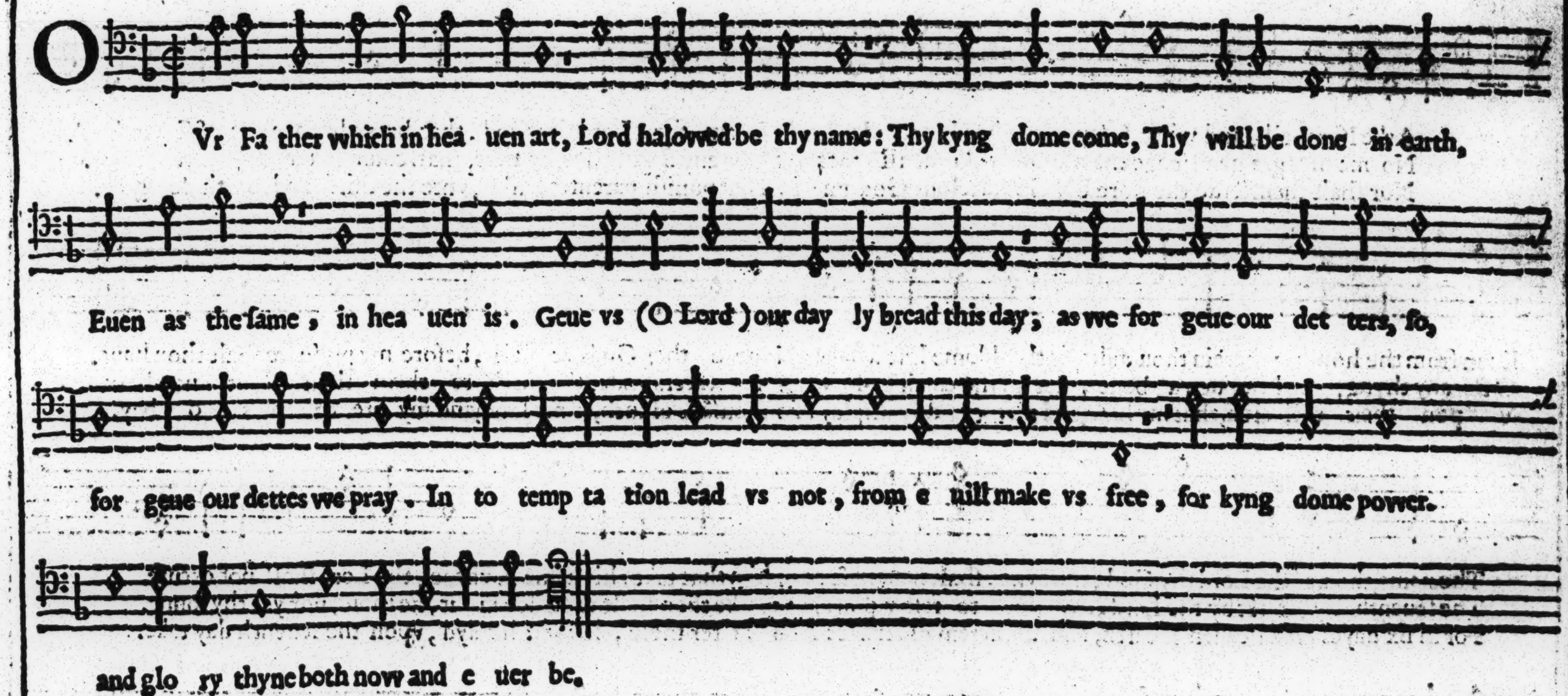
Which gate thou openeſt wide to thoſe, that doe lament their ſinne: Shut not that gate agaynſt me Lord, but let me enter in.
I neede not to confeſſe my lyfe, I am ſure thou canſt tell: What I haue bene, and what I am, I know, thou knowſt it well.
Before the heauẽs and earth were made, thou knewſt what things were thẽ: As all things els that haue bene ſince, among the ſonnes of men.

And can the things that I haue done, be hidden from thee then? Nay, nay, thou knowſt thẽ all (O Lord) where they were done, and when.
So come I to thy mercy gate, where mercy doth aboũd: Requiryng mercy for my ſinne, to heale my deadly wound.
Mercy, good Lord, mercy, I aſke, this is the totall ſumme: For mercy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mercy come.

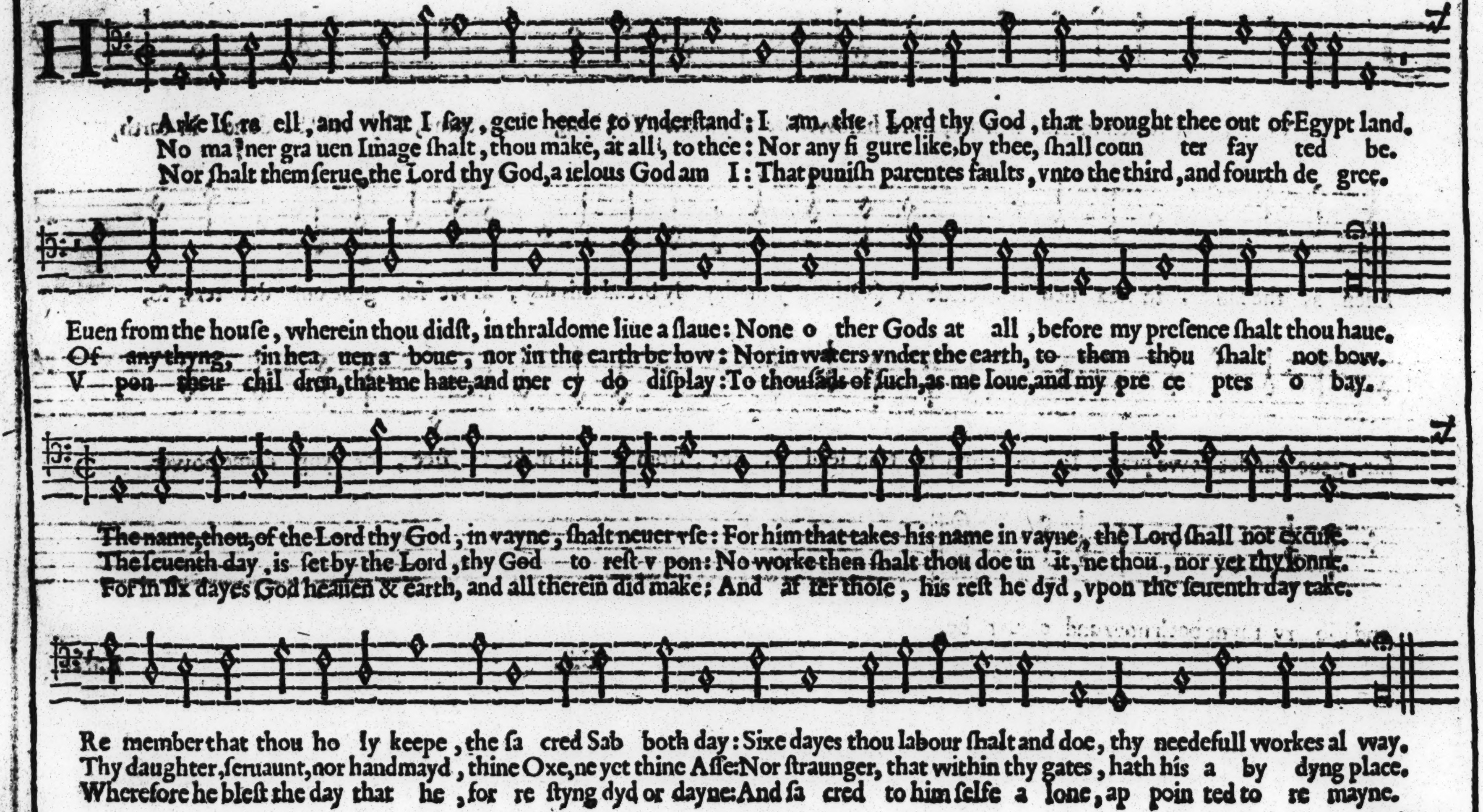
Wherfore with teares I come to thee, to begge and to entreat: Euen as the child that hath done euill, and feareth to be beate.
O Lord, I neede not to repeate, what I do beg or craue: Thou knoweſt O Lord, before I aſke, the thing that I would haue.
Mercy good Lord, mercy I aſke, this is the totall ſumme: For mercy, Lord, is all my ſute, Lord let thy mercy come.

Our

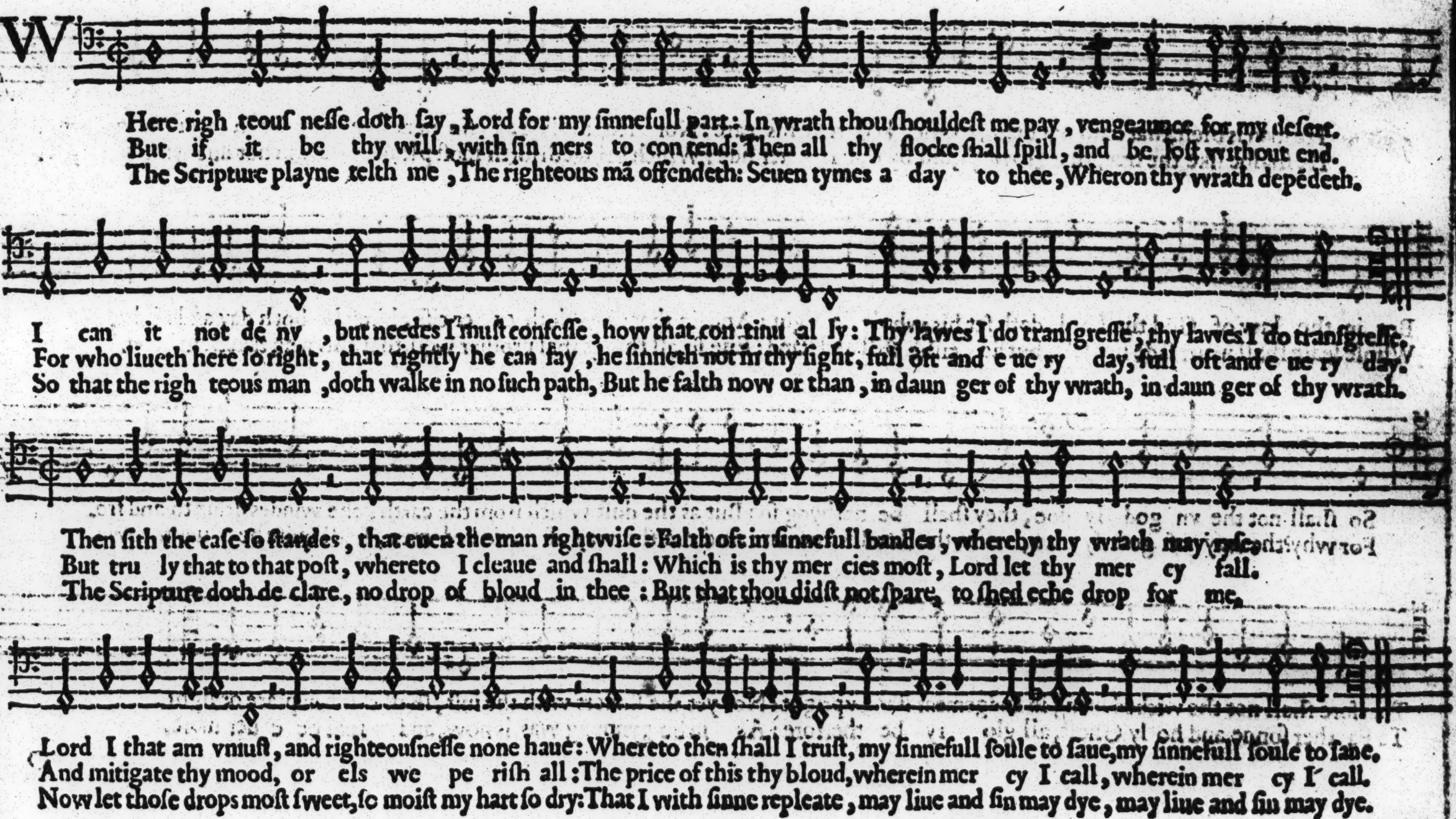
The Lordes Prayer, or *Paternoſter.*


O
Vr Fa ther which in hea uen art, Lord halowed be thy name: Thy kyng dome come, Thy will be done in earth,
Euen as the ſame, in hea uen is. Geue vs (O Lord) our day ly bread this day, as we for geue our det ters, ſo,
for geue our dettes we pray. In to temp ta tion lead vs not, from e uill make vs free, for kyng dome power.
and glo ry thyne both now and e uer be.

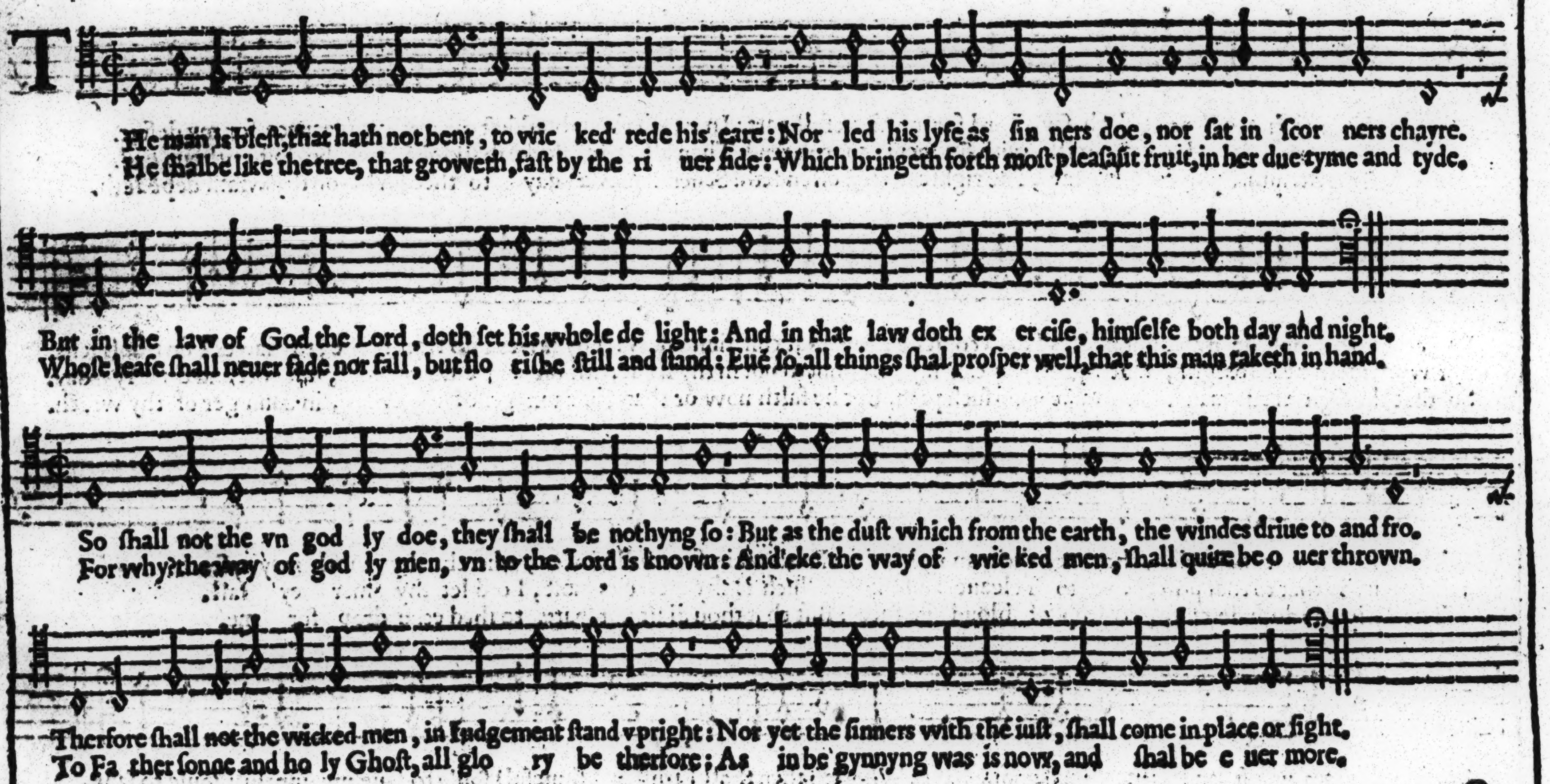
G.D. The x. Cōmaūdements. *Audi Iſraell. Exod. xx.*

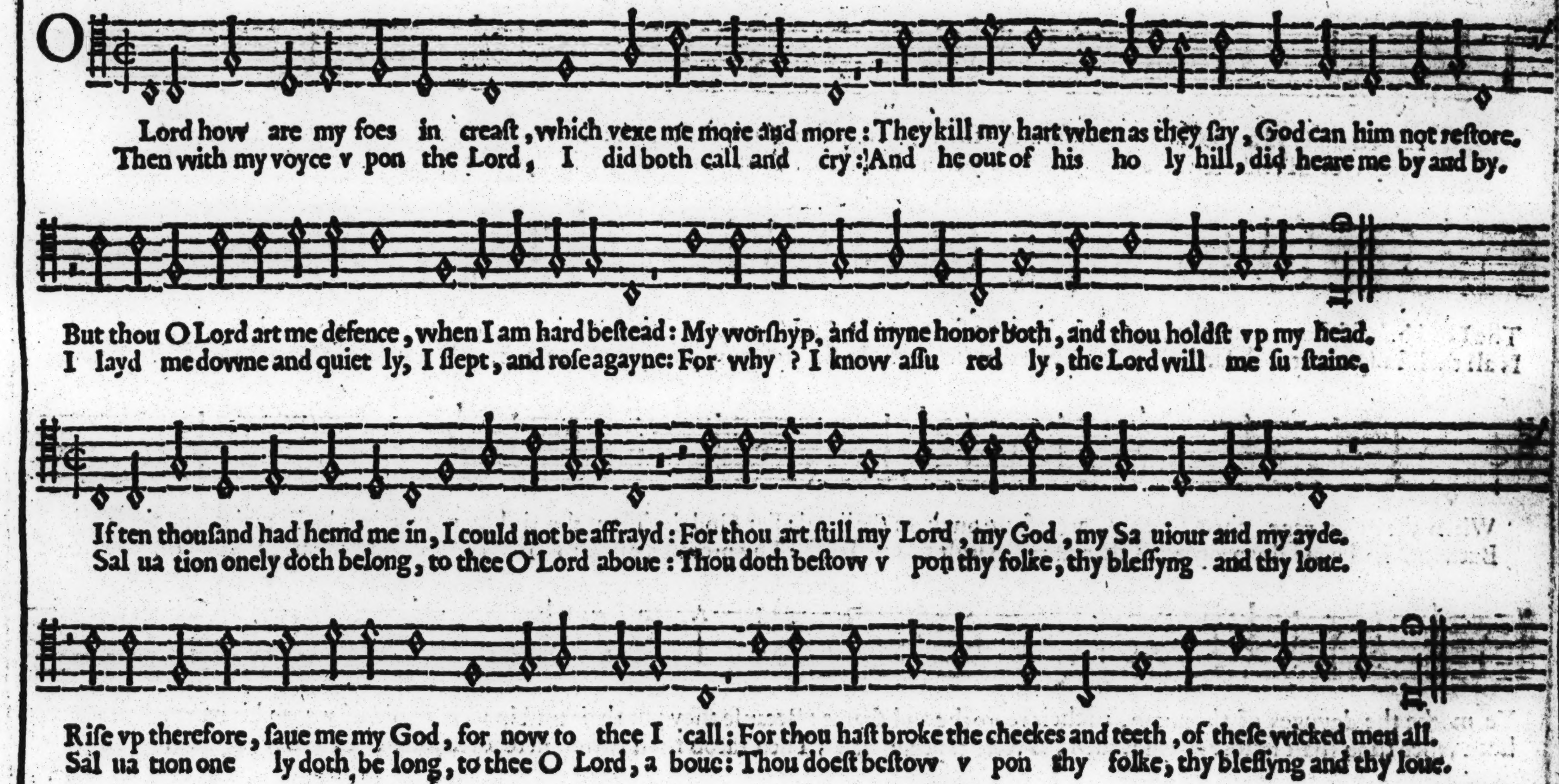

Harke Iſ ra ell, and what I ſay, geue heede to vnderſtand: I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of Egypt land.
No ma ner gra uen Image ſhalt, thou make, at all, to thee: Nor any fi gure like, by thee, ſhall coun ter fay ted be.
Nor ſhalt them ſerue, the Lord thy God, a ielous God am I: That puniſh parentes faults, vnto the third, and fourth de gree.
Euen from the houſe, wherein thou didſt, in thraldome liue a ſlaue: None o ther Gods at all, before my preſence ſhalt thou haue.
Of any thyng, in hea uen a boue, nor in the earth be low: Nor in waters vnder the earth, to them thou ſhalt not bow.
V pon their chil dren, that me hate, and mer cy do diſplay: To thouſāds of ſuch, as me loue, and my pre ce ptes o bay.
The name, thou, of the Lord thy God, in vayne, ſhalt neuer vſe: For him that takes his name in vayne, the Lord ſhall not excuſe.
The ſeuenth day, is ſet by the Lord, thy God to reſt v pon: No worke then ſhalt thou doe in it, ne thou, nor yet thy ſonne.
For in ſix dayes God heauen & earth, and all therein did make: And af ter thoſe, his reſt he dyd, vpon the ſeuenth day take.
Re member that thou ho ly keepe, the ſa cred Sab both day: Sixe dayes thou labour ſhalt and doe, thy needefull workes al way.
Thy daughter, ſeruaunt, nor handmayd, thine Oxe, ne yet thine Aſſe: Nor ſtraunger, that within thy gates, hath his a by dyng place.
Wherefore he bleſt the day that he, for re ſtyng dyd or dayne: And ſa cred to him ſelfe a lone, ap poin ted to re mayne.

Where

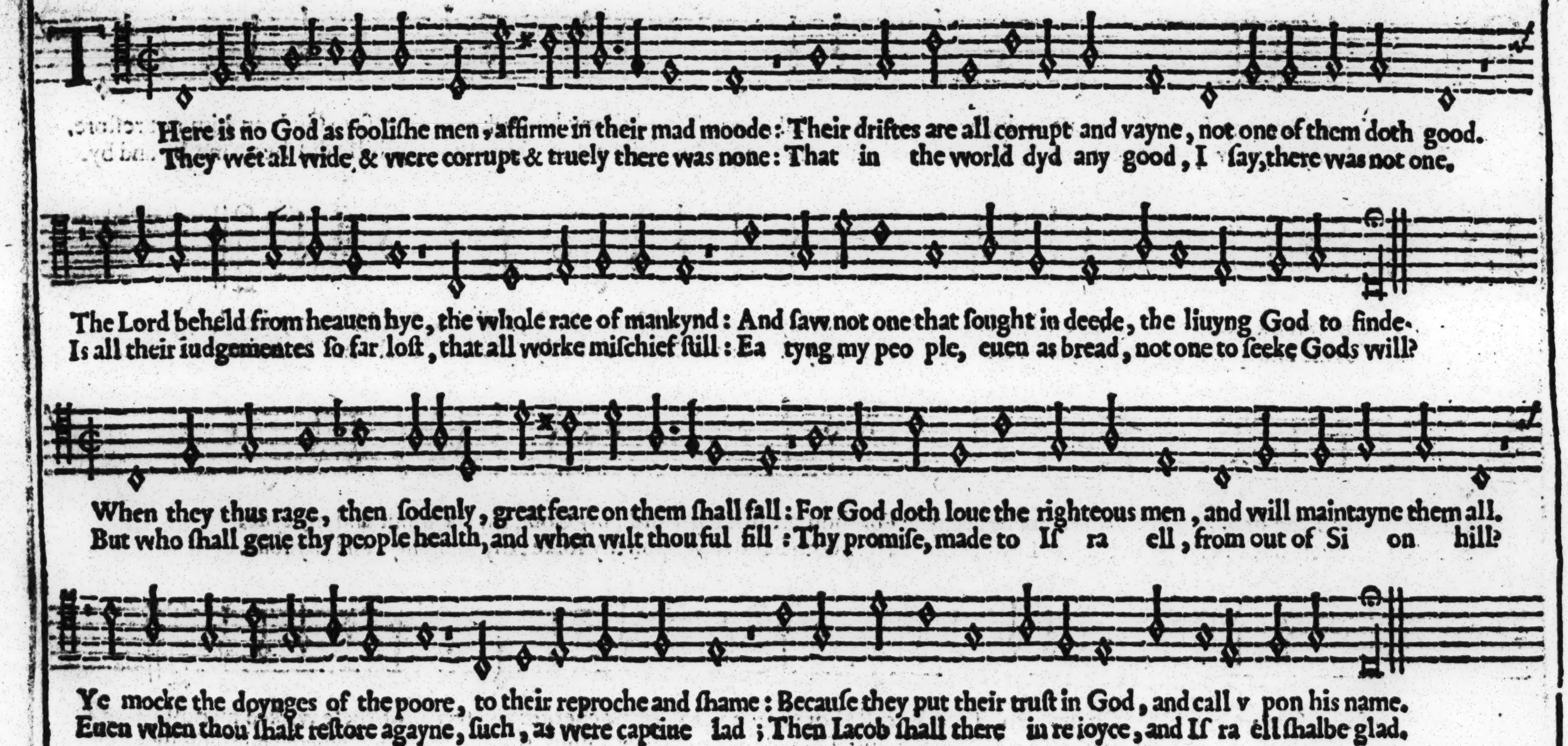

W
Here righ teouſ neſſe doth ſay, Lord for my ſinnefull part: In wrath thou ſhouldeſt me pay, vengeaunce for my deſert.
But if it be thy will, with ſin ners to con tend: Then all thy flocke ſhall ſpill, and be loſt without end.
The Scripture playne telth me, The righteous mã offendeth: Seuen tymes a day to thee, Wheron thy wrath depẽdeth.
I can it not de ny, but needes I muſt confeſſe, how that con tinu al ly: Thy lawes I do tranſgreſſe, thy lawes I do tranſgreſſe.
For who liueth here ſo right, that rightly he can ſay, he ſinneth not in thy ſight, full oft and e ue ry day, full oft and e ue ry day.
So that the righ teous man, doth walke in no ſuch path, But he falth now or than, in daun ger of thy wrath, in daun ger of thy wrath.
Then ſith the caſe ſo ſtandes, that euen the man rightwiſe: Falth oft in ſinnefull bandes, whereby thy wrath may riſe.
But tru ly that to that poſt, whereto I cleaue and ſhall: Which is thy mer cies moſt, Lord let thy mer cy fall.
The Scripture doth de clare, no drop of bloud in thee: But that thou didſt not ſpare, to ſhed eche drop for me.
Lord I that am vniuſt, and righteouſneſſe none haue: Whereto then ſhall I truſt, my ſinnefull ſoule to ſaue, my ſinnefull ſoule to ſaue.
And mitigate thy mood, or els we pe riſh all: The price of this thy bloud, wherein mer cy I call, wherein mer cy I call.
Now let thoſe drops moſt ſweet, ſo moiſt my hart ſo dry: That I with ſinne repleate, may liue and ſin may dye, may liue and ſin may dye.

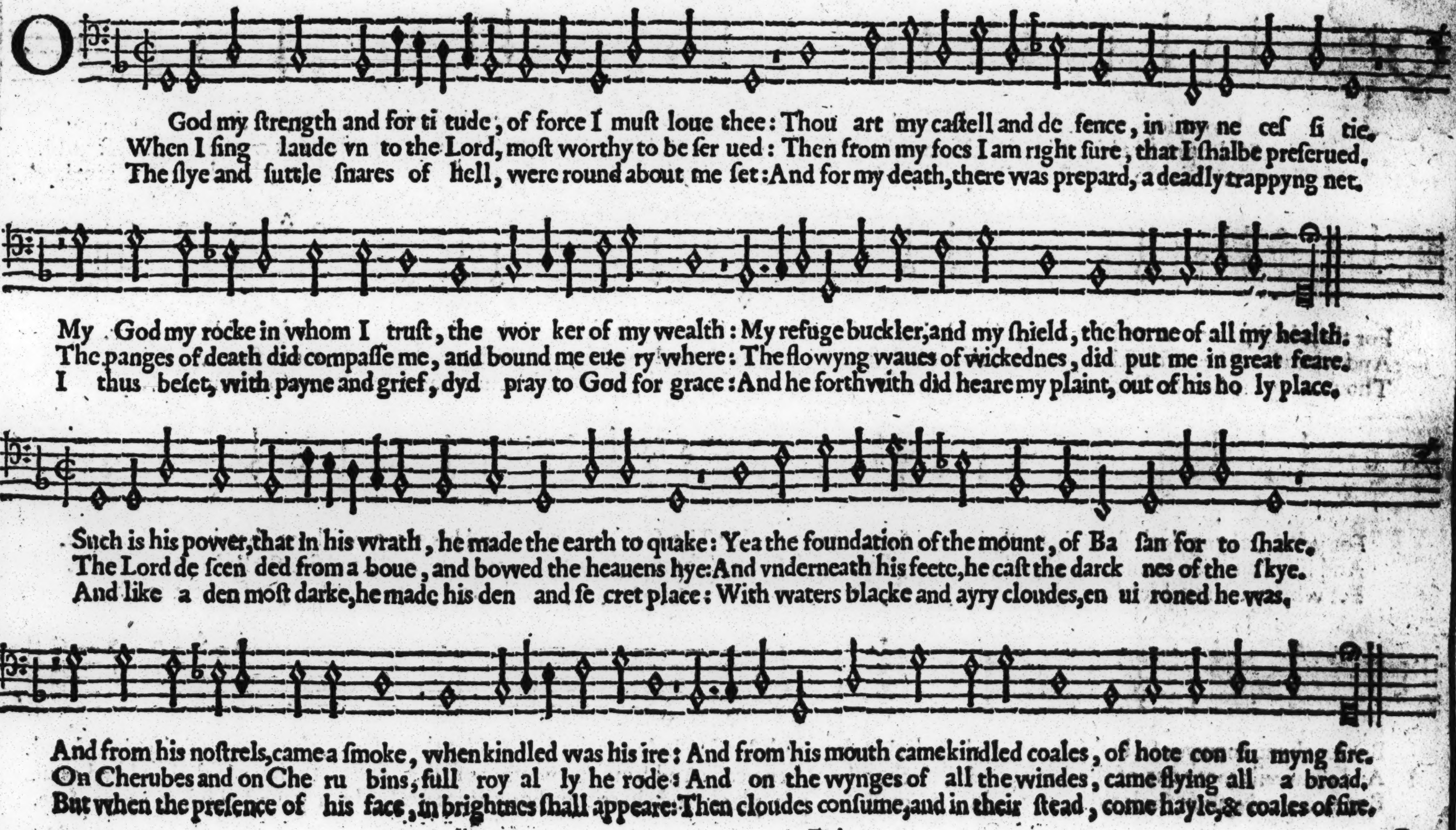
The first Pſalme,


THe man is bleſt, that hath not bent, to wic ked rede his eare: Nor led his lyfe as ſin ners doe, nor ſat in ſcor ners chayre.
He ſhalbe like the tree, that groweth, faſt by the ri uer ſide: Which bringeth forth moſt pleaſāt fruit, in her due tyme and tyde.
But in the law of God the Lord, doth ſet his whole de light: And in that law doth ex er ciſe, himſelfe both day and night.
Whoſe leafe ſhall neuer fade nor fall, but flo riſhe ſtill and ſtand: Euē ſo, all things ſhal proſper well, that this man taketh in hand.
So ſhall not the vn god ly doe, they ſhall be nothyng ſo: But as the duſt which from the earth, the windes driue to and fro.
For why? the way of god ly men, vn to the Lord is known: And eke the way of wic ked men, ſhall quite be o uer thrown.
Therfore ſhall not the wicked men, in Iudgement ſtand vpright: Nor yet the ſinners with the iuſt, ſhall come in place or ſight.
To Fa ther ſonne and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be therfore: As in be gynnyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

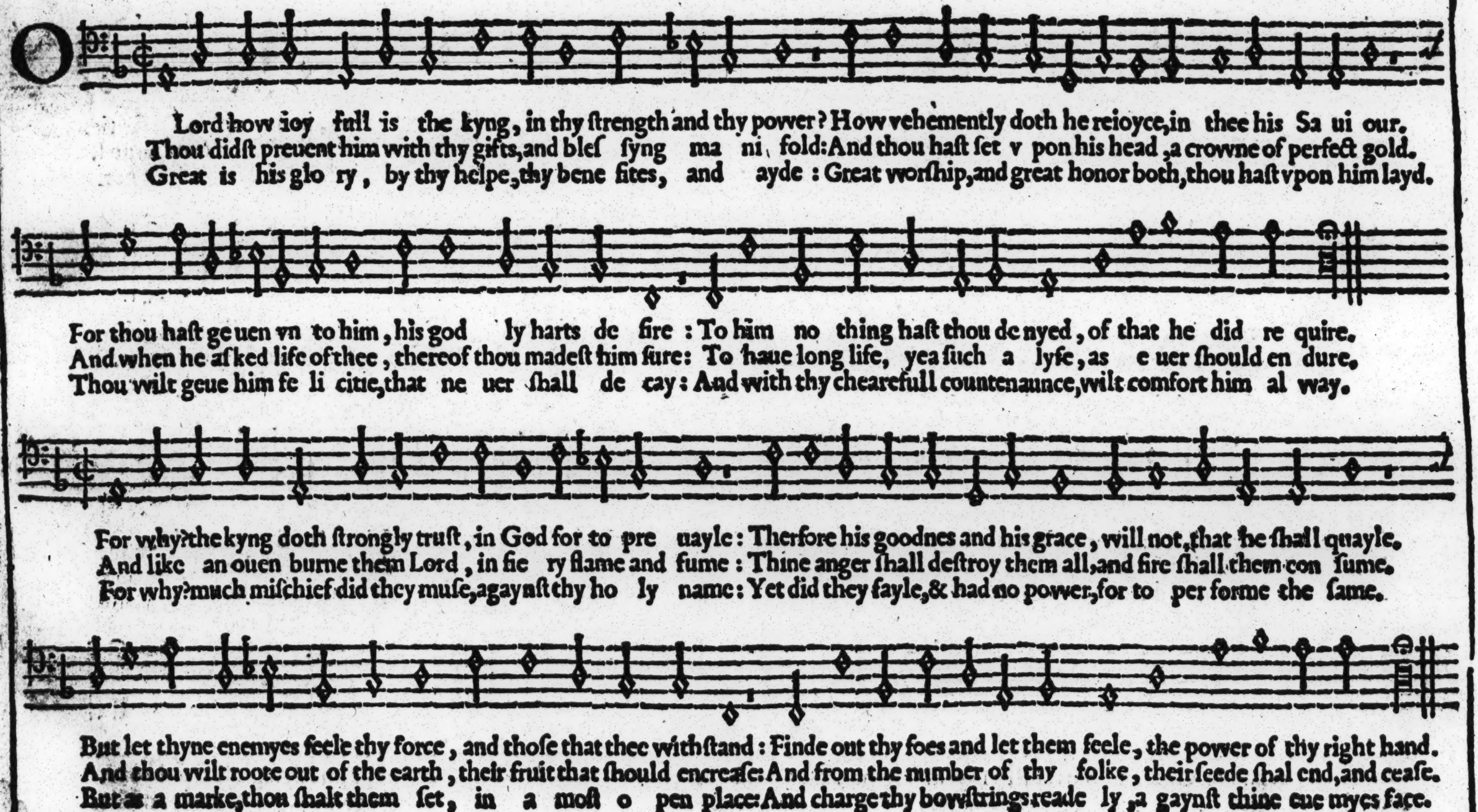

O Lord how are my foes in creaſt, which vexe me more and more: They kill my hart when as they ſay, God can him not reſtore.
Then with my voyce v pon the Lord, I did both call and cry: And he out of his ho ly hill, did heare me by and by.
But thou O Lord art me defence, when I am hard beſtead: My worſhyp, and myne honor both, and thou holdſt vp my head.
I layd me downe and quiet ly, I ſlept, and roſe agayne: For why? I know aſſu red ly, the Lord will me ſu ſtaine.
If ten thouſand had hemd me in, I could not be affrayd: For thou art ſtill my Lord, my God, my Sa uiour and my ayde.
Sal ua tion onely doth belong, to thee O Lord aboue: Thou doth beſtow v pon thy folke, thy bleſſyng and thy loue.
Riſe vp therefore, ſaue me my God, for now to thee I call: For thou haſt broke the cheekes and teeth, of theſe wicked men all.
Sal ua tion one ly doth, be long, to thee O Lord, a boue: Thou doeſt beſtow v pon thy folke, thy bleſſyng and thy loue.

The xiiij. Pſalme.

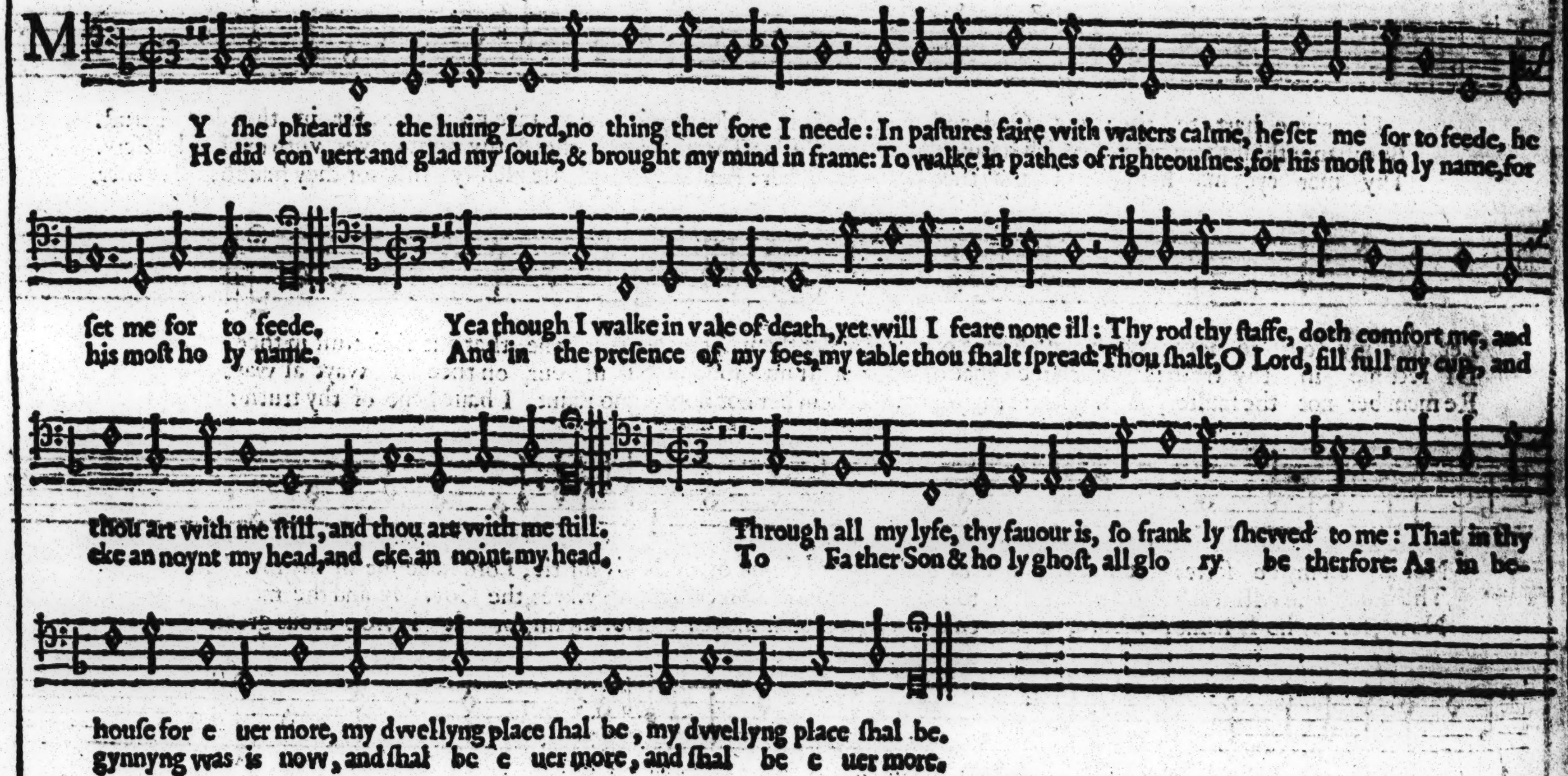

There is no God as fooliſhe men, affirme in their mad moode: Their driftes are all corrupt and vayne, not one of them doth good.
They wẽt all wide, & were corrupt & truely there was none: That in the world dyd any good, I ſay, there was not one.
The Lord beheld from heauen hye, the whole race of mankynd: And ſaw not one that ſought in deede, the liuyng God to finde.
Is all their iudgementes ſo far loſt, that all worke miſchief ſtill: Ea tyng my peo ple, euen as bread, not one to ſeeke Gods will?
When they thus rage, then ſodenly, great feare on them ſhall fall: For God doth loue the righteous men, and will maintayne them all.
But who ſhall geue thy people health, and when wilt thou ful fill: Thy promiſe, made to Iſ ra ell, from out of Si on hill?
Ye mocke the doynges of the poore, to their reproche and ſhame: Becauſe they put their truſt in God, and call v pon his name.
Euen when thou ſhalt reſtore agayne, ſuch, as were captiue lad; Then Iacob ſhall there in re ioyce, and Iſ ra ell ſhalbe glad.

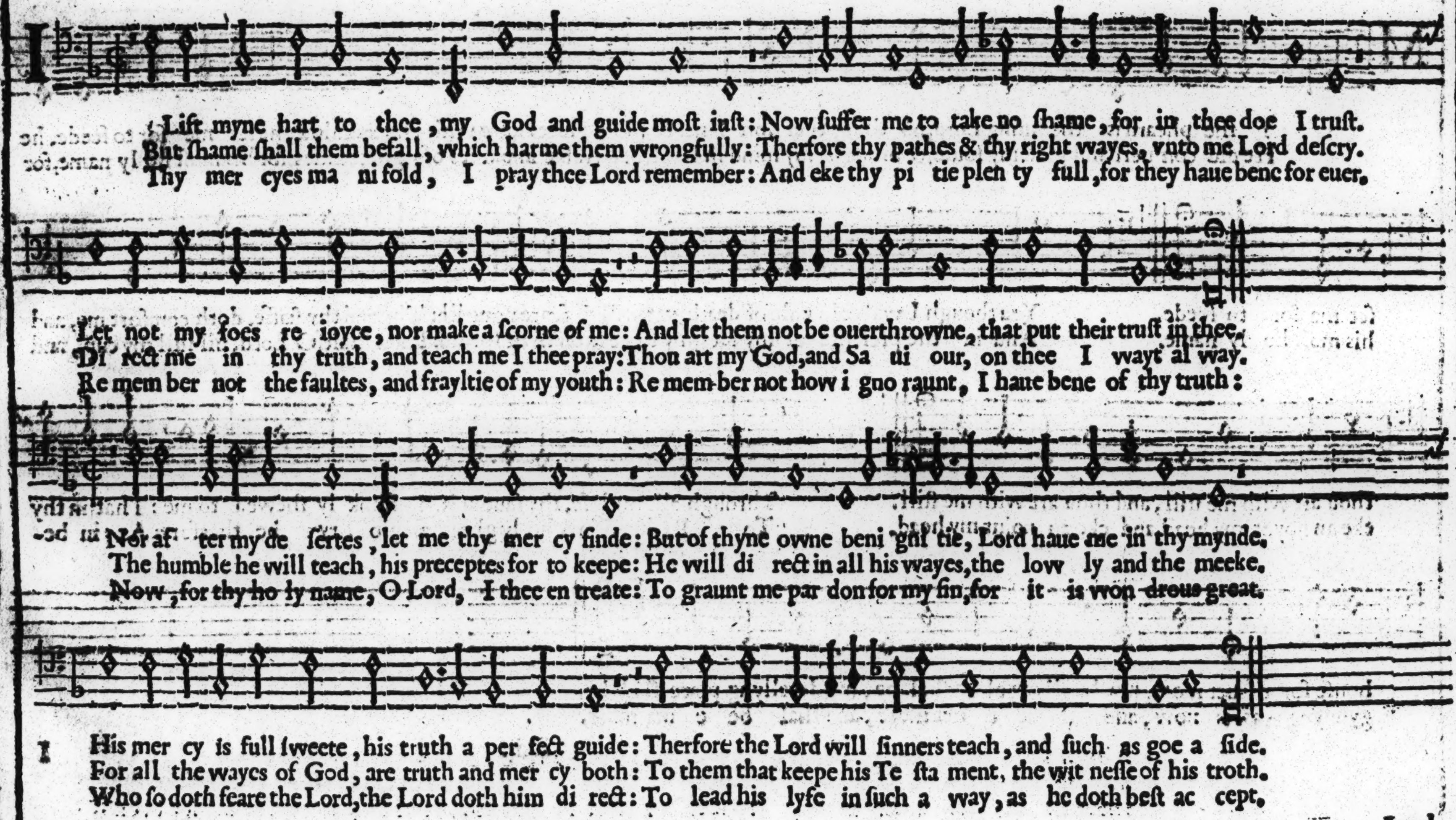

O
God my ſtrength and for ti tude, of force I muſt loue thee: Thou art my caſtell and de fence, in my ne ceſ ſi tie.
When I ſing laude vn to the Lord, moſt worthy to be ſer ued: Then from my foes I am right ſure, that I ſhalbe preſerued.
The ſlye and ſuttle ſnares of hell, were round about me ſet: And for my death, there was prepard, a deadly trappyng net.
My God my rocke in whom I truſt, the wor ker of my wealth: My refuge buckler, and my ſhield, the horne of all my health.
The panges of death did compaſſe me, and bound me eue ry where: The flowyng waues of wickednes, did put me in great feare.
I thus beſet, with payne and grief, dyd pray to God for grace: And he forthwith did heare my plaint, out of his ho ly place.
Such is his power, that in his wrath, he made the earth to quake: Yea the foundation of the mount, of Ba ſan for to ſhake.
The Lord de ſcen ded from a boue, and bowed the heauens hye: And vnderneath his feete, he caſt the darck nes of the ſkye.
And like a den moſt darke, he made his den and ſe cret place: With waters blacke and ayry cloudes, en ui roned he was.
And from his noſtrels, came a ſmoke, when kindled was his ire: And from his mouth came kindled coales, of hote con ſu myng fire.
On Cherubes and on Che ru bins, full roy al ly he rode: And on the wynges of all the windes, came flying all a broad.
But when the preſence of his face, in brightnes ſhall appeare: Then cloudes conſume, and in their ſtead, come hayle, & coales of fire.

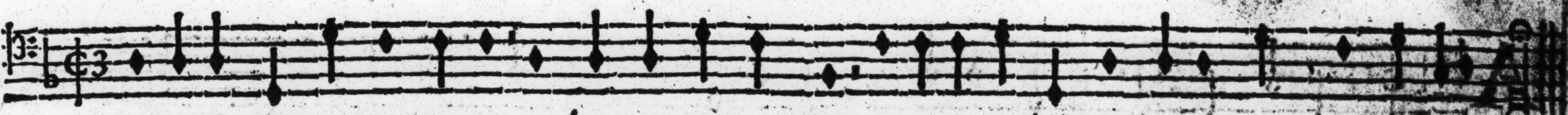
The xxi. Pſalme.


O
Lord how ioyfull is the kyng, in thy ſtrength and thy power? How vehemently doth he reioyce, in thee his Sauiour.
Thou didſt preuent him with thy gifts, and bleſſyng manifold: And thou haſt ſet vpon his head, a crowne of perfect gold.
Great is his glory, by thy helpe, thy benefites, and ayde: Great worſhip, and great honor both, thou haſt vpon him layd.
For thou haſt geuen vnto him, his godly harts deſire: To him nothing haſt thou denyed, of that he did require.
And when he aſked life of thee, thereof thou madeſt him ſure: To haue long life, yea ſuch a lyfe, as euer ſhould endure.
Thou wilt geue him felicitie, that neuer ſhall decay: And with thy chearefull countenaunce, wilt comfort him alway.
For why? the kyng doth ſtrongly truſt, in God for to preuayle: Therfore his goodnes and his grace, will not, that he ſhall quayle.
And like an ouen burne them Lord, in fiery flame and fume: Thine anger ſhall deſtroy them all, and fire ſhall them conſume.
For why? much miſchief did they muſe, agaynſt thy holy name: Yet did they fayle, & had no power, for to performe the ſame.
But let thyne enemyes feele thy force, and thoſe that thee withſtand: Finde out thy foes and let them feele, the power of thy right hand.
And thou wilt roote out of the earth, their fruit that ſhould encreaſe: And from the number of thy folke, their ſeede ſhal end, and ceaſe.
But as a marke, thou ſhalt them ſet, in a moſt open place: And charge thy bowſtrings readely, agaynſt thine enemyes face.

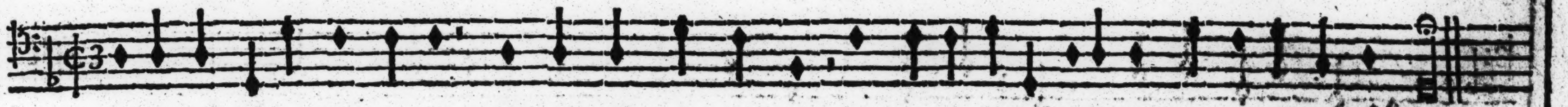
The xxiij. Pſalme.


M
Y ſhe pheard is the liuing Lord, no thing ther fore I neede: In paſtures faire with waters calme, he ſet me for to feede, he
He did con uert and glad my ſoule, & brought my mind in frame: To walke in pathes of righteouſnes, for his moſt ho ly name, for
ſet me for to feede, Yea though I walke in vale of death, yet will I feare none ill: Thy rod thy ſtaffe, doth comfort me, and
his moſt ho ly name. And in the preſence of my foes, my table thou ſhalt ſpread: Thou ſhalt, O Lord, fill full my cup, and
thou art with me ſtill, and thou art with me ſtill. Through all my lyfe, thy fauour is, ſo frank ly ſhewed to me: That in thy
eke an noynt my head, and eke an noint my head. To Father Son & ho ly ghoſt, all glo ry be therfore: As in be-
houſe for e uer more, my dwellyng place ſhal be, my dwellyng place ſhal be.
gynnyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more, and ſhal be e uer more.

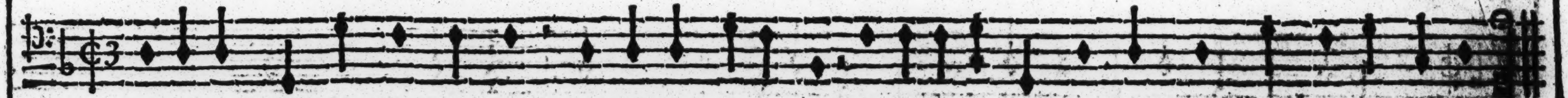

I Lift myne hart to thee, my God and guide moſt iuſt: Now ſuffer me to take no ſhame, for in thee doe I truſt.
But ſhame ſhall them befall, which harme them wrongfully: Therfore thy pathes & thy right wayes, vnto me Lord deſcry.
Thy mer cyes ma ni fold, I pray thee Lord remember: And eke thy pi tie plen ty full, for they haue bene for euer.
Let not my foes re ioyce, nor make a ſcorne of me: And let them not be ouerthrowne, that put their truſt in thee.
Di rect me in thy truth, and teach me I thee pray: Thou art my God, and Sa ui our, on thee I wayt al way.
Re mem ber not the faultes, and frayltie of my youth: Re mem-ber not how i gno raunt, I haue bene of thy truth:
Nor af ter my de ſertes, let me thy mer cy finde: But of thyne owne beni gni tie, Lord haue me in thy mynde.
The humble he will teach, his preceptes for to keepe: He will di rect in all his wayes, the low ly and the meeke.
Now, for thy ho ly name, O Lord, I thee en treate: To graunt me par don for my ſin, for it is won drous great.
His mer cy is full ſweete, his truth a per fect guide: Therfore the Lord will ſinners teach, and ſuch as goe a ſide.
For all the wayes of God, are truth and mer cy both: To them that keepe his Te ſta ment, the wit neſſe of his troth.
Who ſo doth feare the Lord, the Lord doth him di rect: To lead his lyfe in ſuch a way, as he doth beſt ac cept.



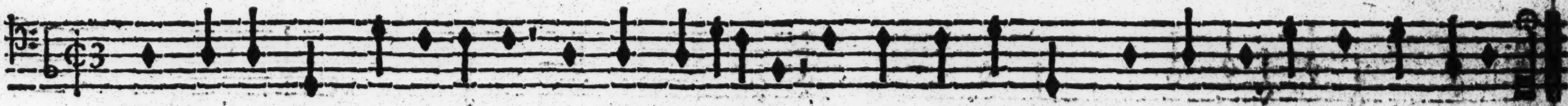
LOrd be my Iudge and thou ſhalt ſee, my pathes be right and playne: I truſt in God and hope that he, will ſtrength me to remaine.
Proue me, my God, I thee deſire, my wayes to ſearch and try: As mé do proue their gold with fire, my raynes and hart eſpy.
Thy goodnes layd before my face, I durſt behold alwayes: For, of thy truth I tread the trace, and will doe all my dayes.



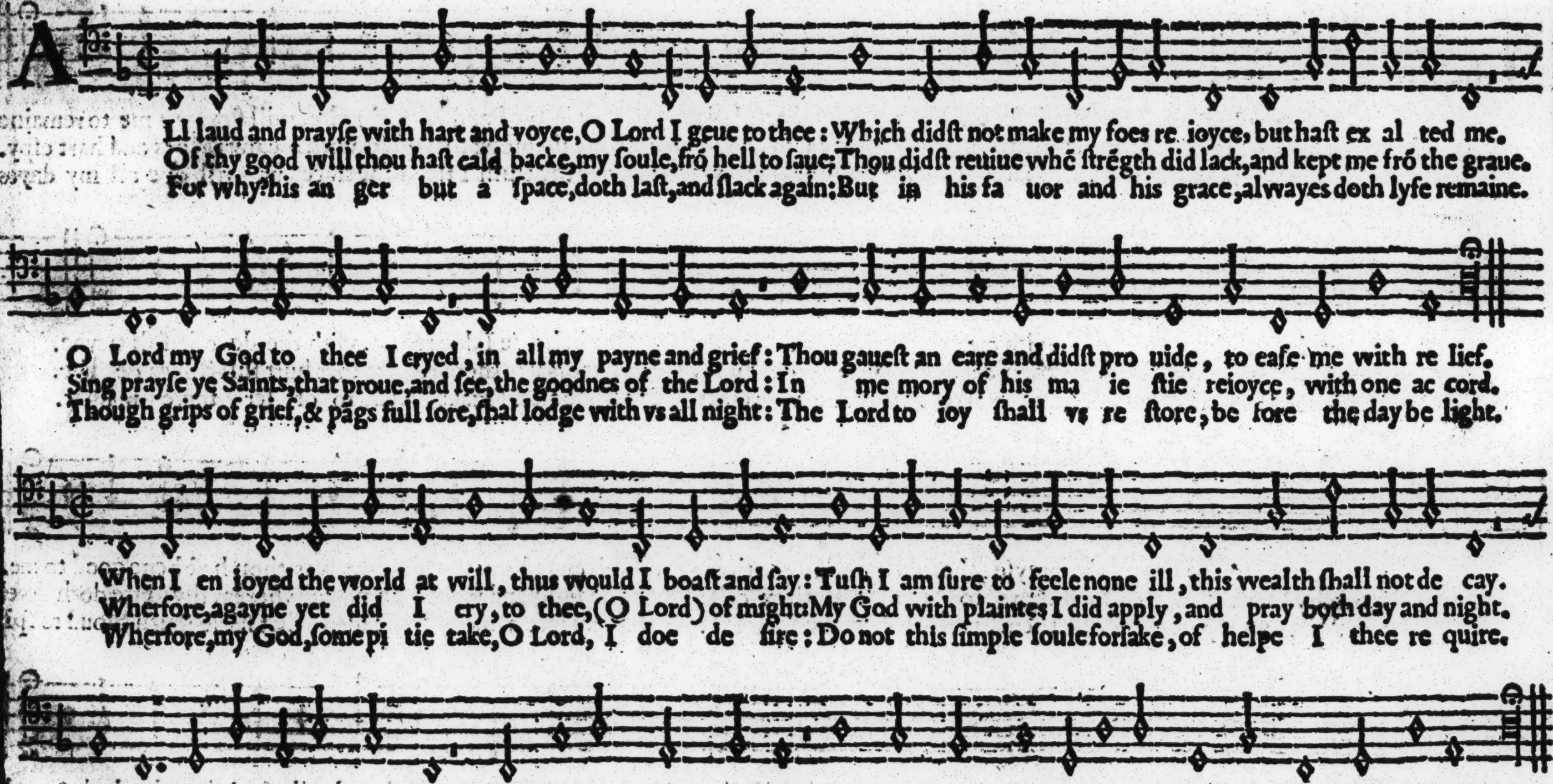
I doe not luſt to haunt or vſe, with men whoſe deedes are vayne: To come in houſe I doe refuſe, with the deceitfull trayne.
I much abhorre the wicked ſort, their deedes I doe deſpiſe: I doe not once to them reſort, that hurtfull things deuiſe.
My handes I waſh, and do proceed, in workes that walke vpright: Thé to thine alter I make ſpeed, to offer there in ſight.



That I may ſpeake, and preach thy prayſe, that doth belong to thee: And ſo declare how wondrous wayes, thou haſt bene good to me.
O Lord thy houſe I loue moſt deare, to me it doth excell: I haue delight and would be neare, whereas thy grace doth dwel.
Oh ſhut not vp my ſoule with them, in ſinne that take their fill: Nor yet my lyfe among thoſe men, that ſeeke much bloud to ſpil.



Whoſe hãds are heapt with craft & guile, their lyfe therof is full: And their right hãd, with wrench and wile, for bribes do pluck & pull.
But I in righteouſnes entend, my time & dayes to ſerue: Haue mercy, Lord, and me defend, ſo that I do not ſwerue.
My foote is ſtayd for all aſſayes, it ſtandeth well & right: Wherfore to God will I geue prayſe, in all the peoples ſight.



All laud and prayſe with hart and voyce, O Lord I geue to thee: Which didſt not make my foes reioyce, but haſt exalted me.
Of thy good will thou haſt cald backe, my ſoule, frō hell to ſaue; Thou didſt reuiue whē ſtrēgth did lack, and kept me frō the graue.
For why? his anger but a ſpace, doth laſt, and ſlack again; But in his fauor and his grace, alwayes doth lyfe remaine.

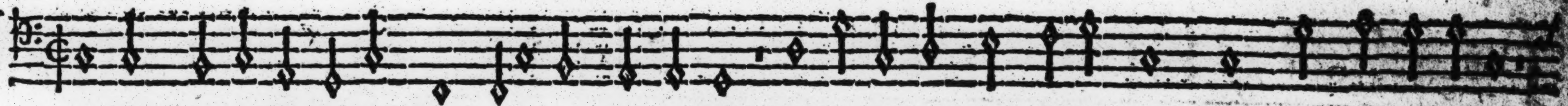
O Lord my God to thee I cryed, in all my payne and grief: Thou gaueſt an eare and didſt prouide, to eaſe me with relief.
Sing prayſe ye Saints, that proue, and ſee, the goodnes of the Lord: In memory of his maieſtie reioyce, with one accord.
Though grips of grief, & pāgs full ſore, ſhal lodge with vs all night: The Lord to ioy ſhall vs reſtore, before the day be light.

When I enioyed the world at will, thus would I boaſt and ſay: Tuſh I am ſure to feele none ill, this wealth ſhall not decay.
Wherfore, agayne yet did I cry, to thee, (O Lord) of might: My God with plaintes I did apply, and pray both day and night.
Wherfore, my God, ſome pitie take, O Lord, I doe deſire: Do not this ſimple ſoule forſake, of helpe I thee require.

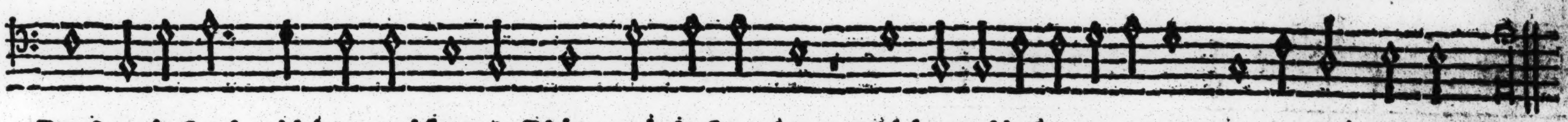
For thou (O Lord) of thy good grace, hadſt ſent me ſtrength and ayde: But when thou turneſt away thy face, my mynde was ſore diſmayd.
What gayne is in my bloud ſayd I, if death deſtroy my dayes: Doth duſt declare thy maieſtie, or yet thy truth doth prayſe.
Thē didſt thou turne my grief, & woe, vnto a cheare full voyce: The mourning weed thou tookſt me fro, and madeſt me to reioyce.

Ye

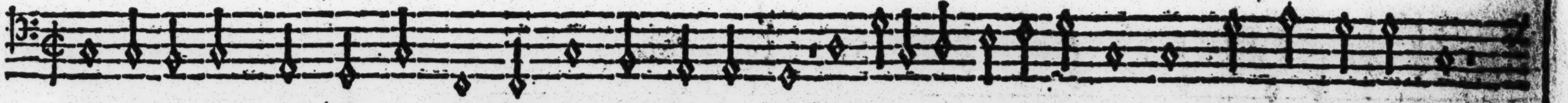
The xxxiij. Pſalme.

Y


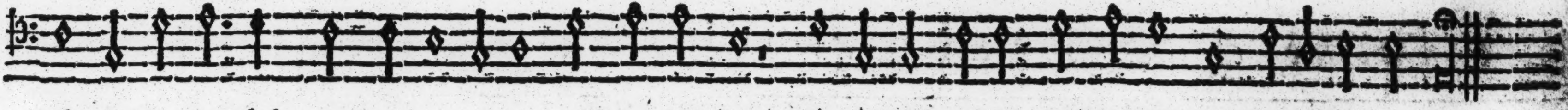
E righ teous in the Lord re ioyce, it is a ſeeme ly ſight: That vpright mē with thākfull voyce, ſhould prayſe the God of might.
Sing to the Lord a ſong moſt new, with courage geue him praiſe: For why? his word is e uer true, his workes and all his wayes.
For, by the word of God a lone, the heauēs all were wrought: Their hoſtes and power eue ry chone, his breath to paſſe hath brought.



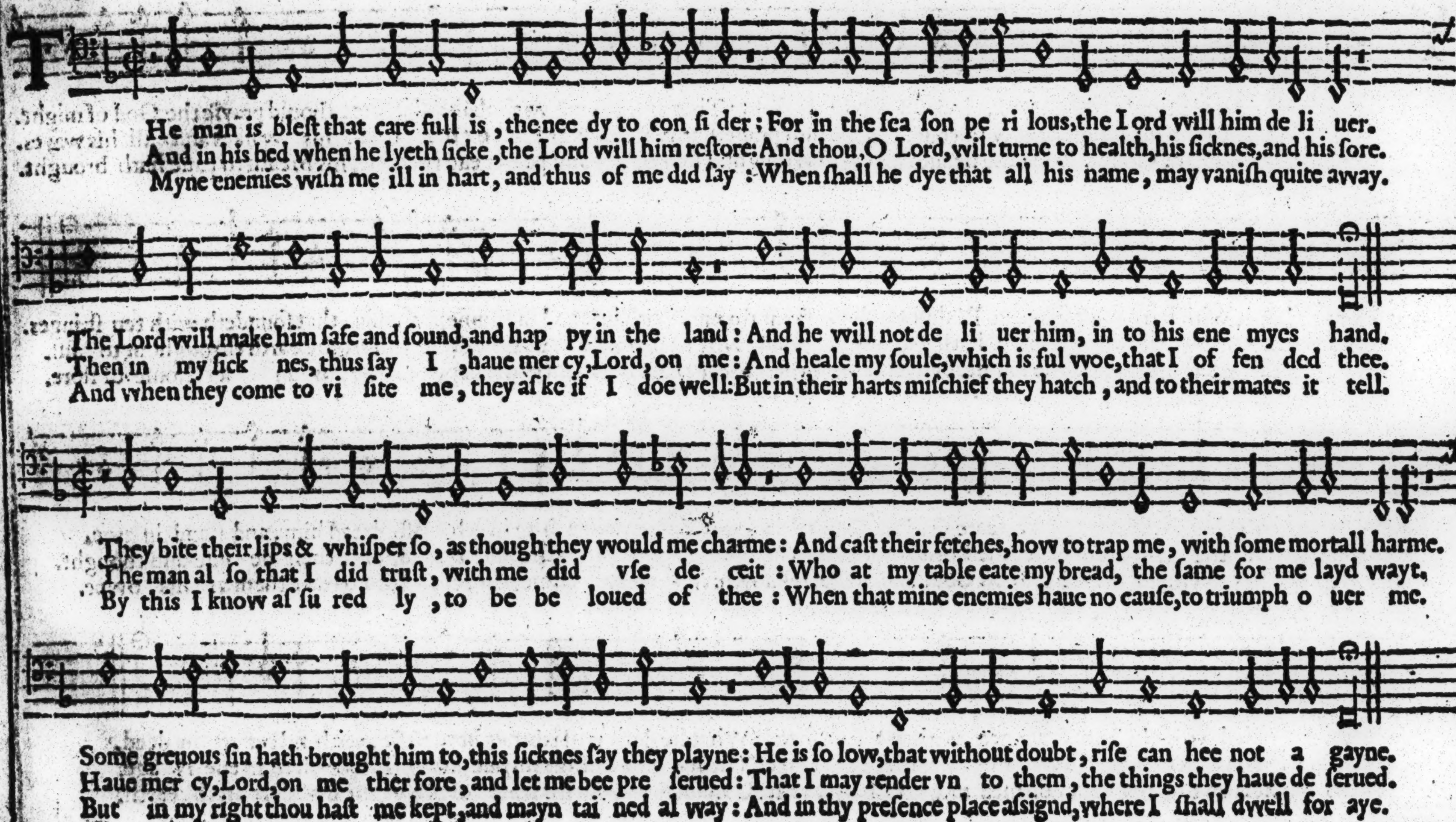
Prayſe ye the Lord, with harpe and ſong, in Pſalmes and pleaſaunt thyngs: With lute and in ſtrument among, that ſoundeth with ten ſtringes.
To iudgement, e qui tie, and right, he hath a great good will: And with his gifts he doth delight, the earth throughout to fill.
The waters great ga thered hath he, on heapes, with in the ſhore: And hid them in the depth to be, as in a houſe of ſtore.



All men on earth, both leaſt, and moſt, feare God and keepe his law: Ye that in ha bite in ech coaſt, dread him, and ſtand in awe.
The counſels of the na tions rude, the Lord doth driue to nought: He doth defeat the mul ti tude, of their de uiſe and thought.
And bleſt are they to whom the Lord, as God, and guide, is known: Whō he doth chuſe of meere accord, to take them as his owne.

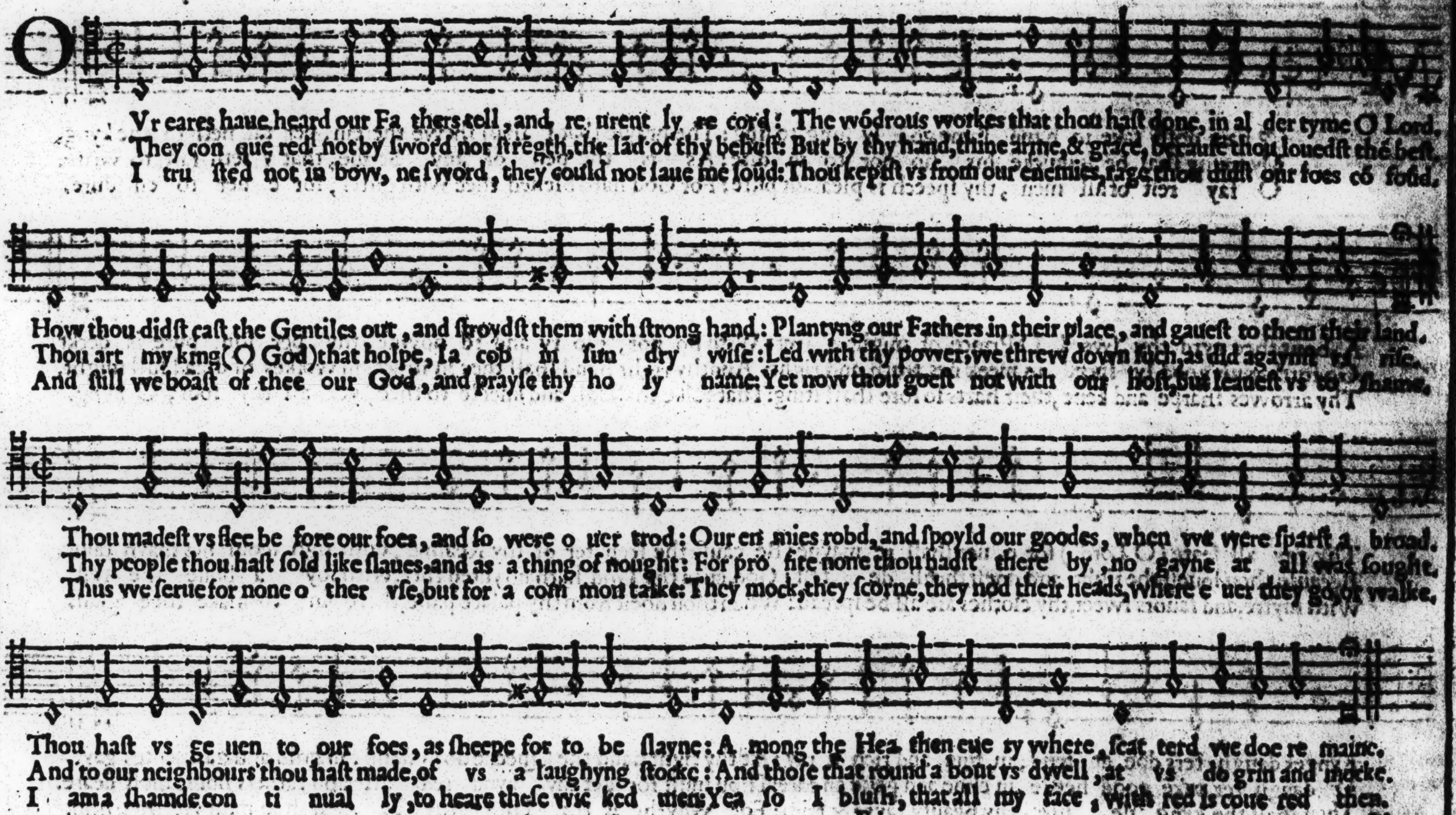


What he commaunded wrought it was, at once, with pre ſent ſpeed: What he doth will is brought to paſſe, with full effect in deed.
But his de crees con ti nue ſtill, they ne uer ſlacke or ſwage: The mo tions of his mynde and will, take place in eue ry age.
The Lord from heauen caſt his ſight, on men mor tall by byrth: Conſidering, from his ſeate of might, the dwellers on the earth.


T
He man is bleſt that care full is, the nee dy to con ſi der: For in the ſea ſon pe ri lous, the Lord will him de li uer.
And in his bed when he lyeth ſicke, the Lord will him reſtore: And thou, O Lord, wilt turne to health, his ſicknes, and his ſore.
Myne enemies wiſh me ill in hart, and thus of me did ſay: When ſhall he dye that all his name, may vaniſh quite away.
The Lord will make him ſafe and ſound, and hap py in the land: And he will not de li uer him, in to his ene myes hand.
Then in my ſick nes, thus ſay I, haue mer cy, Lord, on me: And heale my ſoule, which is ful woe, that I of fen ded thee.
And when they come to vi ſite me, they aſke if I doe well: But in their harts miſchief they hatch, and to their mates it tell.
They bite their lips & whiſper ſo, as though they would me charme: And caſt their fetches, how to trap me, with ſome mortall harme.
The man al ſo that I did truſt, with me did vſe de ceit: Who at my table eate my bread, the ſame for me layd wayt.
By this I know aſ ſu red ly, to be be loued of thee: When that mine enemies haue no cauſe, to triumph o uer me.
Some greuous ſin hath brought him to, this ſicknes ſay they playne: He is ſo low, that without doubt, riſe can hee not a gayne.
Haue mer cy, Lord, on me ther fore, and let me bee pre ſerued: That I may render vn to them, the things they haue de ſerued.
But in my right thou haſt me kept, and mayn tai ned al way: And in thy preſence place aſsignd, where I ſhall dwell for aye.

Our

The xliiii. Pſalme.

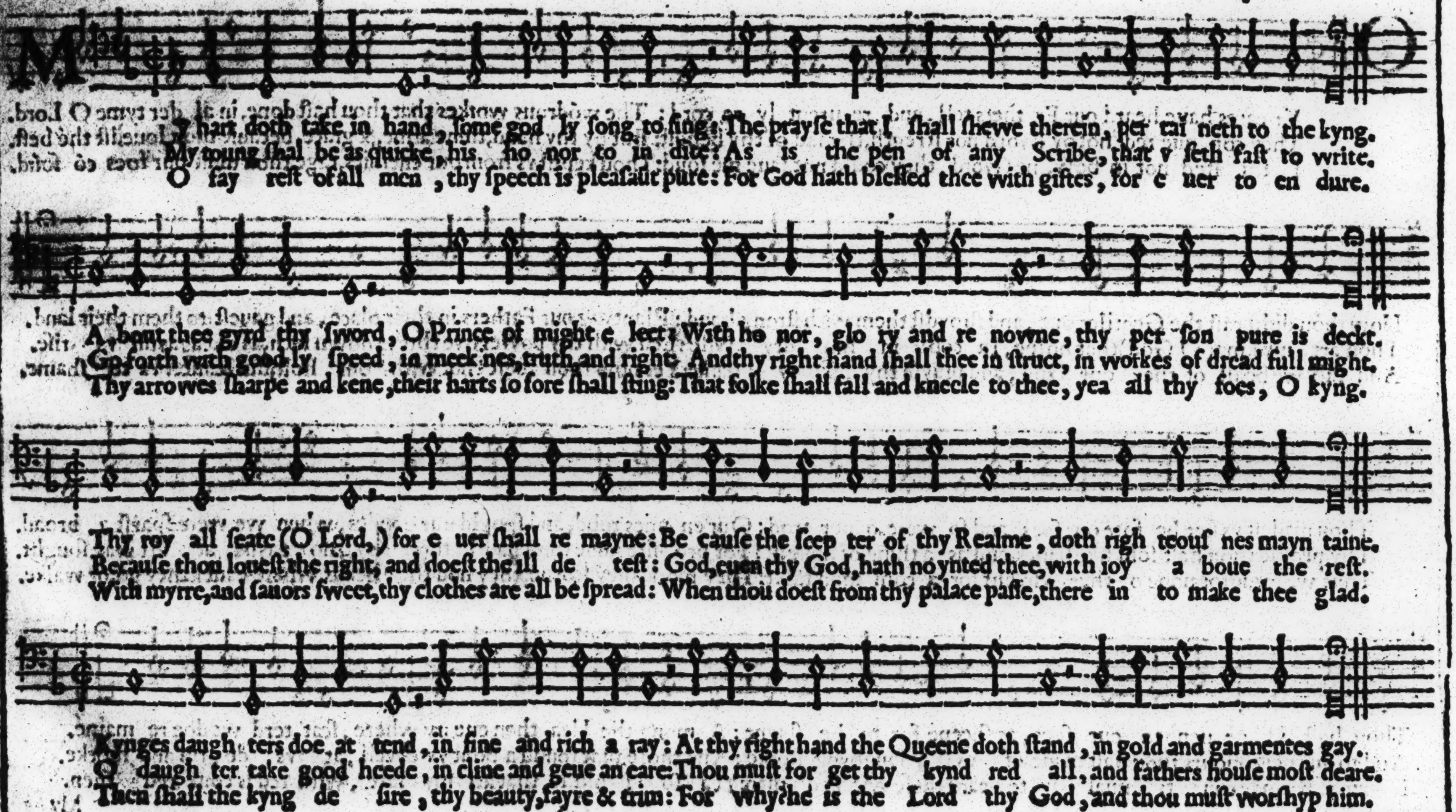


OVr eares haue heard our Fa thers tell, and re uerent ly re cord: The wōdrous workes that thou haſt done, in al der tyme O Lord.
They con que red not by ſword nor ſtrēgth, the lād of thy beheſt: But by thy hand, thine arme, & grace, becauſe thou louedſt thē beſt.
I tru ſted not in bow, ne ſword, they could not ſaue me ſoūd: Thou keptſt vs from our enemies rage thou didſt our foes cō found.

How thou didſt caſt the Gentiles out, and ſtroydſt them with ſtrong hand: Plantyng our Fathers in their place, and gaueſt to them their land.
Thou art my king (O God) that holpe, Ia cob in ſun dry wiſe: Led with thy power, we threw down ſuch, as did agaynſt vs riſe.
And ſtill we boaſt of thee our God, and prayſe thy ho ly name: Yet now thou goeſt not with our hoſt, but leaueſt vs to ſhame.

Thou madeſt vs flee be fore our foes, and ſo were o uer trod: Our en mies robd, and ſpoyld our goodes, when we were ſparſt a broad.
Thy people thou haſt ſold like ſlaues, and as a thing of nought: For pro fite none thou hadſt there by, no gayne at all was ſought.
Thus we ſerue for none o ther vſe, but for a com mon take: They mock, they ſcorne, they nod their heads, where e uer they go, or walke.

Thou haſt vs ge uen to our foes, as ſheepe for to be ſlayne: A mong the Hea then eue ry where, ſcat terd we doe re maine.
And to our neighbours thou haſt made, of vs a laughyng ſtocke: And thoſe that round a bout vs dwell, at vs do grin and mocke.
I am a ſhamde con ti nual ly, to heare theſe wic ked men: Yea ſo I bluſh, that all my face, with red is coue red then.



My hart doth take in hand, ſome god ly ſong to ſing: The prayſe that I ſhall ſhewe therein, per tai neth to the kyng.
My toung ſhal be as quicke, his ho nor to in dite: As is the pen of any Scribe, that v ſeth faſt to write.
O fay reſt of all men, thy ſpeech is pleaſant pure: For God hath bleſſed thee with giftes, for e uer to en dure.

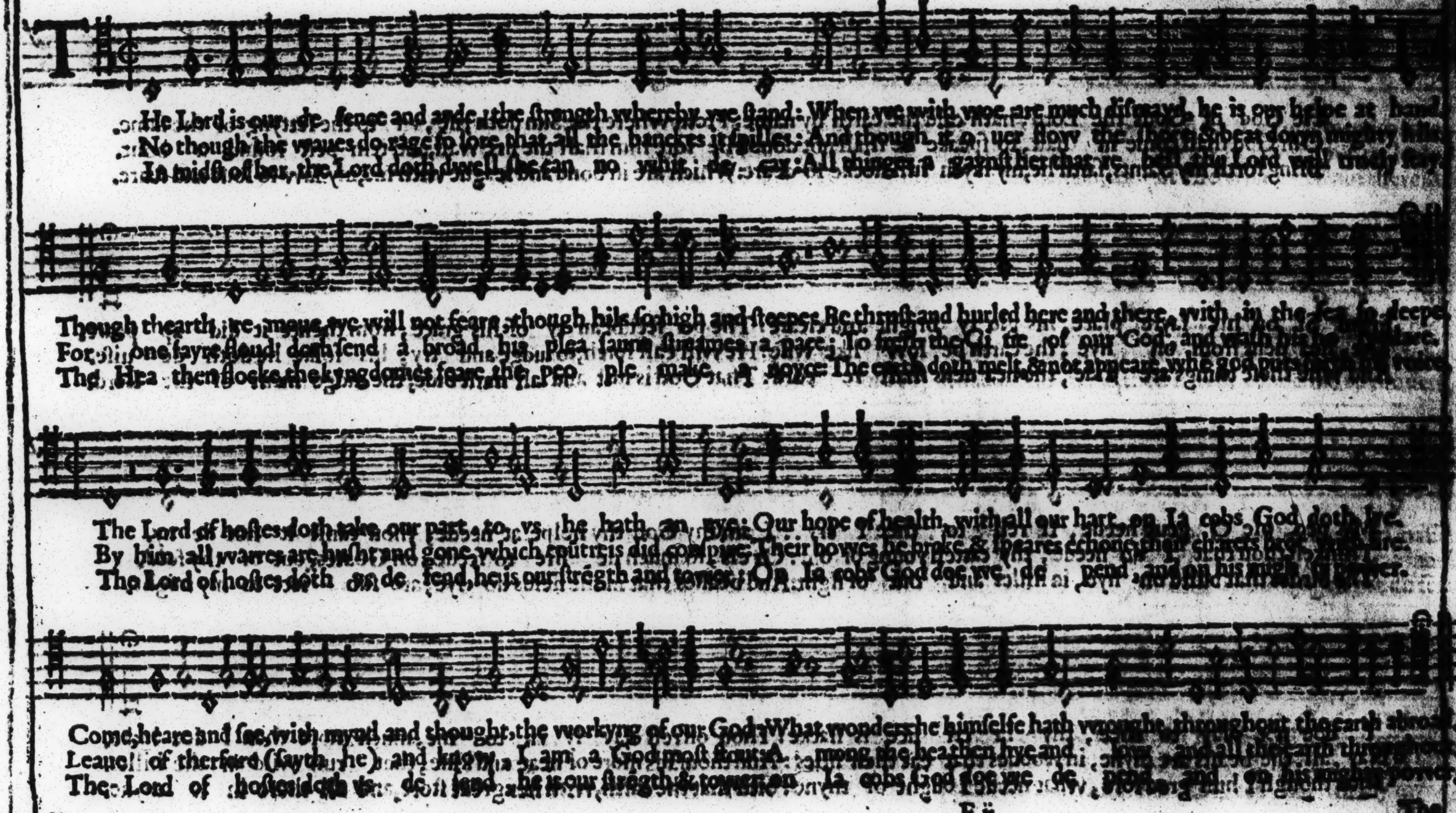
A bout thee gyrd thy ſword, O Prince of might e lect: With ho nor, glo ry and re nowne, thy per ſon pure is deckt.
Go forth with good ly ſpeed, in meek nes, truth, and right: And thy right hand ſhall thee in ſtruct, in workes of dread full might.
Thy arrowes ſharpe and kene, their harts ſo ſore ſhall ſting: That folke ſhall fall and kneele to thee, yea all thy foes, O kyng.

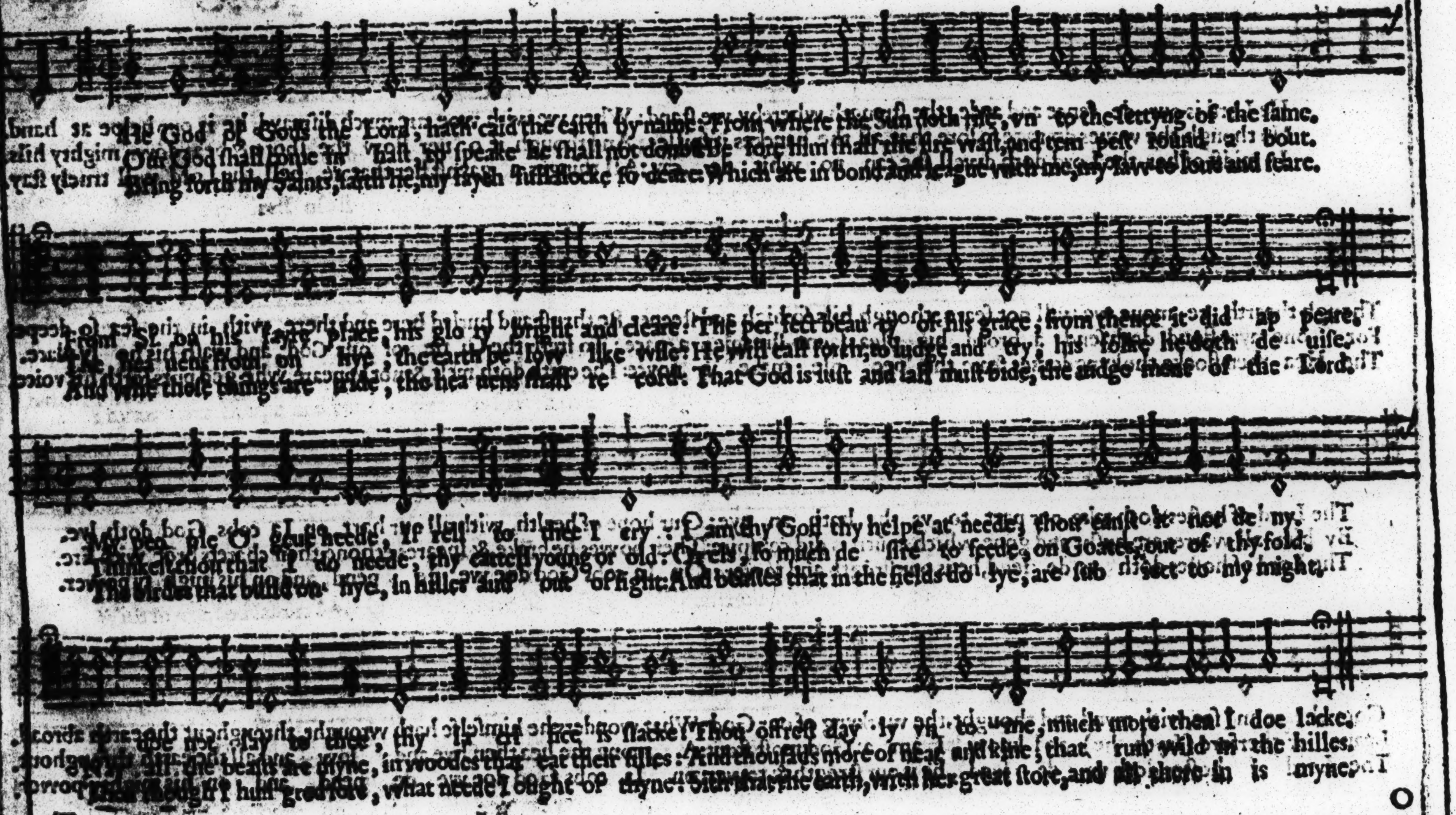
Thy roy all ſeate (O Lord,) for e uer ſhall re mayne: Be cauſe the ſcep ter of thy Realme, doth righ teouſ nes mayn taine.
Becauſe thou loueſt the right, and doeſt the ill de teſt: God, euen thy God, hath noynted thee, with joy a boue the reſt.
With myrre, and ſauors ſweet, thy clothes are all be ſpread: When thou doeſt from thy palace paſſe, there in to make thee glad.

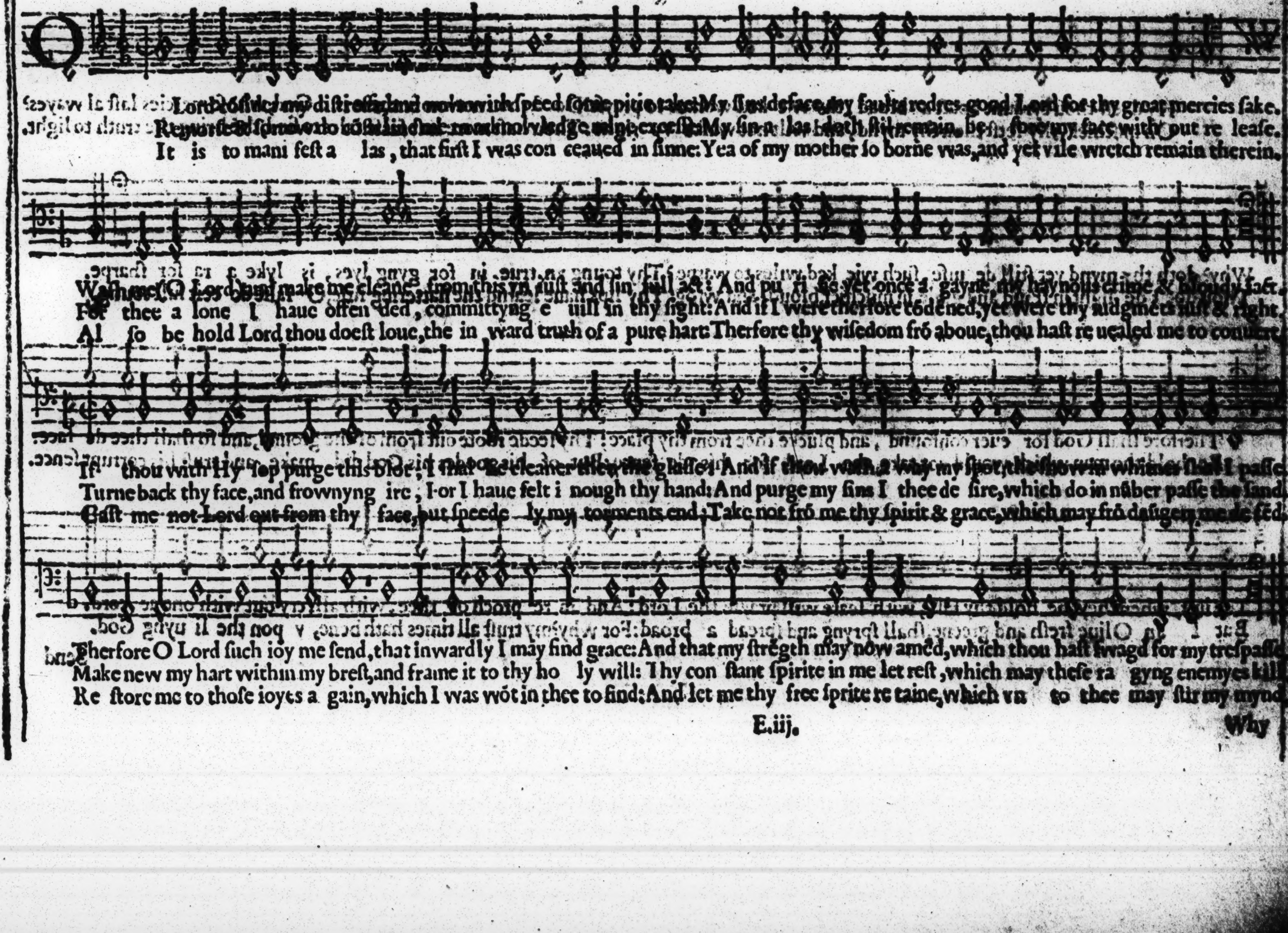
Kynges daugh ters doe at tend, in fine and rich a ray: At thy right hand the Queene doth ſtand, in gold and garmentes gay.
O daugh ter take good heede, in cline and geue an eare: Thou muſt for get thy kynd red all, and fathers houſe moſt deare.
Then ſhall the kyng de ſire, thy beauty, fayre & trim: For why? he is the Lord thy God, and thou muſt worſhyp him.

The

The xlvi. Pſalme.


THe Lord is our de- fence and ayde: the ſtrength whereby we ſtand: When we with woe are much diſmayd, he is our helpe at hand.
No though the waues do rage ſo ſore, that all the banckes it ſpilles: And though it o- uer flow the ſhore, and beat downe mighty hilles.
In midſt of her, the Lord doth dwell, ſhe can no whit de- cay: All thinges a- gaynſt her that rebell, the Lord will truely ſtay.
Though the earth re- moue we will not feare, though hils ſo high and ſteepe: Be thruſt and hurled here and there, with- in the ſea ſo deepe.
For one fayre floud doth ſend a- broad, his plea- ſaunt ſtreames a- pace: To freſh the Ci- tie of our God, and waſh his holy place.
The Hea- then flocke, the kyngdomes feare, the peo- ple make a noyce: The earth doth melt, and not appeare, when God puts forth his voyce.
The Lord of hoſtes doth take our part, to vs he hath an eye: Our hope of health with all our hart, on Ia- cobs God doth lye.
By him all warres are huſht and gone, which countries did conſpire: Their bowes he broke, & ſpeares echone, their charets burnt with fire.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs de- fend, he is our ſtregth and tower: On Ia- cobs God doe we de- pend, and on his mighty power.
Come, heare and ſee, with mynd and thought, the workyng of our God: What wonders he himſelfe hath wrought, throughout the earth abroad.
Leaue of therfore (ſayth he) and know, I am a God moſt ſtout: A- mong the heathen hye and low, and all the earth throughout.
The Lord of hoſtes doth vs de- fend, he is our ſtregth & tower: on Ia- cobs God doe we de- pend, and on his mighty power.


The God of Gods the Lord, hath cald the earth by name: From where the Sun doth rise, vn to the settyng of the same.
Our God shall come in hast, to speake he shall not doubt: Before him shall the fire wast, and tem pest round a bout.
Bring forth my Saints, saith he, my fayth full flocke so deare: Which are in bond and league with me, my law to loue and feare.
From Si on his fayre place, his glo ry bright and cleare: The per fect beau ty of his grace, from thence it did ap peare.
The hea uens from on hye, the earth be low like wise: He will call forth, to iudge and try, his folke he doth de uise.
And when these things are tride, the hea uens shall re cord: That God is iust and all must bide, the iudge ment of the Lord.
My peo ple O geue heede, Is rael to thee I cry: I am thy God thy helpe at neede, thou canst it not de ny.
Thinkest thou that I do neede, thy cattell young or old: Or els so much de sire to feede, on Goates out of thy fold.
The birdes that build on hye, in hilles and out of sight: And beastes that in the fieldes do lye, are sub iect to my might.
I doe not say to thee, thy sa cri fice is slacke: Thou offrest day ly vn to me, much more then I doe lacke.
For all the beastes are myne, in woodes that eat their filles: And thousandes more of neat and kine, that run wild in the hilles.
And though I hungred sore, what neede I ought of thyne: Sith that the earth, with her great store, and all therein is myne.



O Lord cōsider my distresse, and now with speed some pitie take: My sinnes deface, my faults redres, good Lord for thy great mercies sake.
Re[illegible] cōfesse, [illegible] knowledge mine excesse: My sin a las doth still remain, be fore my face with out re lease.
It is to mani fest a las, that first I was con ceaued in sinne: Yea of my mother so borne was, and yet vile wretch remain therein.

Wash me (O Lord) and make me cleane, from this vn iust and sin full act: And pu ri fie yet once a gayne, my haynous crime & bloudy fact.
For thee a lone I haue offen ded, committyng e uill in thy sight: And if I were therfore cōdened, yet were thy iudgmēts iust & right.
Al so be hold Lord thou doest loue, the in ward truth of a pure hart: Therfore thy wisedom frō aboue, thou hast re ueled me to conuert.

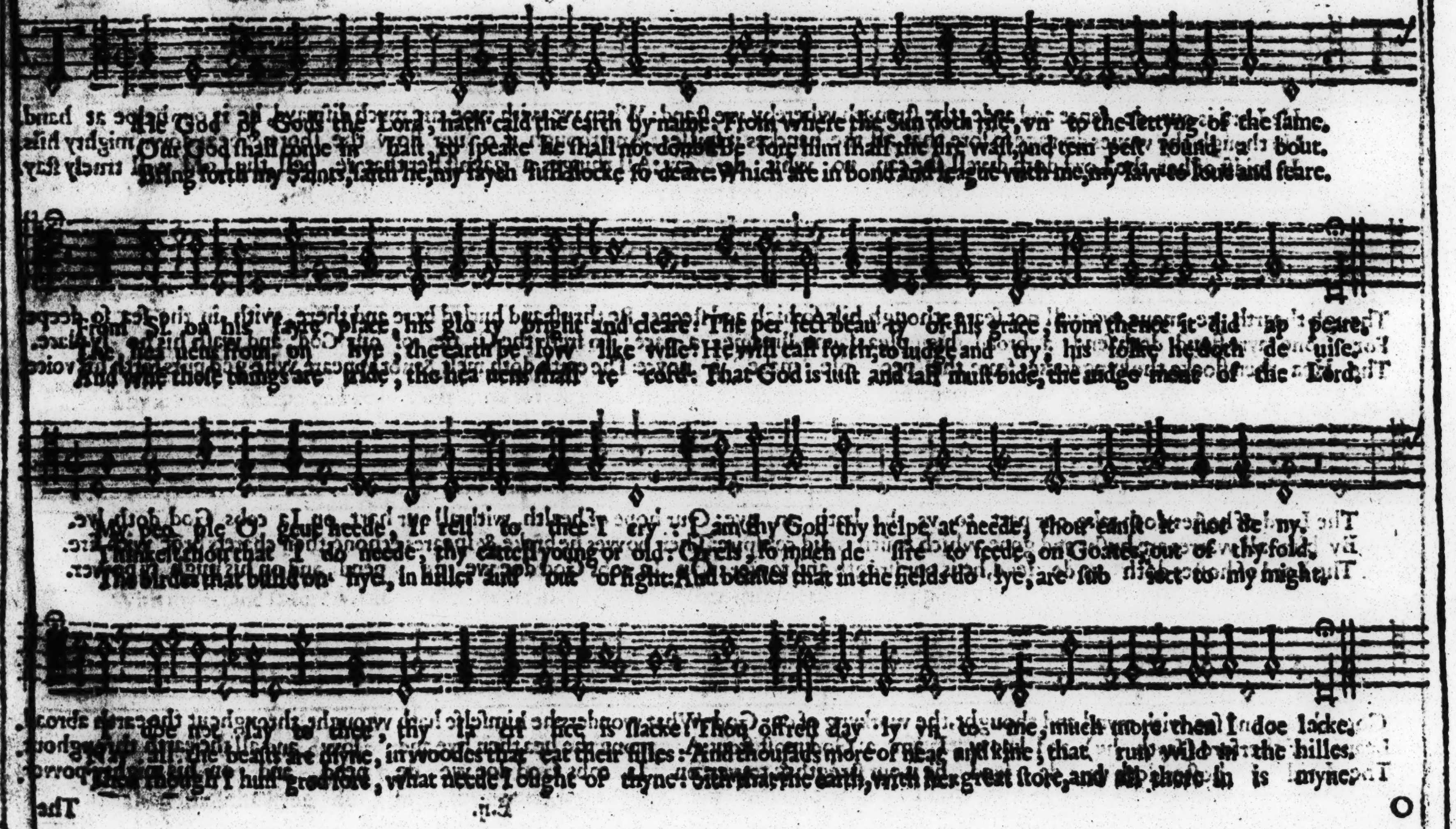
If thou with Hy sop purge this blot, I shall be cleaner then the glasse: And if thou wash away my spot, the snow in whitenes shall I passe.
Turne back thy face, and frownyng ire, For I haue felt i nough thy hand: And purge my sins I thee de sire, which do in nūber passe the sand.
Cast me not Lord out from thy face, but speede ly my torments end: Take not frō me thy spirit & grace, which may frō dāgers me de fēd.

Therfore O Lord such ioy me send, that inwardly I may find grace: And that my strēgth may now amēd, which thou hast swagd for my trespasse.
Make new my hart within my brest, and frame it to thy ho ly will: Thy con stant spirite in me let rest, which may these ra gyng enemyes kill.
Re store me to those ioyes a gain, which I was wōt in thee to find: And let me thy free sprite re taine, which vn to thee may stir my mynd.

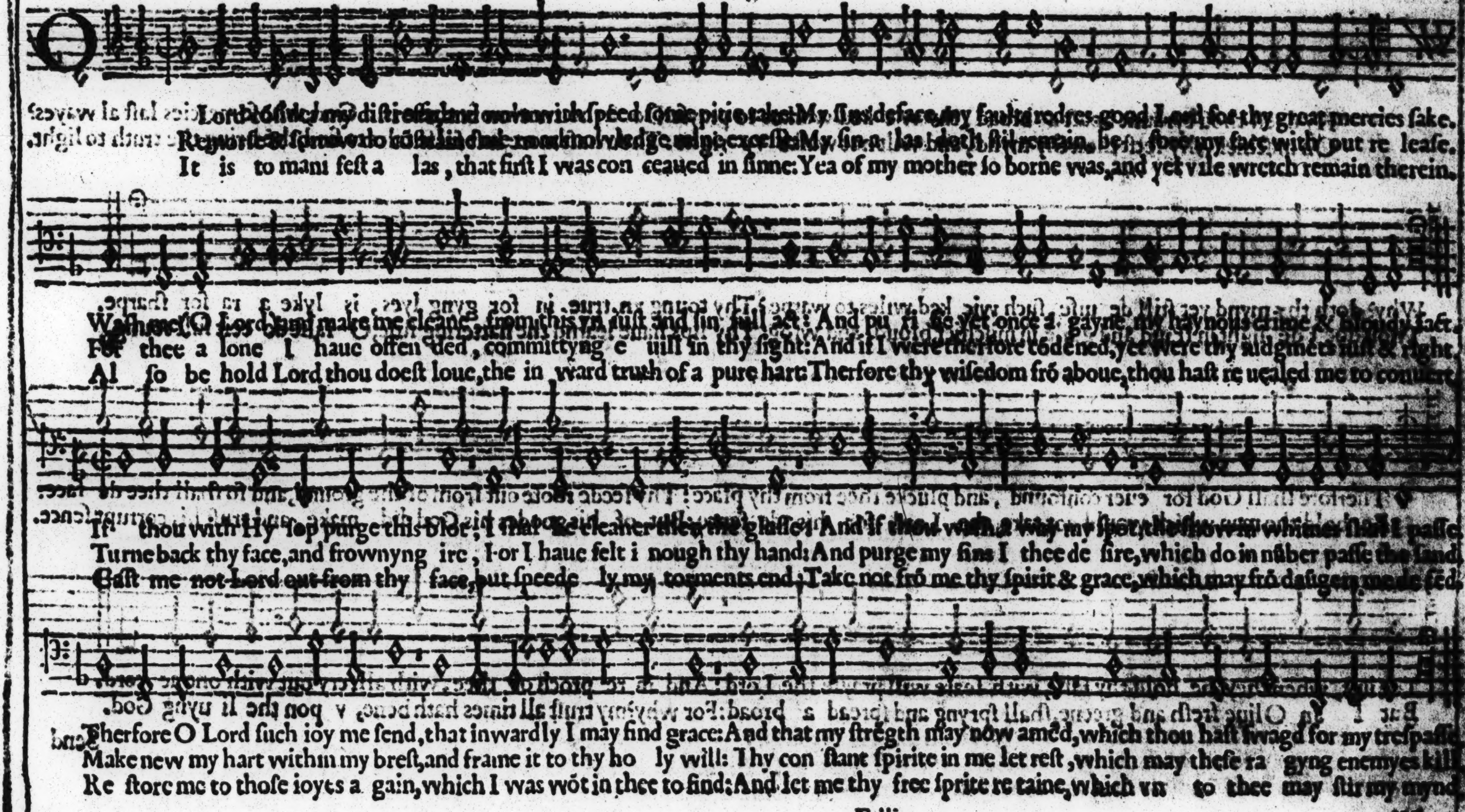
G.D.

The L. Pſalme.

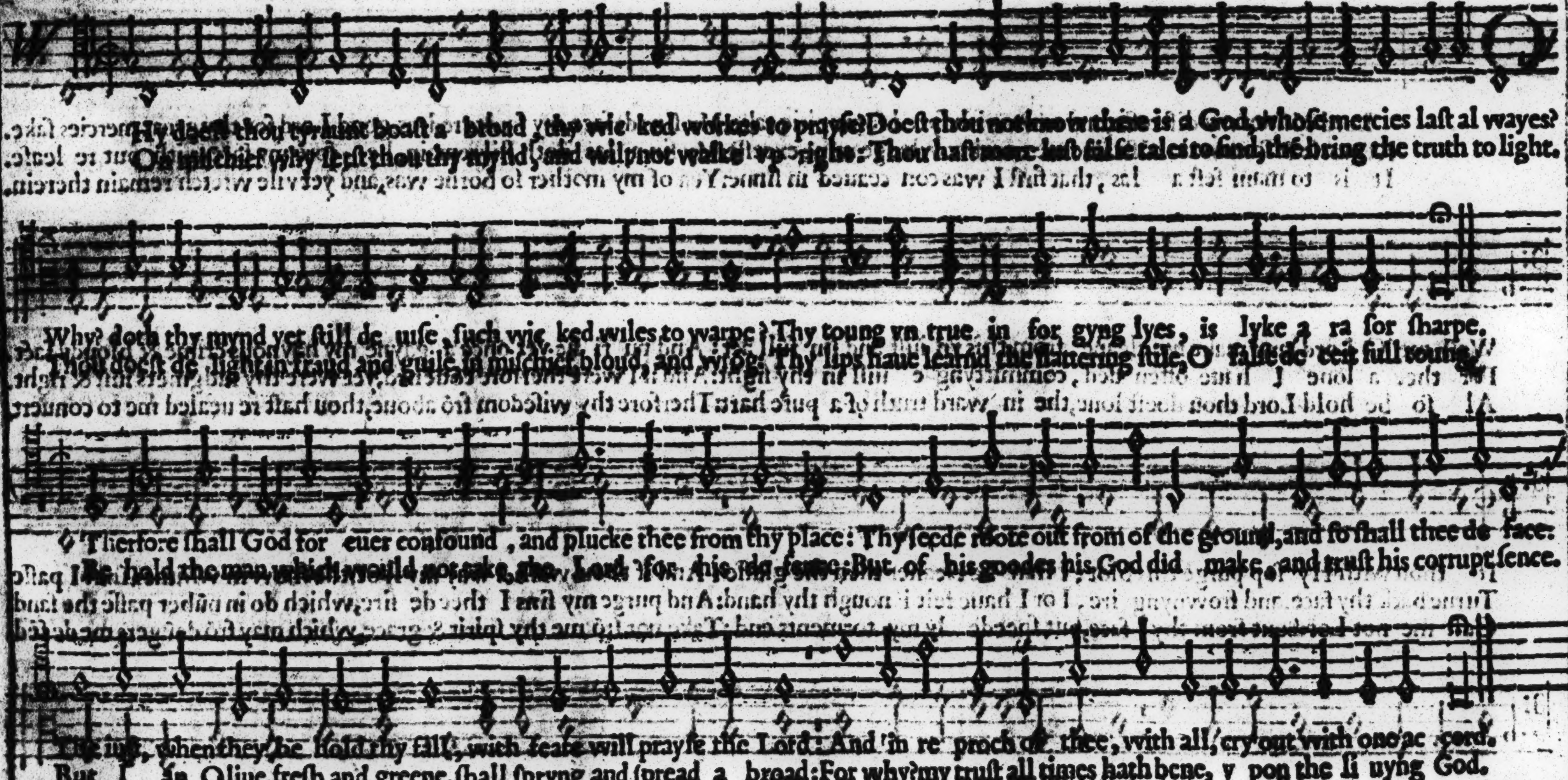
Baſſus.


The God of Gods the Lord, hath cald the earth by name: From where the Sun doth riſe, vn to the ſetting of the ſame.
Our God ſhall come in haſt, to ſpeake he ſhall not doubt: Before him ſhall the fire waſt, and tem peſt round a bout.
Bring forth my Saints, ſaith he, my fayth full flocke ſo deare: Which are in bond and league with me, my law to loue and feare.
From Si on his fayre place, his glo ry bright and cleare: The per fect beau ty of his grace, from thence it did ap peare.
The hea uens from on hye, the earth be low like wiſe: He will call forth, to iudge and try, his folke he doth de uiſe.
And when thoſe things are tride, the hea uens ſhall re cord: That God is iuſt and all muſt bide, the iudge ment of the Lord.
My peo ple O giue heede, Iſ rell to thee I cry: I am thy God thy helpe at neede, thou canſt it not de ny.
Thinke not thou that I do neede, thy calues young or old: Or rams, ſo much de ſire to feede, on Goates out of thy fold.
The birdes that build on hye, in hilles and out of ſight: And beaſtes that in the fieldes do lye, are ſub iect to my might.
I doe not ſay to thee, thy ſa cri fice is ſlacke: Thou offreſt day ly vn to me, much more then I doe lacke.
For all the beaſts are myne, in woodes that eat their filles: And thouſands more of neat and kine, that run wild in the hilles.
Then though I hun gred ſore, what neede I ought of thyne: Sith that the earth, with her great ſtore, and all there in is myne.

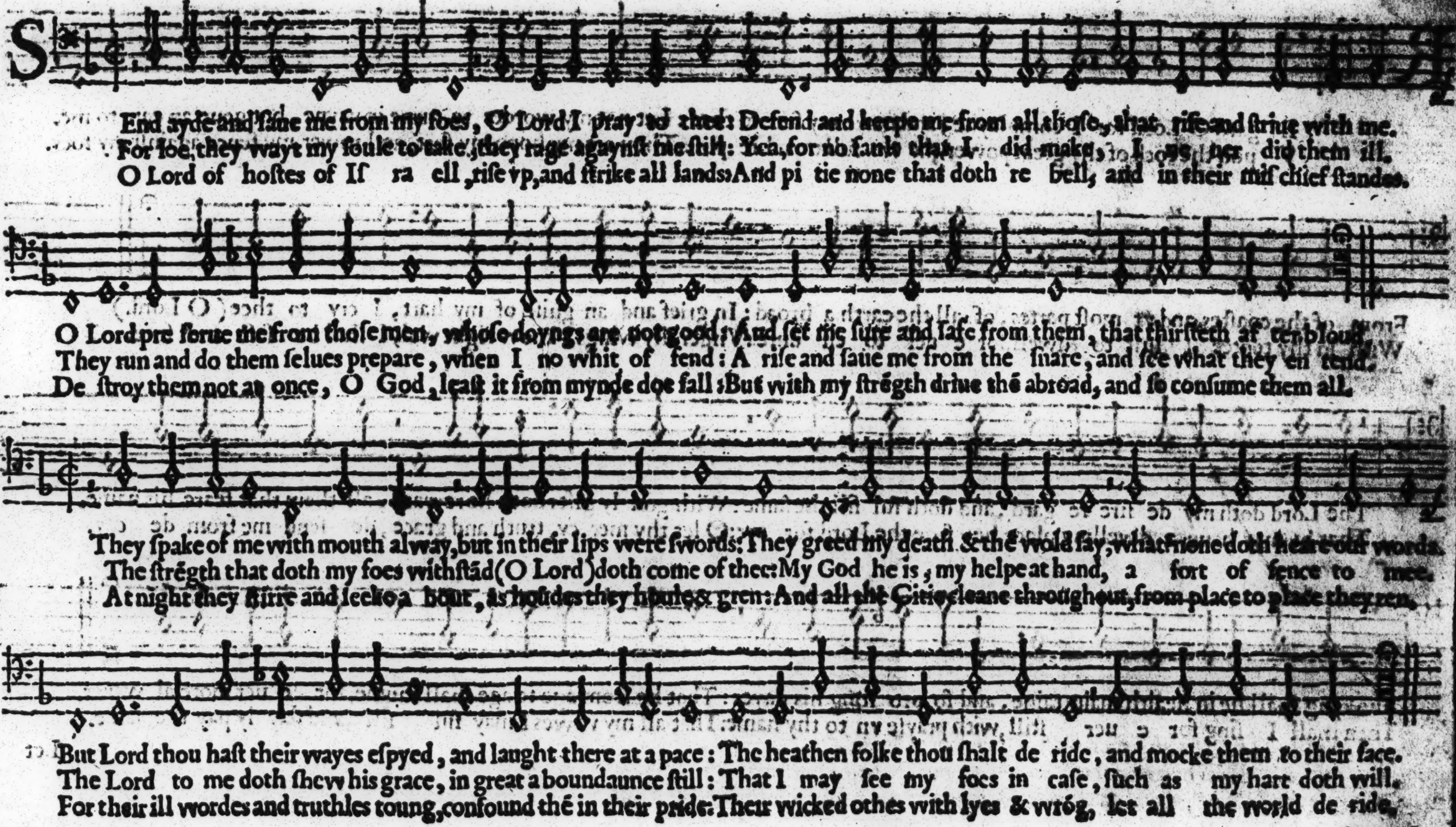
O


O Lord conſider my diſtreſſe, and now with ſpeed ſome pitie take: My ſinnes deface, my faultes redres, good Lord for thy great mercies ſake.
Remorſe and ſorrow do conſtraine me to acknowledge mine exceſſe: My ſinnes alas doth ſtill remain, before my face without releaſe.
It is to manifeſt alas, that firſt I was conceaued in ſinne: Yea of my mother ſo borne was, and yet vile wretch remain therein.
Waſh me (O Lord) and make me cleane, from this vniuſt and ſinfull act: And purifie yet once agayne, my haynous crime & bloudy fact.
For thee alone I haue offended, committyng euill in thy ſight: And if I were therfore códened, yet were thy iudgmets iuſt & right.
Alſo behold Lord thou doeſt loue, the inward truth of a pure hart: Therfore thy wiſedom fró aboue, thou haſt reuealed me to conuert.
If thou with Hyſop purge this blot, I ſhal be cleaner then the glaſſe: And if thou waſh away my ſpot, the ſnow in whitnes ſhal I paſſe.
Turne back thy face, and frownyng ire, For I haue felt inough thy hand: And purge my ſins I thee deſire, which do in nūber paſſe the ſand.
Caſt me not Lord out from thy face, but ſpeedely my torments end: Take not fró me thy ſpirit & grace, which may fró daūgers me defēd.
Therfore O Lord ſuch ioy me ſend, that inwardly I may find grace: And that my ſtregth may now amēd, which thou haſt ſwagd for my treſpaſſe.
Make new my hart within my breſt, and frame it to thy holy will: Thy conſtant ſpirite in me let reſt, which may theſe ragyng enemyes kill.
Reſtore me to thoſe ioyes again, which I was wót in thee to find: And let me thy free ſprite retaine, which vnto thee may ſtir my mynd.

Why


W
Hy doest thou tyrant boast abroad, thy wicked workes to prayse? Doest thou not know there is a God, whose mercies last al wayes?
Oh mischief why seest thou thy mynd, and wilt not walke vpright? Thou hast more lust false tales to find, then bring the truth to light.
Why? doth thy mynd yet still deuise, such wicked wiles to warpe? Thy toung vntrue in forgyng lyes, is lyke a rasor sharpe.
Thou doest delight in fraud and guile, in mischief, bloud, and wrong: Thy lips haue learnd the flattering stile, O false deceit full toung.
Therefore shall God for euer confound, and plucke thee from thy place: Thy seede roote out from of the ground, and so shall thee deface.
Behold the man which would not take the Lord for his defense: But of his goodes his God did make, and trust his corrupt sence.
The iust, when they behold thy fall, with feare will prayse the Lord: And in reproch of thee, with all, cry out with one accord.
But I as Oliue fresh and greene, shall spryng and spread abroad: For why? my trust all times hath bene, vpon the liuyng God.

Send

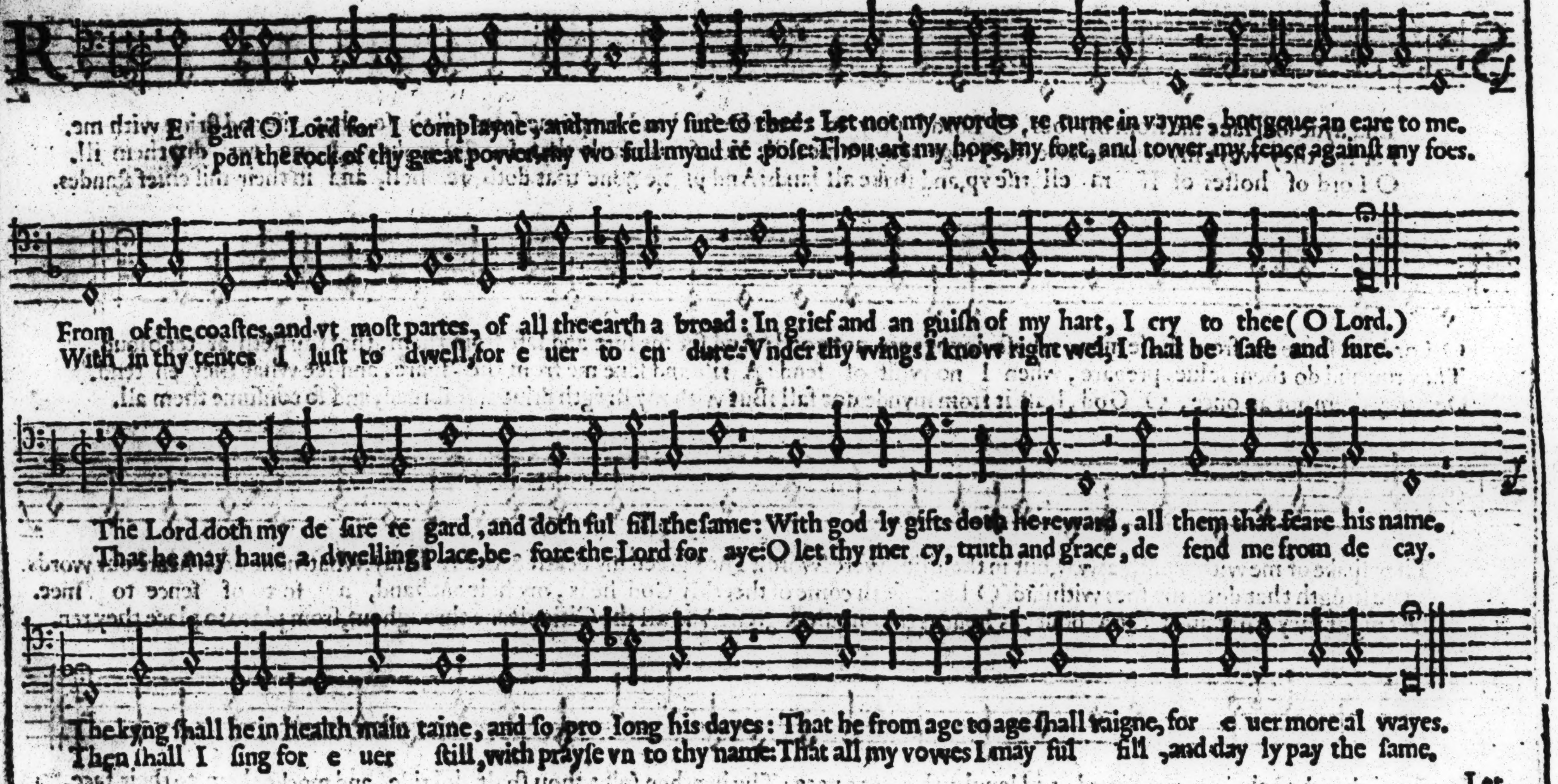


Send ayde and saue me from my foes, O Lord I pray to thee: Defend and keepe me from all those, that rise and striue with me.
For loe, they wayt my soule to take, they rage agaynst me still: Yea, for no fault that I did make, I neuer did them ill.
O Lord of hostes of Israell, rise vp, and strike all lands: And pitie none that doth rebell, and in their mischief standes.

O Lord preserue me from those men, whose doyngs are not good: And set me sure and safe from them, that thirsteth after blood.
They run and do them selues prepare, when I no whit offend: Arise and saue me from the snare, and see what they entend.
Destroy them not at once, O God, least it from mynde doe fall: But with my strẽgth driue thẽ abroad, and so consume them all.

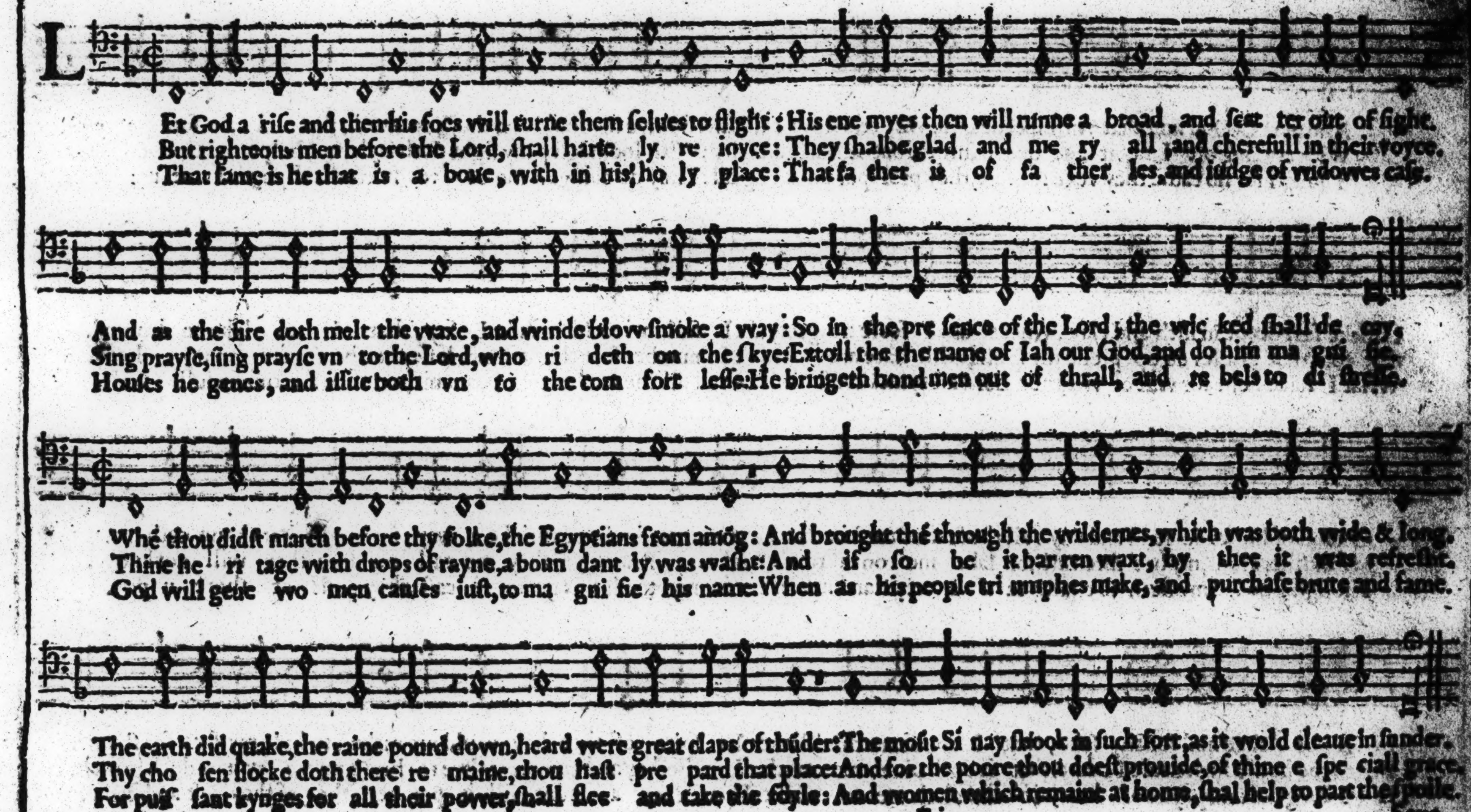
They spake of me with mouth alway, but in their lips were swords: They greed my death & thẽ wold say, what none doth heare our words.
The strẽgth that doth my foes withstãd (O Lord) doth come of thee: My God he is, my helpe at hand, a fort of fence to mee.
At night they stirre and seeke about, as houndes they houle & gren: And all the Citie cleane throughout, from place to place they ren.

But Lord thou hast their wayes espyed, and laught there at a pace: The heathen folke thou shalt deride, and mocke them to their face.
The Lord to me doth shew his grace, in great aboundaunce still: That I may see my foes in case, such as my hart doth will.
For their ill wordes and truthles toung, confound thẽ in their pride: Their wicked othes with lyes & wrõg, let all the world deride.

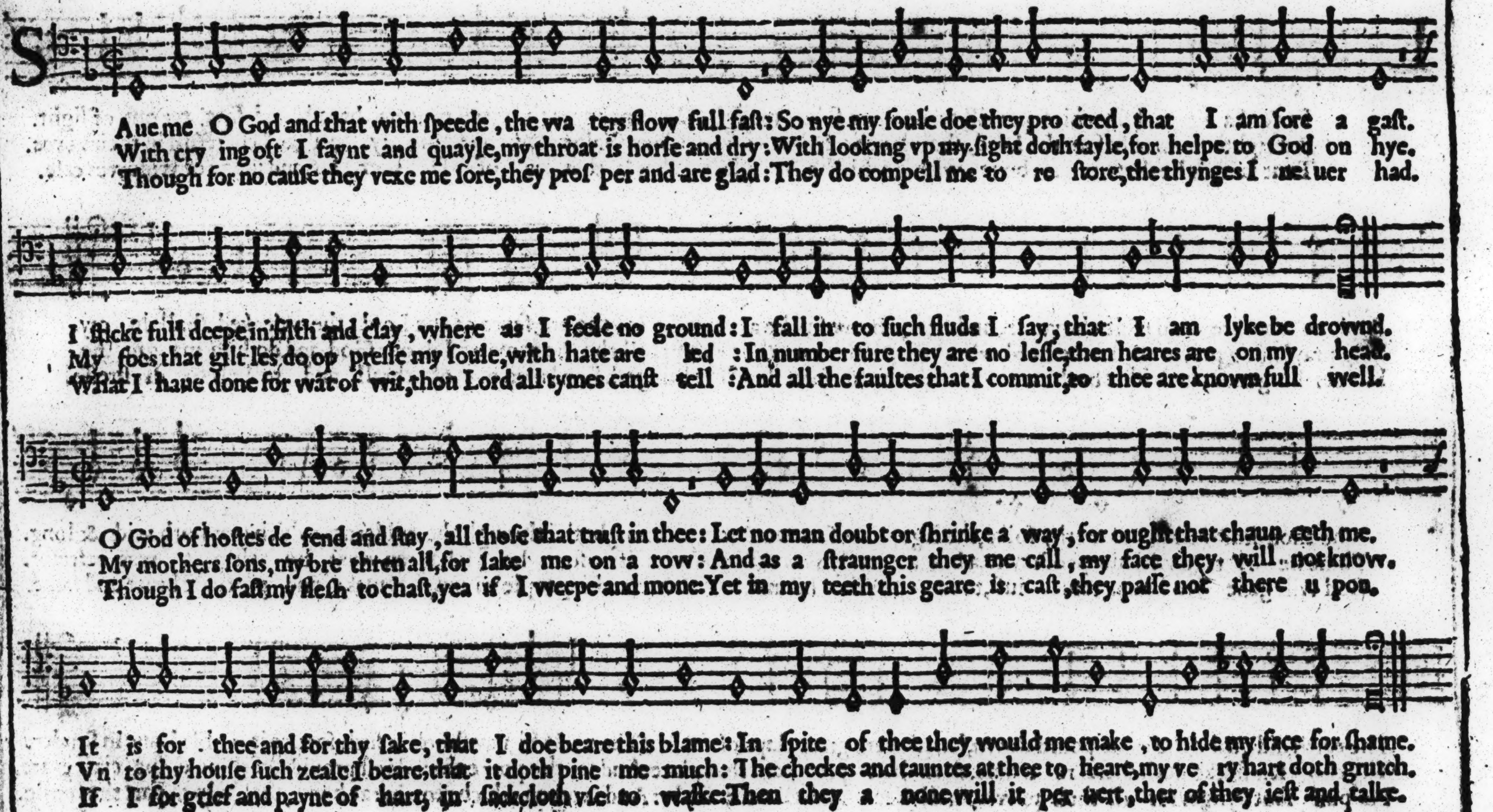

Regard O Lord for I complayne, and make my ſute to thee: Let not my wordes returne in vayne, but geue an eare to me.
Vpon the rock of thy great power, my wofull mynd repoſe: Thou art my hope, my fort, and tower, my fence againſt my foes.
From of the coaſtes, and vtmoſt partes, of all the earth abroad: In grief and anguiſh of my hart, I cry to thee (O Lord.)
Within thy tentes I luſt to dwell, for euer to endure: Vnder thy wings I know right wel, I ſhal be ſafe and ſure.
The Lord doth my deſire regard, and doth fulfill the ſame: With godly gifts doth he reward, all them that feare his name.
That he may haue a dwelling place, before the Lord for aye: O let thy mercy, truth and grace, defend me from decay.
The kyng ſhall he in health maintaine, and ſo prolong his dayes: That he from age to age ſhall raigne, for euermore alwayes.
Then ſhall I ſing for euer ſtill, with prayſe vnto thy name: That all my vowes I may fulfill, and dayly pay the ſame.

Let

The lxviij. Pſalme.

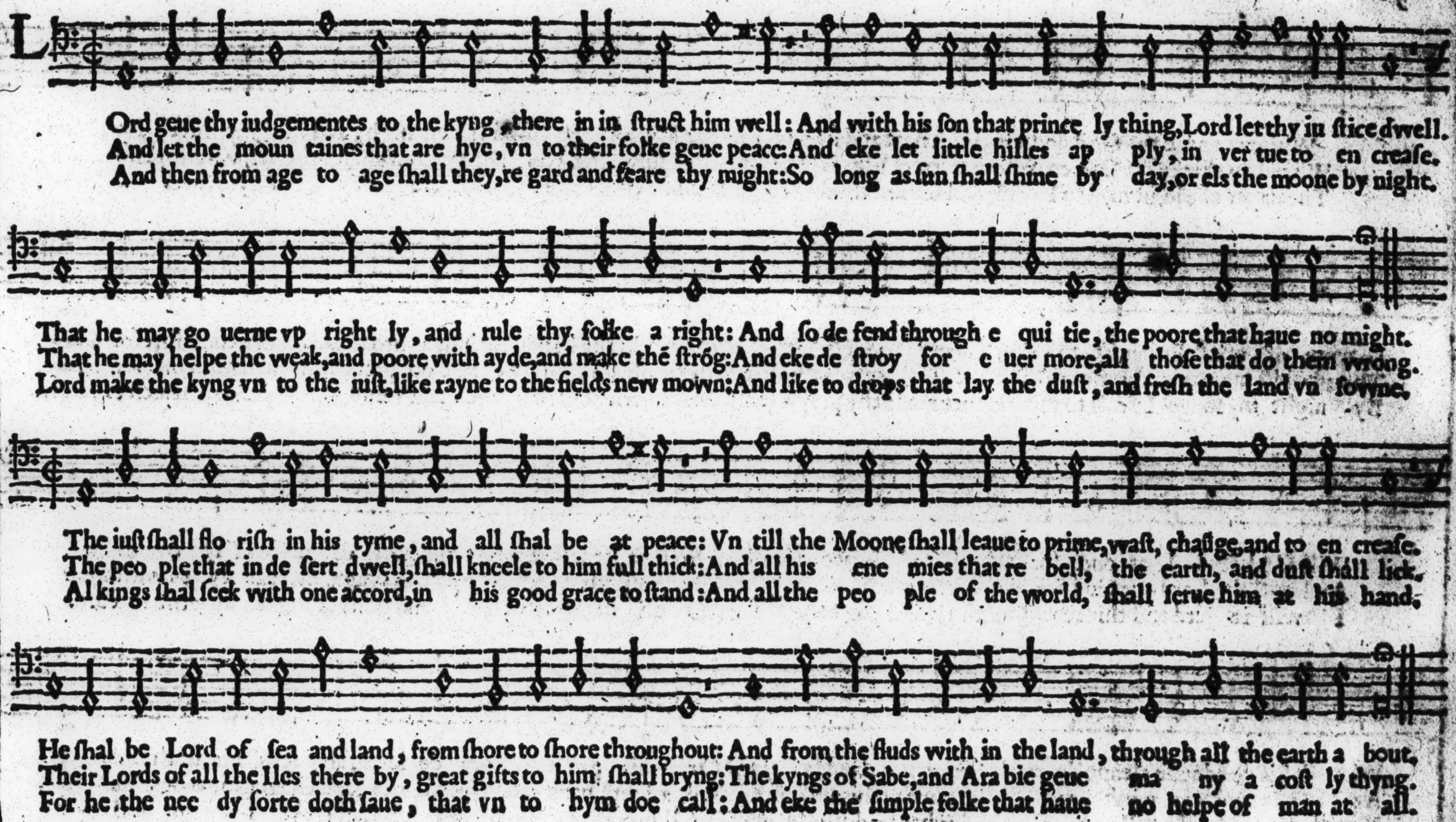

L
Et God a riſe and then his foes will turne them ſelues to flight: His ene myes then will runne a broad, and ſcat ter out of ſight.
But righteous men before the Lord, ſhall harte ly re ioyce: They ſhalbe glad and me ry all, and cherefull in their voyce.
That ſame is he that is a boue, with in his ho ly place: That fa ther is of fa ther les, and iudge of widowes caſe.
And as the fire doth melt the waxe, and winde blow ſmoke a way: So in the pre ſence of the Lord, the wic ked ſhall de cay.
Sing prayſe, ſing prayſe vn to the Lord, who ri deth on the ſkye: Extoll the the name of Iah our God, and do him ma gni fie.
Houſes he geues, and iſſue both vn to the com fort leſſe: He bringeth bond men out of thrall, and re bels to di ſtreſſe.
Whē thou didſt march before thy folke, the Egyptians from amōg: And brought thē through the wildernes, which was both wide & long.
Thine he ri tage with drops of rayne, a boun dant ly was waſht: And if ſo be it bar ren waxt, by thee it was refreſht.
God will geue wo men cauſes iuſt, to ma gni fie his name: When as his people tri umphes make, and purchaſe brute and fame.
The earth did quake, the raine pourd down, heard were great claps of thūder: The mont Si nay ſhook in ſuch ſort, as it wold cleaue in ſunder.
Thy cho ſen flocke doth there re maine, thou haſt pre pard that place: And for the poore thou doeſt prouide, of thine e ſpe ciall grace.
For puiſ ſant kynges for all their power, ſhall flee and take the foyle: And women which remaint at home, ſhal help to part the ſpoile.

The lxix. Pſalme.

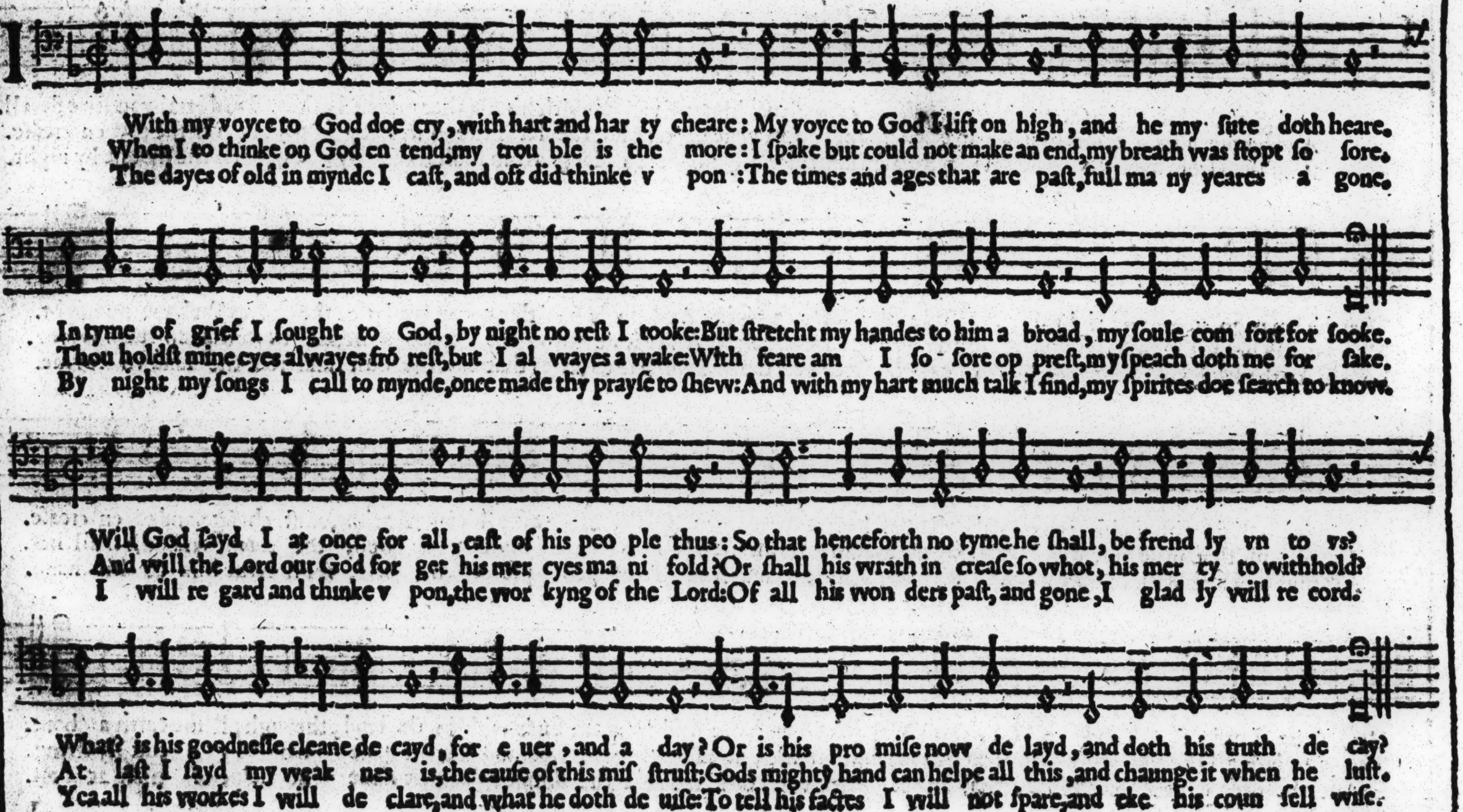

Saue me O God and that with ſpeede, the wa ters flow full faſt: So nye my ſoule doe they pro ceed, that I am ſore a gaſt.
With cry ing oft I faynt and quayle, my throat is horſe and dry: With looking vp my ſight doth fayle, for helpe to God on hye.
Though for no cauſe they vexe me ſore, they proſ per and are glad: They do compell me to re ſtore, the thynges I ne uer had.
I ſticke full deepe in filth and clay, where as I feele no ground: I fall in to ſuch fluds I ſay, that I am lyke be drownd.
My foes that gilt les do op preſſe my ſoule, with hate are led: In number ſure they are no leſſe, then heares are on my head.
What I haue done for wat of wit, thou Lord all tymes canſt tell: And all the faultes that I commit, to thee are known full well.
O God of hoſtes de fend and ſtay, all thoſe that truſt in thee: Let no man doubt or ſhrinke a way, for ought that chaun ceth me.
My mothers ſons, my bre thren all, for ſake me on a row: And as a ſtraunger they me call, my face they will not know.
Though I do faſt my fleſh to chaſt, yea if I weepe and mone: Yet in my teeth this geare is caſt, they paſſe not there u pon.
It is for thee and for thy ſake, that I doe beare this blame: In ſpite of thee they would me make, to hide my face for ſhame.
Vn to thy houſe ſuch zeale I beare, that it doth pine me much: The checkes and tauntes at thee to heare, my ve ry hart doth grutch.
If I for grief and payne of hart, in ſackcloth vſe to walke: Then they a none will it per uert, ther of they ieſt and talke.

Lord

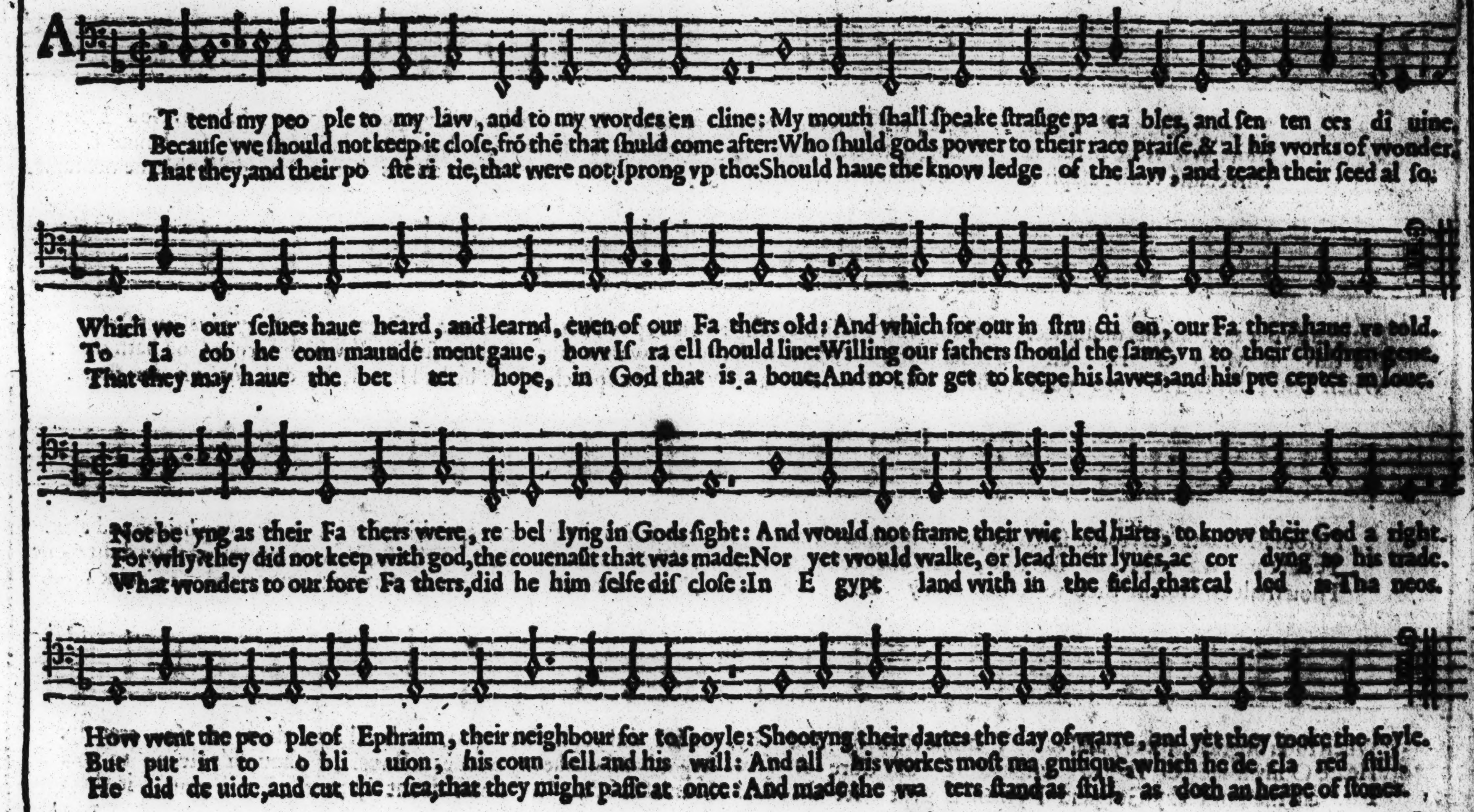
The lxxij. Pſalme.

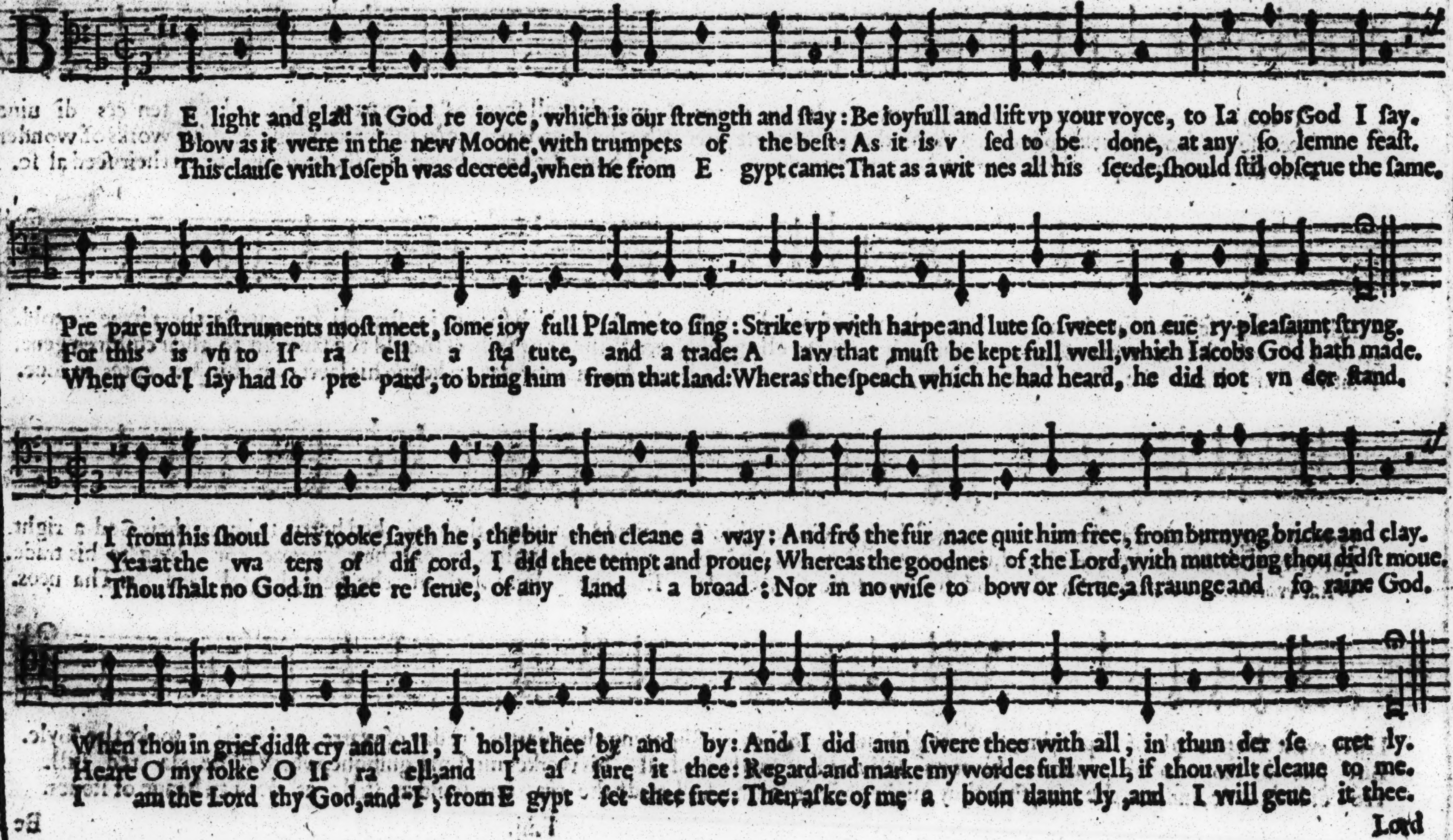

LOrd geue thy iudgementes to the kyng, there in in ſtruct him well: And with his ſon that prince ly thing, Lord let thy iu ſtice dwell.
And let the moun taines that are hye, vn to their folke geue peace: And eke let little hilles ap ply, in ver tue to en creaſe.
And then from age to age ſhall they, re gard and feare thy might: So long as ſun ſhall ſhine by day, or els the moone by night.
That he may go uerne vp right ly, and rule thy folke a right: And ſo de fend through e qui tie, the poore that haue no might.
That he may helpe the weak, and poore with ayde, and make thē ſtrōg: And eke de ſtroy for e uer more, all thoſe that do them wrong.
Lord make the kyng vn to the iuſt, like rayne to the fields new mown: And like to drops that lay the duſt, and freſh the land vn ſowne.
The iuſt ſhall flo riſh in his tyme, and all ſhal be at peace: Vn till the Moone ſhall leaue to prime, waſt, chaunge, and to en creaſe.
The peo ple that in de ſert dwell, ſhall kneele to him full thick: And all his ene mies that re bell, the earth, and duſt ſhall lick.
Al kings ſhal ſeek with one accord, in his good grace to ſtand: And all the peo ple of the world, ſhall ſerue him at his hand.
He ſhal be Lord of ſea and land, from ſhore to ſhore throughout: And from the fluds with in the land, through all the earth a bout.
Their Lords of all the Iles there by, great gifts to him ſhall bryng: The kyngs of Sabe, and Ara bie geue ma ny a coſt ly thyng.
For he the nee dy ſorte doth ſaue, that vn to hym doe call: And eke the ſimple folke that haue no helpe of man at all.

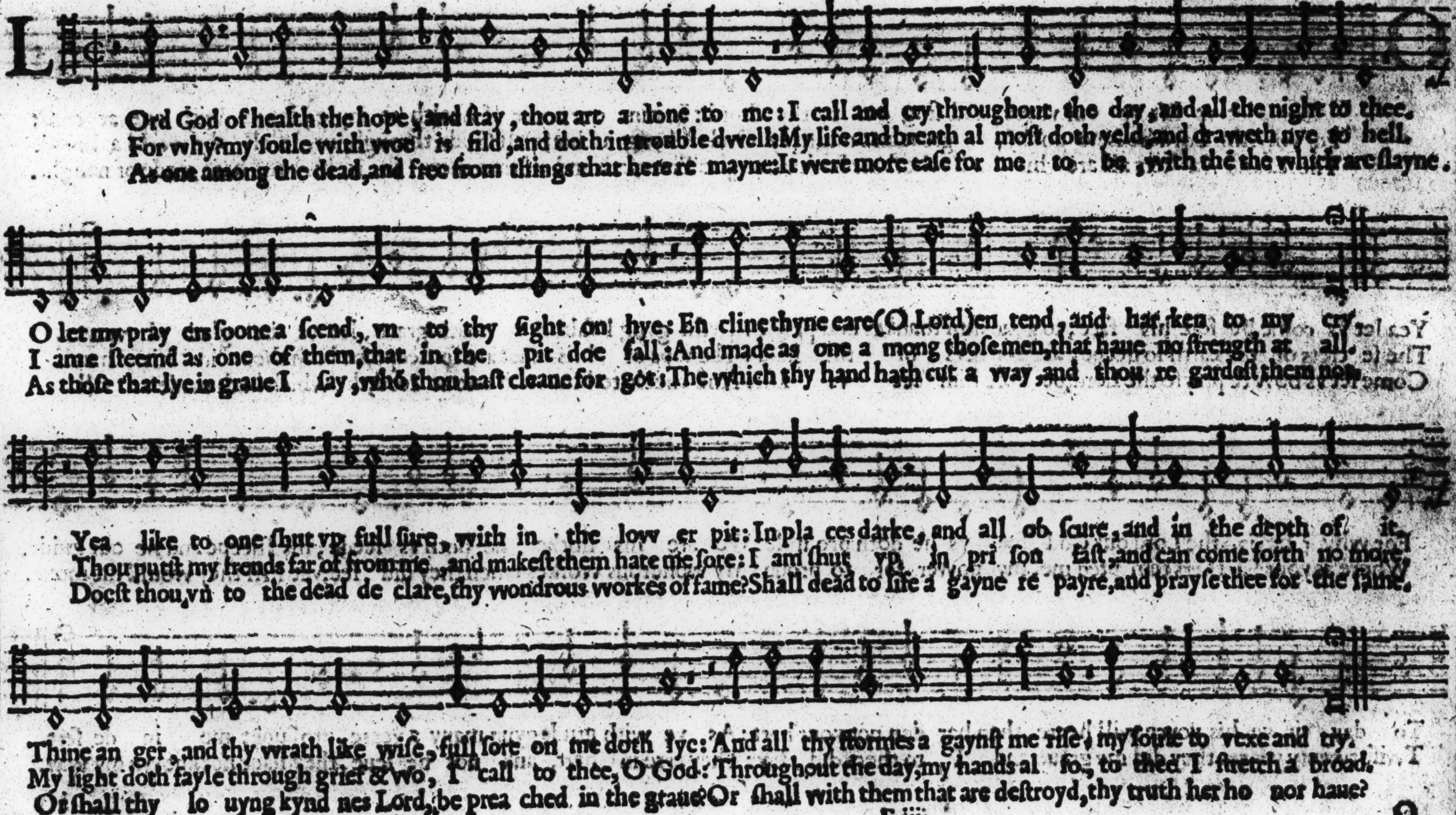
The lxxvij. Pſalme.


I
With my voyce to God doe cry, with hart and har ty cheare: My voyce to God I lift on high, and he my ſute doth heare.
When I to thinke on God en tend, my trou ble is the more: I ſpake but could not make an end, my breath was ſtopt ſo ſore.
The dayes of old in mynde I caſt, and oft did thinke v pon: The times and ages that are paſt, full ma ny yeares a gone.
In tyme of grief I ſought to God, by night no reſt I tooke: But ſtretcht my handes to him a broad, my ſoule com fort for ſooke.
Thou holdſt mine eyes alwayes frō reſt, but I al wayes a wake: With feare am I ſo ſore op preſt, my ſpeach doth me for ſake.
By night my ſongs I call to mynde, once made thy prayſe to ſhew: And with my hart much talk I find, my ſpirites doe ſearch to know.
Will God ſayd I at once for all, caſt of his peo ple thus: So that henceforth no tyme he ſhall, be frend ly vn to vs?
And will the Lord our God for get his mer cyes ma ni fold? Or ſhall his wrath in creaſe ſo whot, his mer cy to withhold?
I will re gard and thinke v pon, the wor kyng of the Lord: Of all his won ders paſt, and gone, I glad ly will re cord.
What? is his goodneſſe cleane de cayd, for e uer, and a day? Or is his pro miſe now de layd, and doth his truth de cay?
At laſt I ſayd my weak nes is, the cauſe of this miſ ſtruſt; Gods mighty hand can helpe all this, and chaunge it when he luſt.
Yea all his workes I will de clare, and what he doth de uiſe: To tell his factes I will not ſpare, and eke his coun ſell wiſe.

Attend


A
T tend my peo ple to my law, and to my wordes en cline: My mouth ſhall ſpeake ſtrāge pa ra bles, and ſen ten ces di uine.
Becauſe we ſhould not keep it cloſe, frō thē that ſhuld come after: Who ſhuld gods power to their race praiſe, & al his works of wonder.
That they, and their po ſte ri tie, that were not ſprong vp tho: Should haue the know ledge of the law, and teach their ſeed al ſo.
Which we our ſelues haue heard, and learnd, euen of our Fa thers old: And which for our in ſtru cti on, our Fa thers haue vs told.
To Ia cob he com maunde ment gaue, how Iſ ra ell ſhould liue: Willing our fathers ſhould the ſame, vn to their children geue.
That they may haue the bet ter hope, in God that is a boue: And not for get to keepe his lawes, and his pre ceptes in loue.
Not be yng as their Fa thers were, re bel lyng in Gods ſight: And would not frame their wic ked harts, to know their God a right.
For why they did not keep with god, the couenaūt that was made: Nor yet would walke, or lead their lyues, ac cor dyng to his trade.
What wonders to our fore Fa thers, did he him ſelfe diſ cloſe: In E gypt land with in the field, that cal led is Tha neos.
How went the peo ple of Ephraim, their neighbour for to ſpoyle: Shootyng their dartes the day of warre, and yet they tooke the foyle.
But put in to o bli uion, his coun ſell and his will: And all his workes moſt ma gnifique, which he de cla red ſtill.
He did de uide, and cut the ſea, that they might paſſe at once: And made the wa ters ſtand as ſtill, as doth an heape of ſtones.


B
E light and glad in God re ioyce, which is our ſtrength and ſtay: Be ioyfull and lift vp your voyce, to Ia cobs God I ſay.
Blow as it were in the new Moone, with trumpets of the beſt: As it is v ſed to be done, at any ſo lemne feaſt.
This clauſe with Ioſeph was decreed, when he from E gypt came: That as a wit nes all his ſeede, ſhould ſtil obſerue the ſame.
Pre pare your inſtruments moſt meet, ſome ioy full Pſalme to ſing: Strike vp with harpe and lute ſo ſweet, on eue ry pleaſaunt ſtryng.
For this is vn to Iſ ra ell a ſta tute, and a trade: A law that muſt be kept full well, which Iacobs God hath made.
When God I ſay had ſo pre pard, to bring him from that land: Wheras the ſpeach which he had heard, he did not vn der ſtand.
I from his ſhoul ders tooke ſayth he, the bur then cleane a way: And frõ the fur nace quit him free, from burnyng bricke and clay.
Yea at the wa ters of diſ cord, I did thee tempt and proue: Whereas the goodnes of the Lord, with muttering thou didſt moue.
Thou ſhalt no God in thee re ſerue, of any land a broad: Nor in no wiſe to bow or ſerue, a ſtraunge and fo raine God.
When thou in grief didſt cry and call, I holpe thee by and by: And I did aun ſwere thee with all, in thun der ſe cret ly.
Heare O my folke O Iſ ra ell, and I aſ ſure it thee: Regard and marke my wordes full well, if thou wilt cleaue to me.
I am the Lord thy God, and I, from E gypt ſet thee free: Then aſke of me a boun daunt ly, and I will geue it thee.



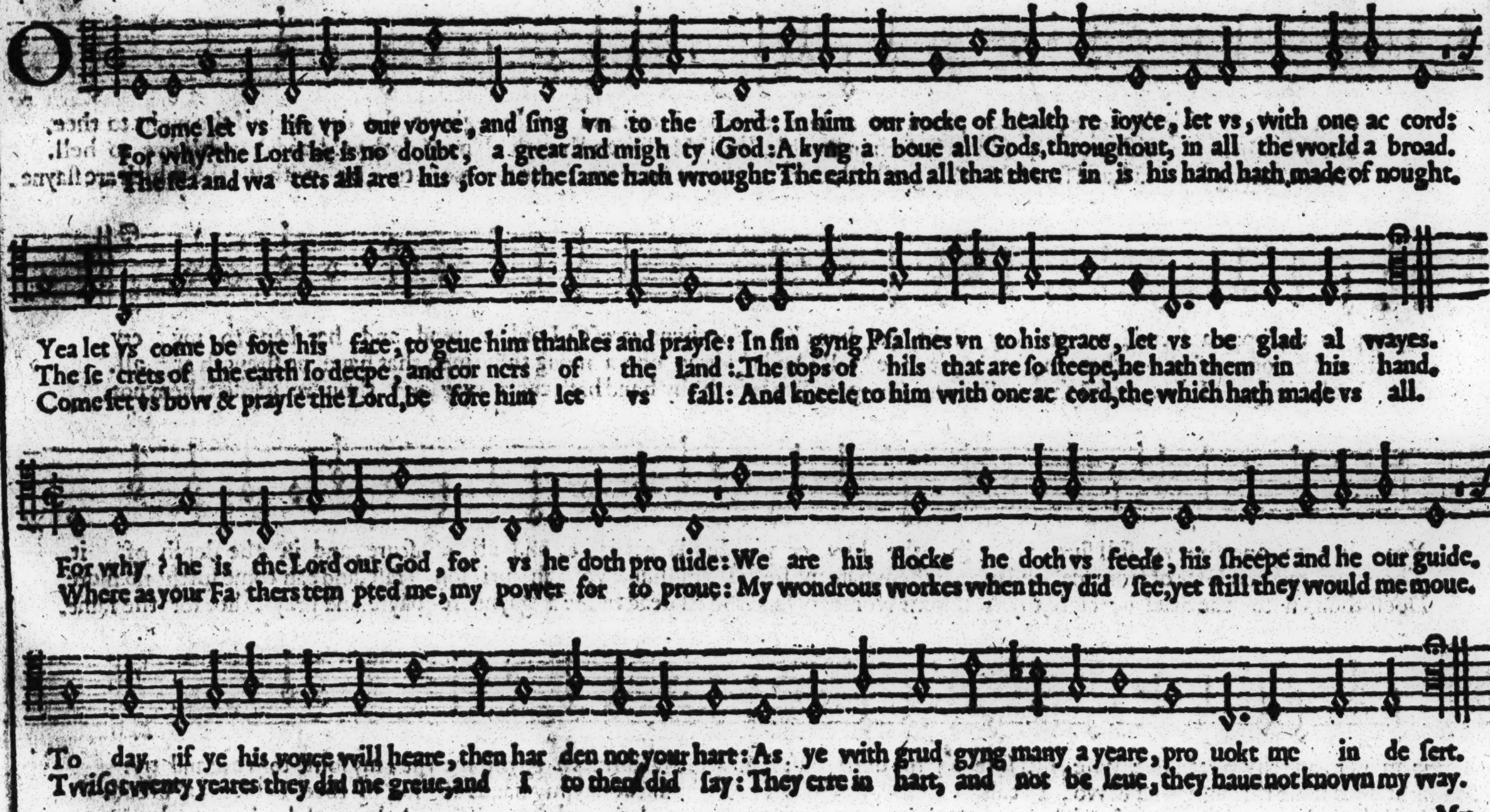
LOrd God of health the hope, and ſtay, thou art alone to me: I call and cry throughout the day, and all the night to thee.
For why? my ſoule with woe is fild, and doth in trouble dwell: My life and breath almoſt doth yeld, and draweth nye to hell.
As one among the dead, and free from things that here remayne: It were more eaſe for me to be, with thē the which are ſlayne.

O let my prayers ſoone aſcend, vnto thy ſight on hye: Encline thyne eare (O Lord) entend, and harken to my cry.
I ame eſteemd as one of them, that in the pit doe fall: And made as one among thoſe men, that haue no ſtrength at all.
As thoſe that lye in graue I ſay, whō thou haſt cleane forgot: The which thy hand hath cut away, and thou regardeſt them not.

Yea like to one ſhut vp full ſure, within the lower pit: In places darke, and all obſcure, and in the depth of it.
Thou putſt my frends far of from me, and makeſt them hate me ſore: I am ſhut vp in priſon faſt, and can come forth no more.
Doeſt thou, vnto the dead declare, thy wondrous workes of fame? Shall dead to life agayne repayre, and prayſe thee for the ſame.

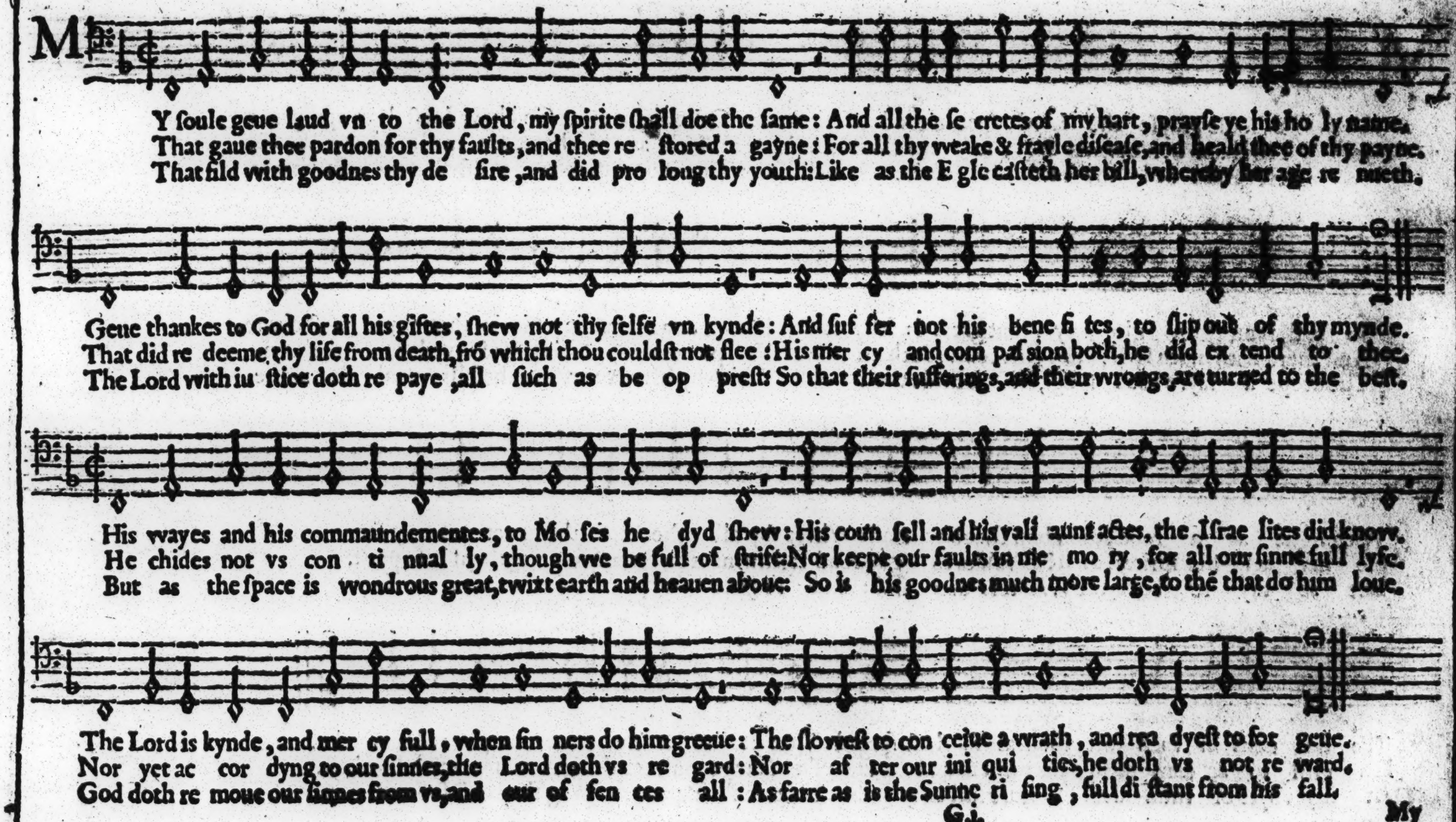
Thine anger, and thy wrath likewiſe, full ſore on me doth lye: And all thy ſtormes agaynſt me riſe, my ſoule to vexe and try.
My light doth fayle through grief & wo, I call to thee, O God: Throughout the day, my hands alſo, to thee I ſtretch abroad.
Or ſhall thy louyng kyndnes Lord, be preached in the graue? Or ſhall with them that are deſtroyd, thy truth her honor haue?

The xcv. Pſalme.

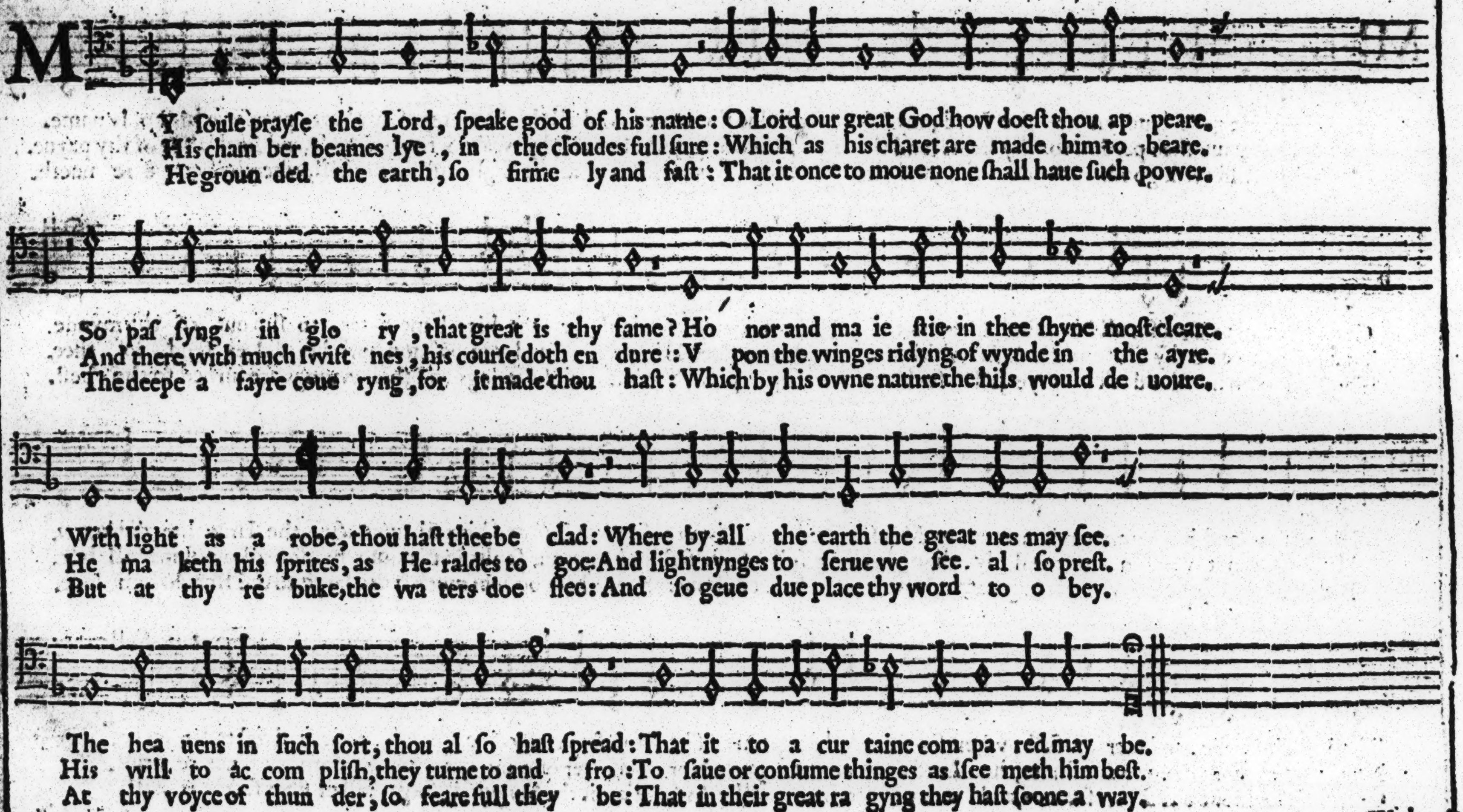

O Come let vs lift vp our voyce, and ſing vn to the Lord: In him our rocke of health re ioyce, let vs, with one ac cord:
For why the Lord he is no doubt, a great and migh ty God: A kyng a boue all Gods, throughout, in all the world a broad.
The ſea and wa ters all are his, for he the ſame hath wrought: The earth and all that there in is his hand hath made of nought.
Yea let vs come be fore his face, to geue him thankes and prayſe: In ſin gyng Pſalmes vn to his grace, let vs be glad al wayes.
The ſe crets of the earth ſo deepe, and cor ners of the land: The tops of hils that are ſo ſteepe, he hath them in his hand.
Come let vs bow & prayſe the Lord, be fore him let vs fall: And kneele to him with one ac cord, the which hath made vs all.
For why? he is the Lord our God, for vs he doth pro uide: We are his flocke he doth vs feede, his ſheepe and he our guide.
Where as your Fa thers tem pted me, my power for to proue: My wondrous workes when they did ſee, yet ſtill they would me moue.
To day if ye his voyce will heare, then har den not your hart: As ye with grud gyng many a yeare, pro uokt me in de ſert.
Twiſe twenty yeares they did me greue, and I to them did ſay: They erre in hart, and not be leue, they haue not known my way.

My

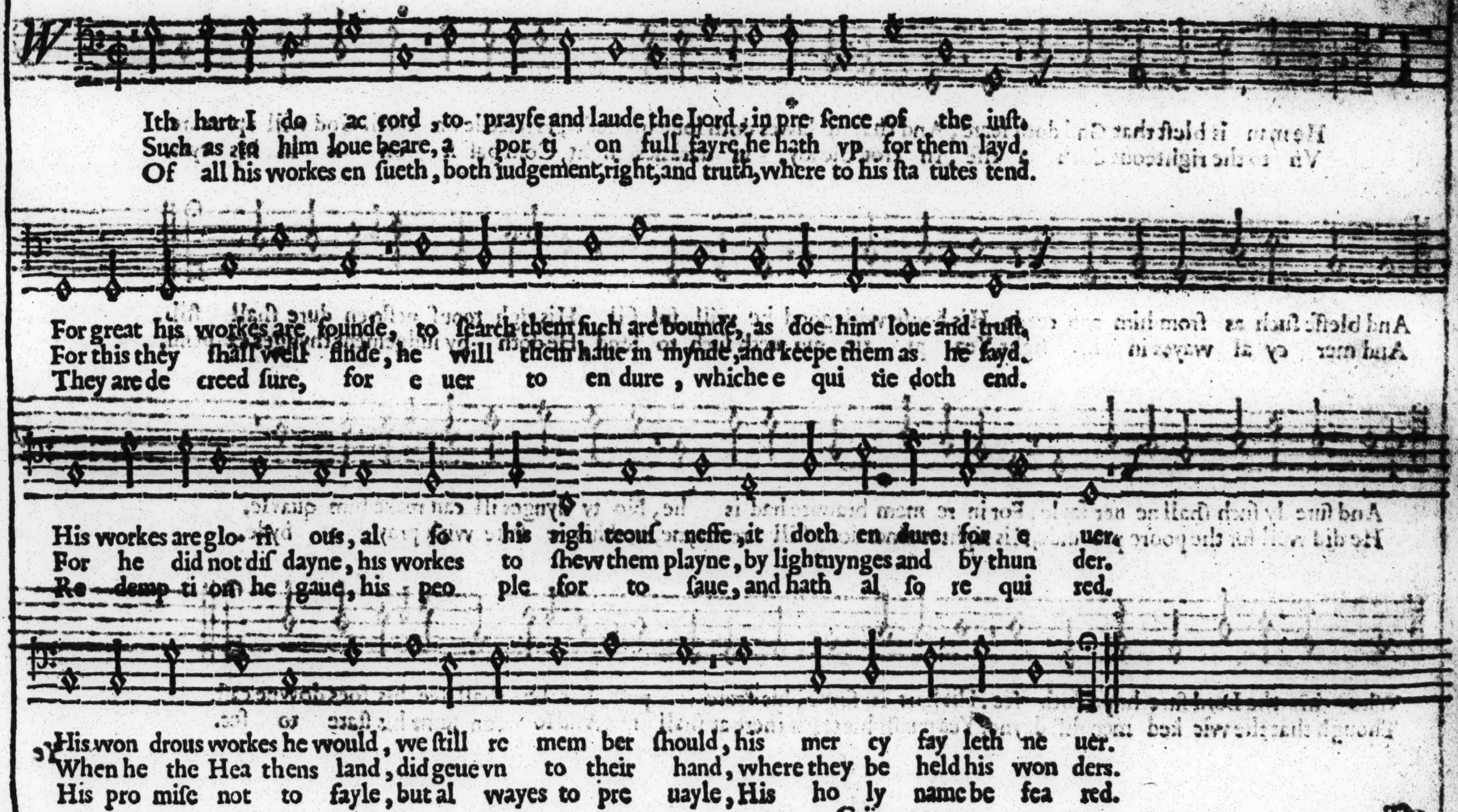
The Ciij. Pſalme.


M
Y ſoule geue laud vn to the Lord, my ſpirite ſhall doe the ſame: And all the ſe cretes of my hart, prayſe ye his ho ly name.
That gaue thee pardon for thy faults, and thee re ſtored a gayne: For all thy weake & frayle diſeaſe, and heald thee of thy payne.
That fild with goodnes thy de ſire, and did pro long thy youth: Like as the E gle caſteth her bill, whereby her age re neweth.
Geue thankes to God for all his giftes, ſhew not thy ſelfe vn kynde: And ſuf fer not his bene fi tes, to ſlip out of thy mynde.
That did re deeme thy life from death, fro which thou couldſt not flee: His mer cy and com paſ sion both, he did ex tend to thee.
The Lord with iu ſtice doth re paye, all ſuch as be op preſt: So that their ſufferings, and their wrongs, are turned to the beſt.
His wayes and his commaundementes, to Mo ſes he dyd ſhew: His coun ſell and his vali aunt actes, the Iſrae lites did know.
He chides not vs con ti nual ly, though we be full of ſtrife: Nor keepe our faults in me mo ry, for all our ſinne full lyfe.
But as the ſpace is wondrous great, twixt earth and heauen aboue: So is his goodnes much more large, to thē that do him loue.
The Lord is kynde, and mer cy full, when ſin ners do him greeue: The ſloweſt to con ceiue a wrath, and rea dyeſt to for geue.
Nor yet ac cor dyng to our ſinnes, the Lord doth vs re gard: Nor af ter our ini qui ties, he doth vs not re ward.
God doth re moue our ſinnes from vs, and our of fen ces all: As farre as is the Sunne ri ſing, full di ſtant from his fall.

The Ciiij. Pſalme.

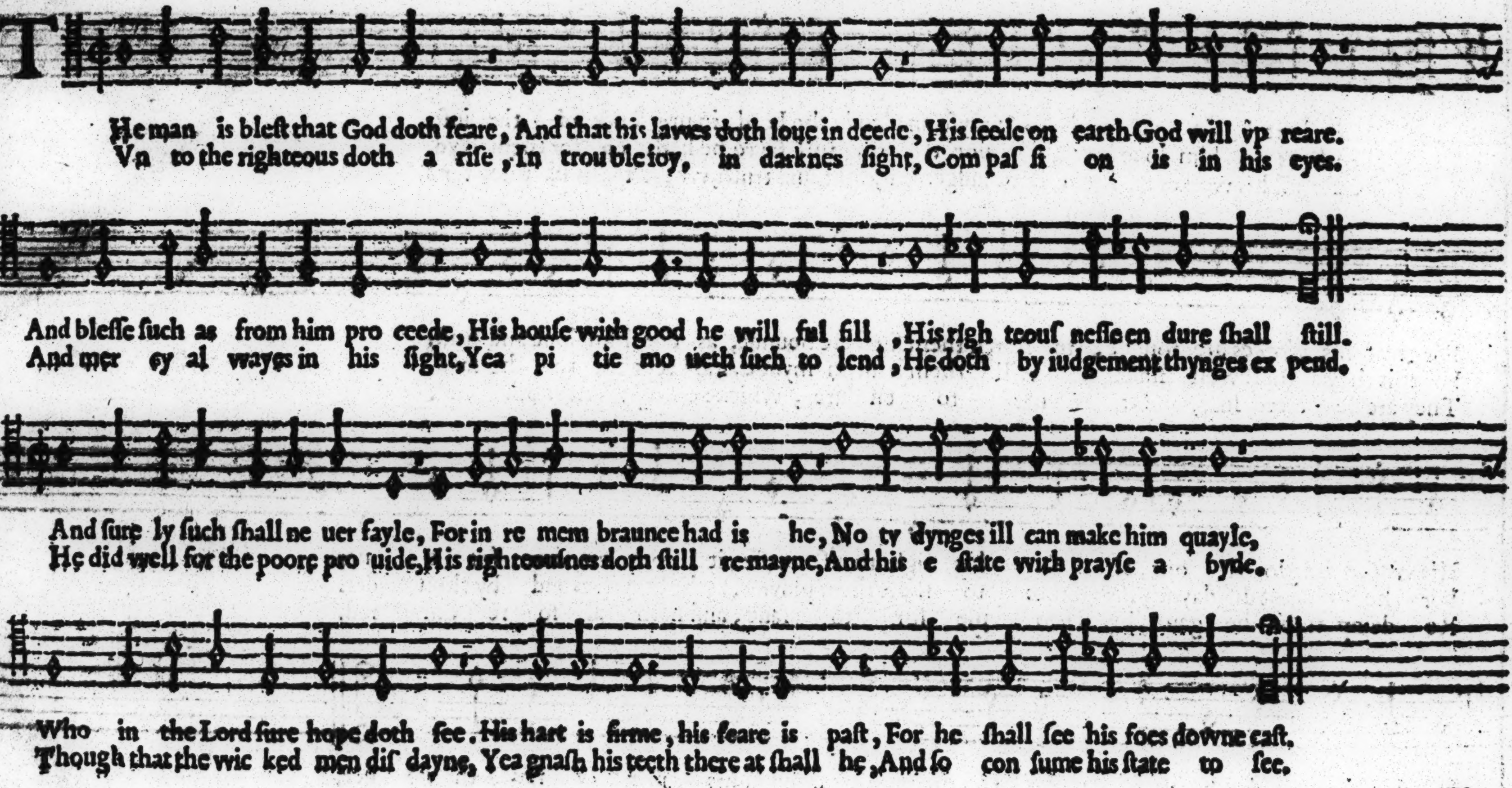

MY ſoule prayſe the Lord, ſpeake good of his name: O Lord our great God how doeſt thou ap peare.
His cham ber beames lye, in the cloudes full ſure: Which as his charet are made him to beare.
He groun ded the earth, ſo firme ly and faſt: That it once to moue none ſhall haue ſuch power.
So paſ ſyng in glo ry, that great is thy fame? Ho nor and ma ie ſtie in thee ſhyne moſt cleare.
And there with much ſwift nes, his courſe doth en dure: V pon the winges ridyng of wynde in the ayre.
The deepe a fayre coue ryng, for it made thou haſt: Which by his owne nature the hils would de uoure.
With light as a robe, thou haſt thee be clad: Where by all the earth the great nes may ſee.
He ma keth his ſprites, as He raldes to goe: And lightnynges to ſerue we ſee. al ſo preſt.
But at thy re buke, the wa ters doe flee: And ſo geue due place thy word to o bey.
The hea uens in ſuch ſort, thou al ſo haſt ſpread: That it to a cur taine com pa red may be.
His will to ac com pliſh, they turne to and fro: To ſaue or conſume thinges as ſee meth him beſt.
At thy voyce of thun der, ſo feare full they be: That in their great ra gyng they haſt ſoone a way.

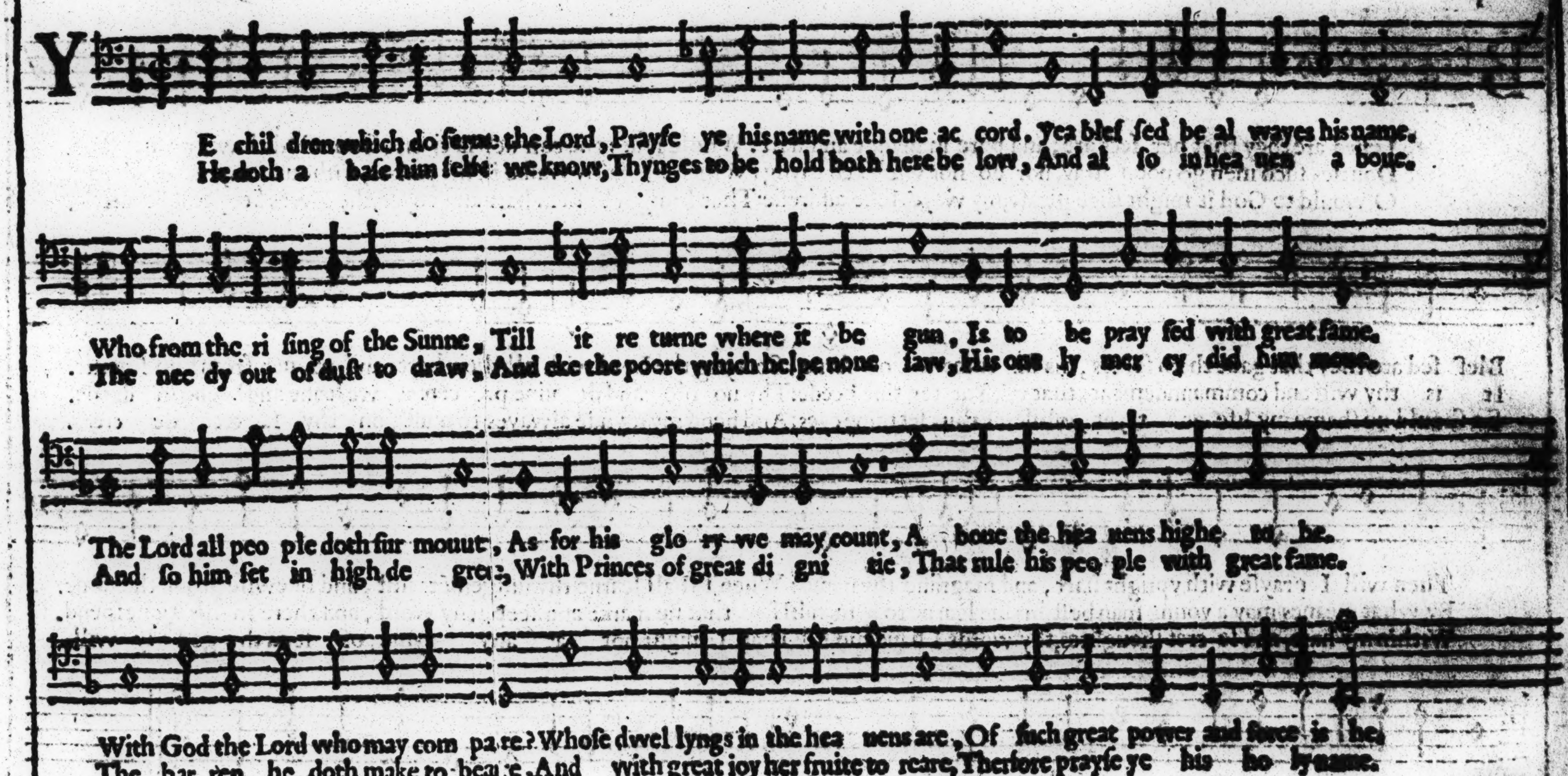
The Cxi. Psalme.

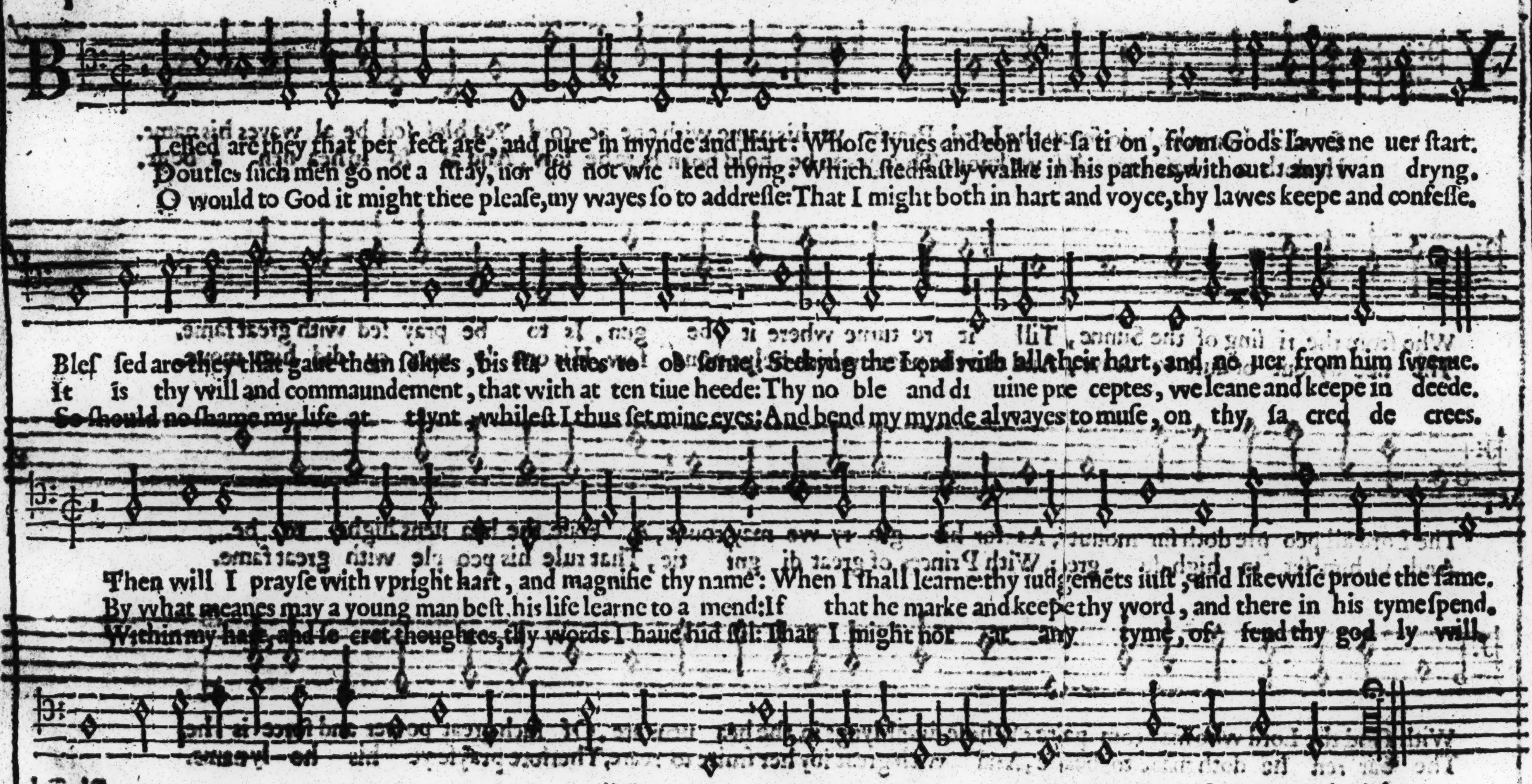

With hart I do accord, to prayse and laude the Lord, in presence of the iust.
Such as in him loue beare, a portion full fayre, he hath vp for them layd.
Of all his workes ensueth, both iudgement, right, and truth, where to his statutes tend.
For great his workes are founde, to search them such are bounde, as doe him loue and trust,
For this they shall well finde, he will them haue in mynde, and keepe them as he sayd.
They are decreed sure, for euer to endure, which equitie doth end.
His workes are glorious, also his righteousnesse, it doth endure for euer.
For he did not disdayne, his workes to shew them playne, by lightnynges and by thunder.
Redemption he gaue, his people for to saue, and hath also required.
His wondrous workes he would, we still remember should, his mercy fayleth neuer.
When he the Heathens land, did geue vn to their hand, where they beheld his wonders.
His promise not to fayle, but alwayes to preuayle, His holy name be feared.

The Cxij. Pſalme.

Baſſus.


T
He man is bleſt that God doth feare, And that his lawes doth loue in deede, His ſeede on earth God will vp reare.
Vn to the righteous doth a riſe, In trouble ioy, in darknes ſight, Com paſ ſi on is in his eyes.
And bleſſe ſuch as from him pro ceede, His houſe with good he will ful fill, His righ teouſ neſſe en dure ſhall ſtill.
And mer cy al wayes in his ſight, Yea pi tie mo ueth ſuch to lend, He doth by iudgement thynges ex pend.
And ſure ly ſuch ſhall ne uer fayle, For in re mem braunce had is he, No ty dynges ill can make him quayle,
He did well for the poore pro uide, His righteouſnes doth ſtill re mayne, And his e ſtate with prayſe a byde.
Who in the Lord ſure hope doth ſee. His hart is firme, his feare is paſt, For he ſhall ſee his foes downe caſt.
Though that the wic ked men diſ dayne, Yea gnaſh his teeth there at ſhall he, And ſo con ſume his ſtate to ſee.


YE chil dren which do ſerue the Lord, Prayſe ye his name with one ac cord, Yea bleſ ſed be al wayes his name.
He doth a baſe him ſelfe we know, Thynges to be hold both here be low, And al ſo in hea uen a boue.
Who from the ri ſing of the Sunne, Till it re turne where it be gun, Is to be pray ſed with great fame.
The nee dy out of duſt to draw, And eke the poore which helpe none ſaw, His one ly mer cy did him moue.
The Lord all peo ple doth ſur mount, As for his glo ry we may count, A boue the hea uens highe to be.
And ſo him ſet in high de gree, With Princes of great di gni tie, That rule his peo ple with great fame.
With God the Lord who may com pare? Whoſe dwel lyngs in the hea uens are, Of ſuch great power and force is he.
The bar ren he doth make to beare, And with great ioy her fruite to reare, Therfore prayſe ye his ho ly name.



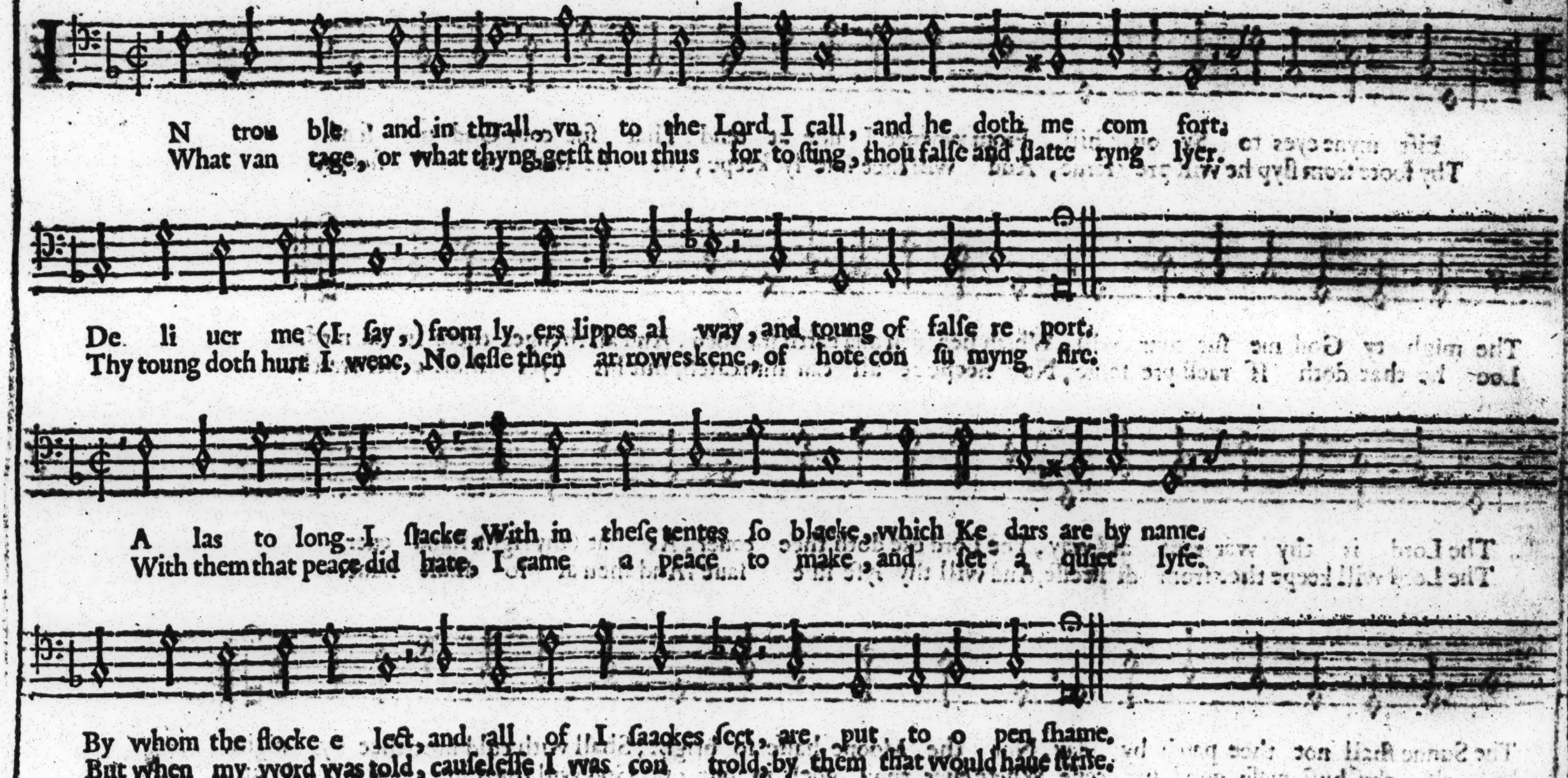
BLeſſed are they that per fect are, and pure in mynde and hart: Whoſe lyues and con uer ſa ti on, from Gods lawes ne uer ſtart.
Doutles ſuch men go not a ſtray, nor do not wic ked thyng: Which ſtedfaſtly walke in his pathes, without any wan dryng.
O would to God it might thee pleaſe, my wayes ſo to addreſſe: That I might both in hart and voyce, thy lawes keepe and confeſſe.

Bleſ ſed are they that gaue them ſelues, his ſta tutes to ob ſerue: Seekyng the Lord with all their hart, and ne uer from him ſwerue.
It is thy will and commaundement, that with at ten tiue heede: Thy no ble and di uine pre ceptes, we leane and keepe in deede.
So ſhould no ſhame my life at taynt, whileſt I thus ſet mine eyes: And bend my mynde alwayes to muſe, on thy ſa cred de crees.

Then will I prayſe with vpright hart, and magnifie thy name: When I ſhall learne thy iudgemēts iuſt, and likewiſe proue the ſame.
By what meanes may a young man beſt, his life learne to a mend: If that he marke and keepe thy word, and there in his tyme ſpend.
Within my hart, and ſe cret thoughtes, thy words I haue hid ſtill: That I might not at any tyme, of fend thy god ly will.

And wholly will I geue my ſelfe, to keepe thy lawes moſt right: Forſake me not for e uer Lord, but ſhew thy grace and might.
Vn fayned ly I haue thee ſought, and thus ſee kyng a byde: Oh ne uer ſuf fer me, O Lord, from thy pre ceptes to ſlyde.
We ma gni ſie thy name, O Lord, and prayſe thee e uer more: Thy ſtatutes of moſt worthy fame, (O Lord) teach me ther fore.

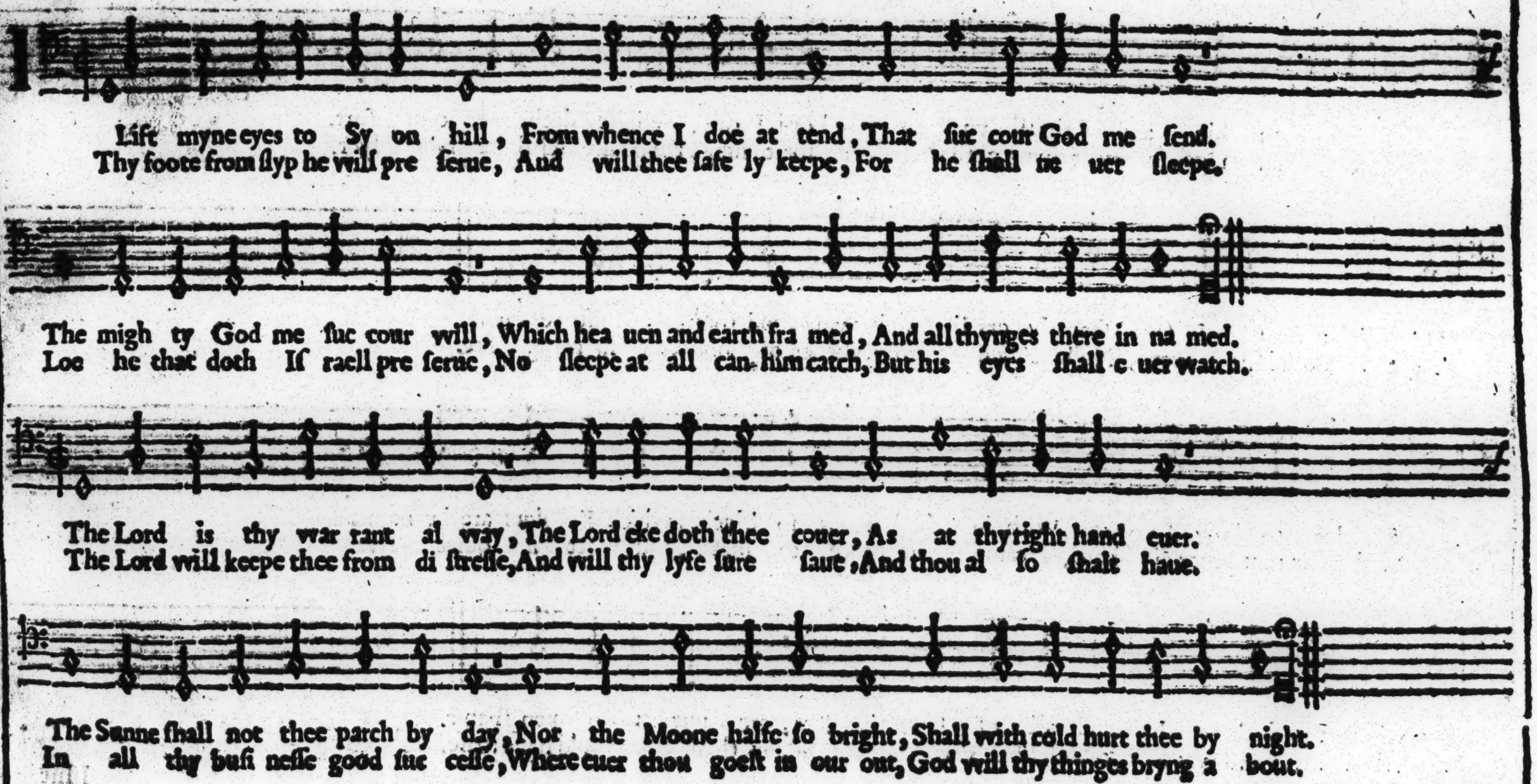
In

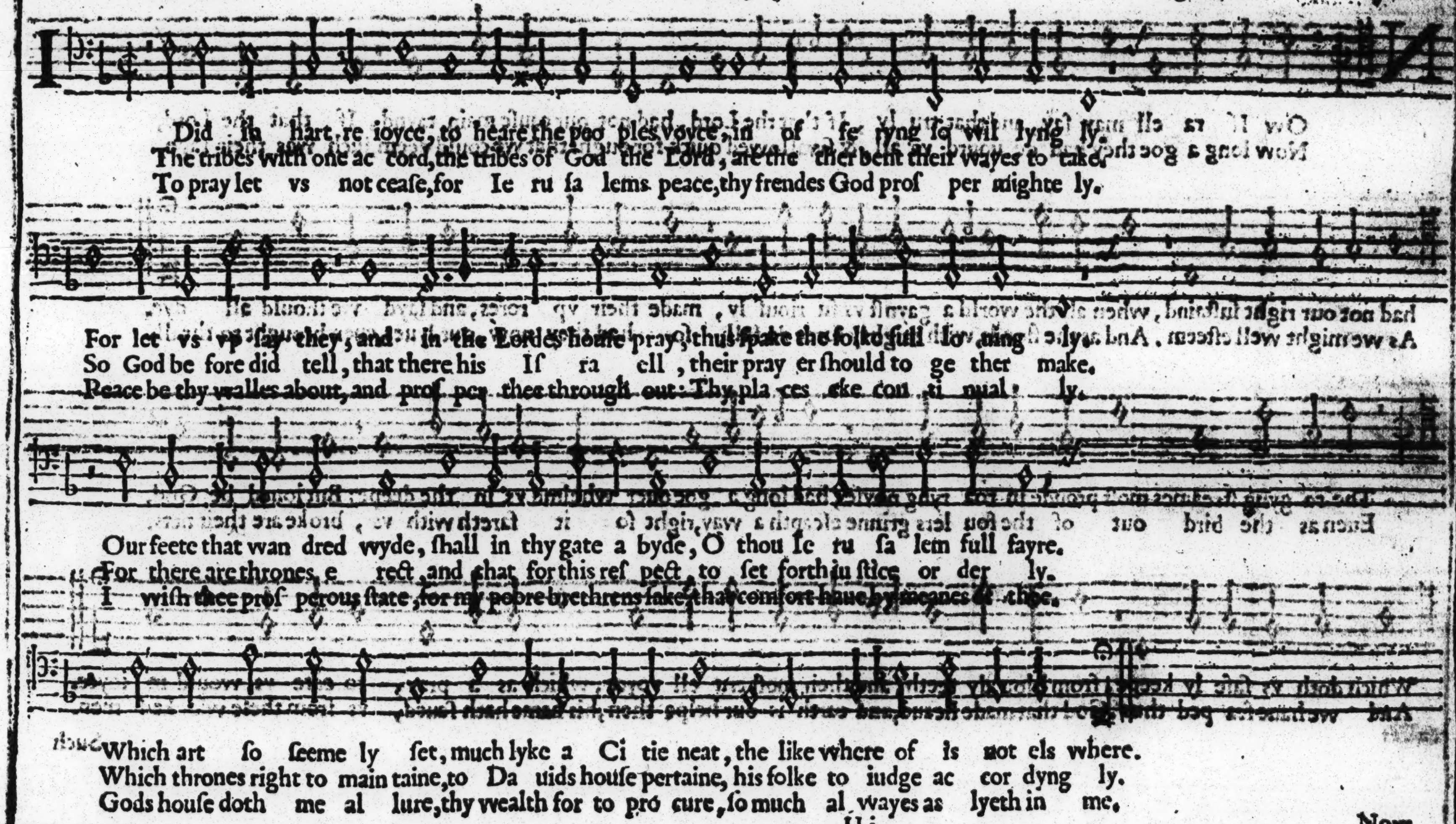

I
N trou ble and in thrall, vn to the Lord I call, and he doth me com fort.
What van tage, or what thyng getſt thou thus for to ſting, thou falſe and flatte ryng lyer.
De li uer me (I ſay,) from ly ers lippes al way, and toung of falſe re port.
Thy toung doth hurt I wene, No leſſe then ar rowes kene, of hote con ſu myng fire.
A las to long I ſlacke With in theſe tentes ſo blacke, which Ke dars are by name.
With them that peace did hate, I came a peace to make, and ſet a quiet lyfe.
By whom the flocke e lect, and all of I ſaackes ſect, are put to o pen ſhame.
But when my word was told, cauſeleſſe I was con trold, by them that would haue ſtrife.

G.D.

The Cxxi. Pſalme.

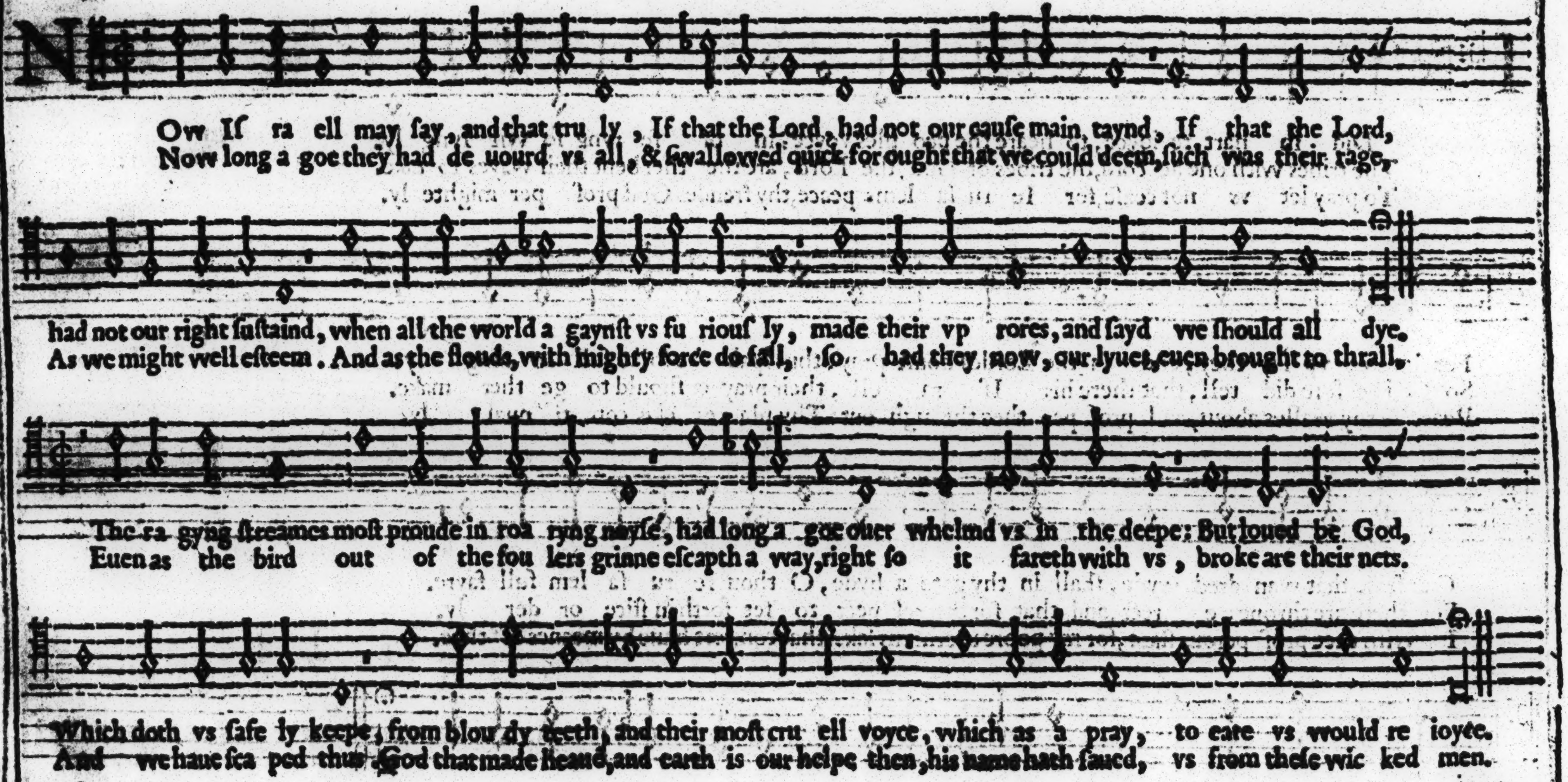
Baſſus.


Lift myne eyes to Sy on hill, From whence I doe at tend, That ſuc cour God me ſend.
Thy foote from ſlyp he will pre ſerue, And will thee ſafe ly keepe, For he ſhall ne uer ſleepe.
The migh ty God me ſuc cour will, Which hea uen and earth fra med, And all thynges there in na med.
Loe he that doth Iſ raell pre ſerue, No ſleepe at all can him catch, But his eyes ſhall e uer watch.
The Lord is thy war rant al way, The Lord eke doth thee couer, As at thy right hand euer.
The Lord will keepe thee from di ſtreſſe, And will thy lyfe ſure ſaue, And thou al ſo ſhalt haue.
The Sunne ſhall not thee parch by day, Nor the Moone halfe ſo bright, Shall with cold hurt thee by night.
In all thy buſi neſſe good ſuc ceſſe, Where euer thou goeſt in our out, God will thy thinges bryng a bout.


I
Did in hart re ioyce, to heare the peo ples voyce, in of fe ryng ſo wil lyng ly.
The tribes with one ac cord, the tribes of God the Lord, are the ther bent their wayes to take.
To pray let vs not ceaſe, for Ie ru ſa lems peace, thy frendes God proſ per mighte ly.
For let vs vp ſay they, and in the Lordes houſe pray, thus ſpake the folke full lo uing ly.
So God be fore did tell, that there his Iſ ra ell, their pray er ſhould to ge ther make.
Peace be thy walles about, and proſ per thee through out: Thy pla ces eke con ti nual ly.
Our feete that wan dred wyde, ſhall in thy gate a byde, O thou Ie ru ſa lem full fayre.
For there are thrones e rect, and that for this reſ pect, to ſet forth iu ſtice or der ly.
I wiſh thee proſ perous ſtate, for my poore brethrens ſake, that comfort haue by meanes of thee.
Which art ſo ſeeme ly ſet, much lyke a Ci tie neat, the like where of is not els where.
Which thrones right to main taine, to Da uids houſe pertaine, his folke to iudge ac cor dyng ly.
Gods houſe doth me al lure, thy wealth for to pro cure, ſo much al wayes as lyeth in me.

The Cxxiiij. Pſalme.

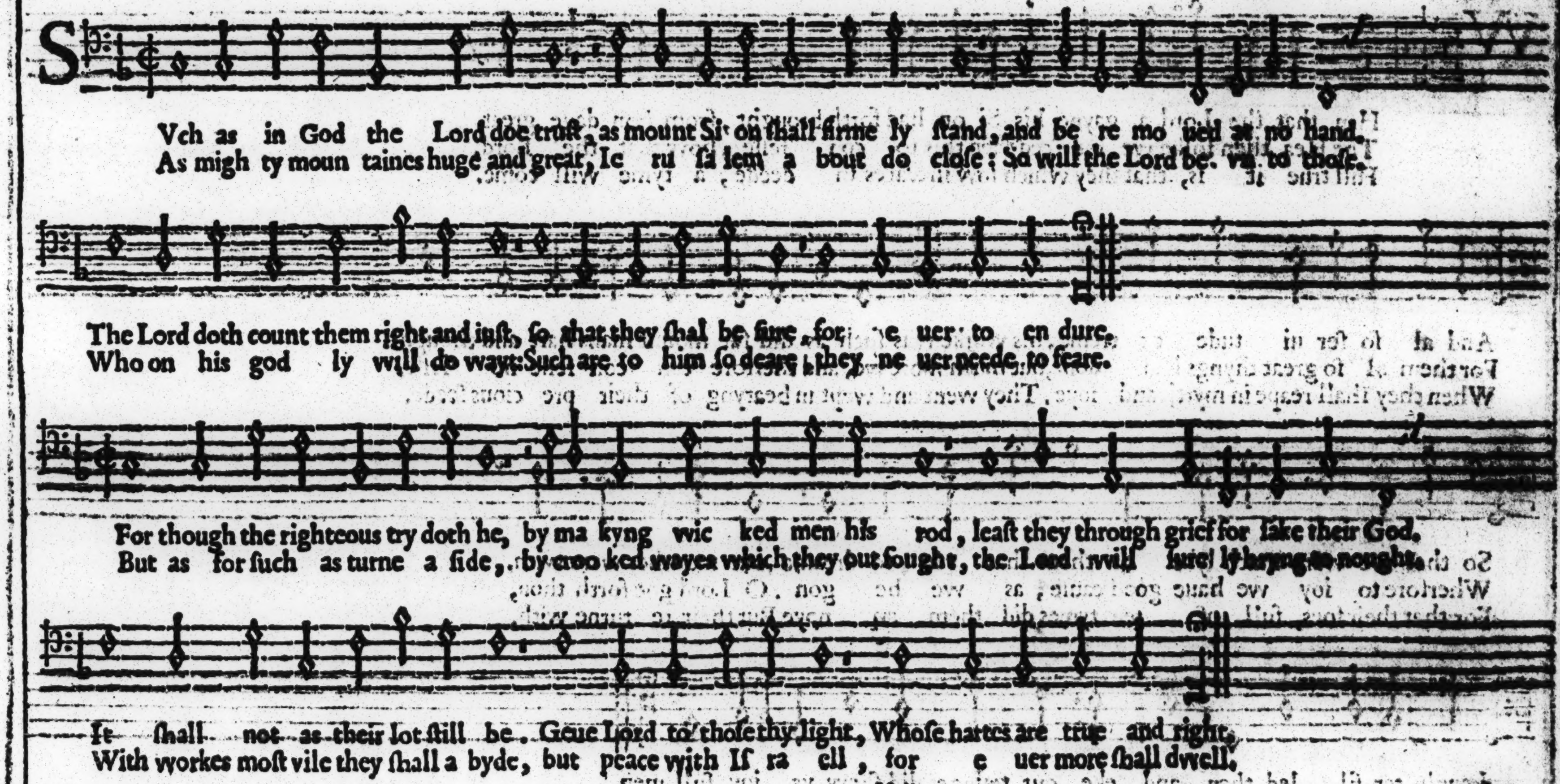
Baſſus.


N
Ow Iſ ra ell may ſay, and that tru ly, If that the Lord, had not our cauſe main taynd, If that the Lord,
Now long a goe they had de uourd vs all, & ſwallowed quick for ought that we could deem, ſuch was their rage,
had not our right ſuſtaind, when all the world a gaynſt vs fu riouſ ly, made their vp rores, and ſayd we ſhould all dye.
As we might well eſteem. And as the floude, with mighty force do fall, ſo had they now, our lyues, euen brought to thrall.
The ra gyng ſtreames moſt proude in roa ryng noyſe, had long a goe ouer whelmd vs in the deepe: But loued be God,
Euen as the bird out of the fou lers griane eſcapth a way, right ſo it fareth with vs, broke are their nets.
Which doth vs ſafe ly keepe, from blou dy teeth, and their moſt cru ell voyce, which as a pray, to eate vs would re ioyce.
And we haue ſca ped thus. God that made heauē, and earth is our helpe then, his name hath ſaued, vs from theſe wic ked men.

Such

G.D.

The Cxxv. Pſalme.


SVch as in God the Lord doe truſt, as mount Si on ſhall firme ly ſtand, and be re mo ued at no hand.
As migh ty moun taines huge and great, Ie ru ſa lem a bout do cloſe: So will the Lord be. vn to thoſe.
The Lord doth count them right and iuſt, ſo that they ſhal be ſure, for e uer to en dure.
Who on his god ly will do wayt: Such are ſo him ſo deare, they ne uer neede to feare.
For though the righteous try doth he, by ma kyng wic ked men his rod, leaſt they through grief for ſake their God.
But as for ſuch as turne a ſide, by croo ked wayes which they out ſought, the Lord will ſure ly bryng to nought.
It ſhall not as their lot ſtill be. Geue Lord to thoſe thy light, Whoſe hartes are true and right.
With workes moſt vile they ſhall a byde, but peace with Iſ ra ell, for e uer more ſhall dwell.

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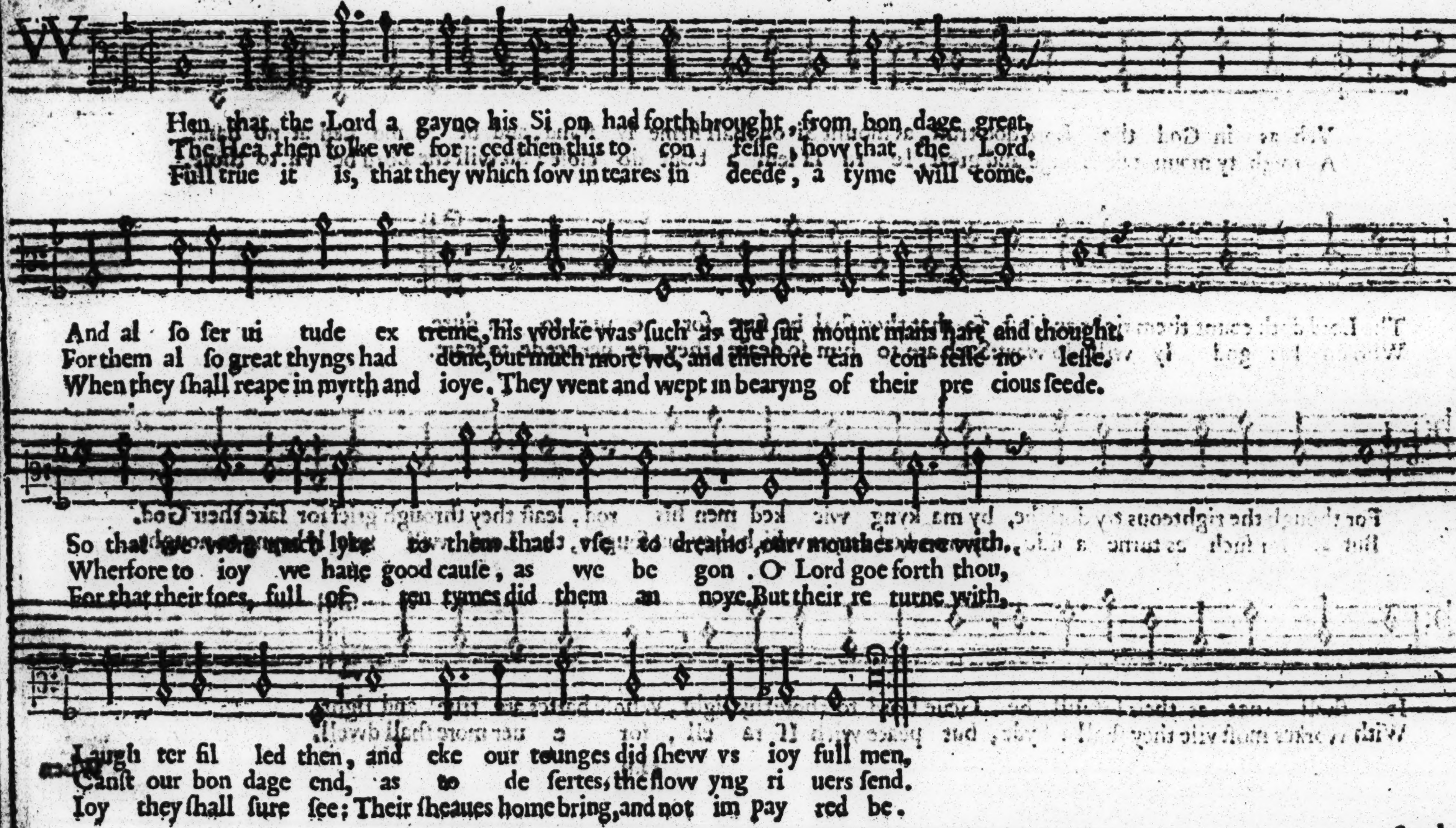
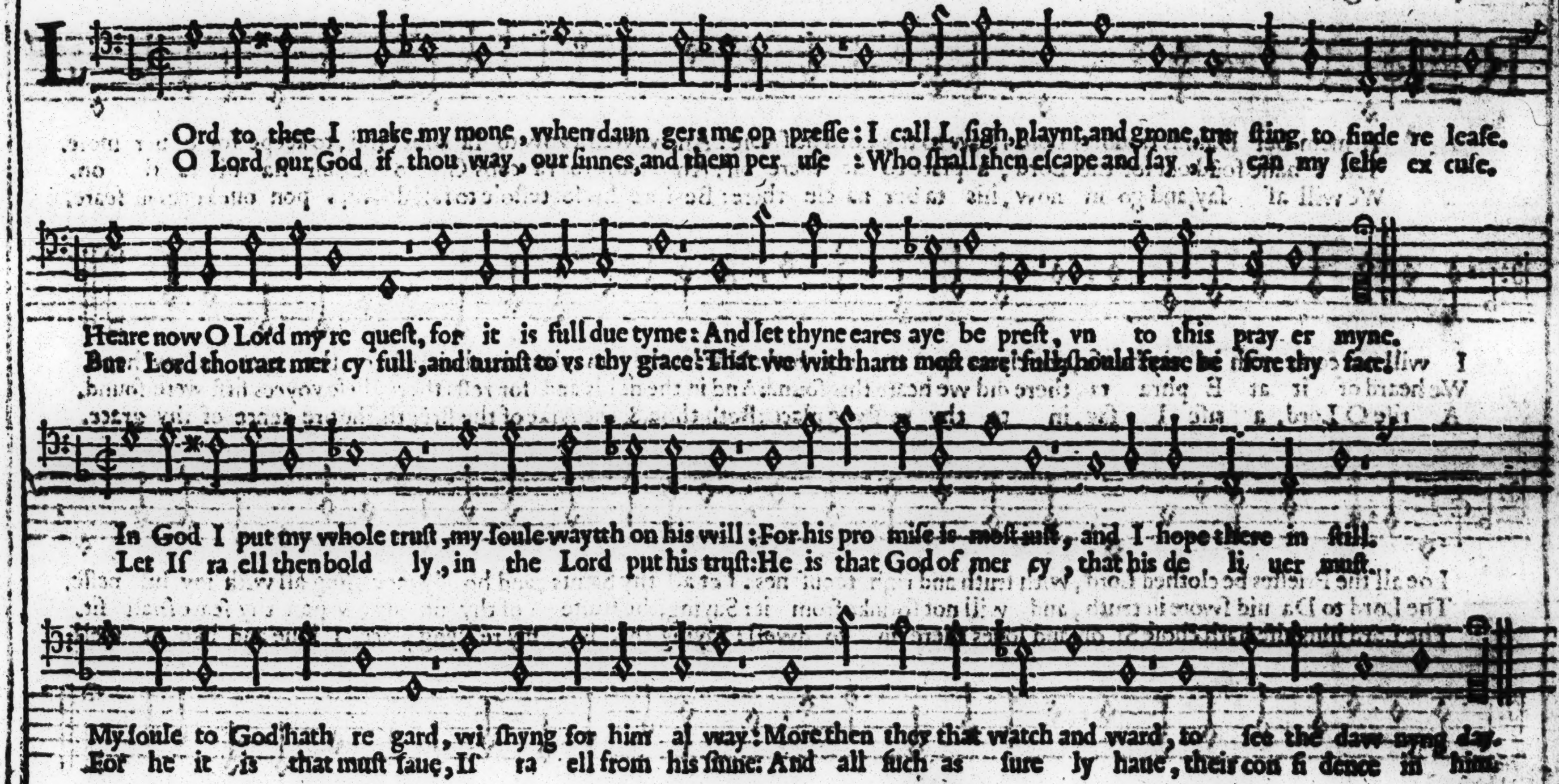
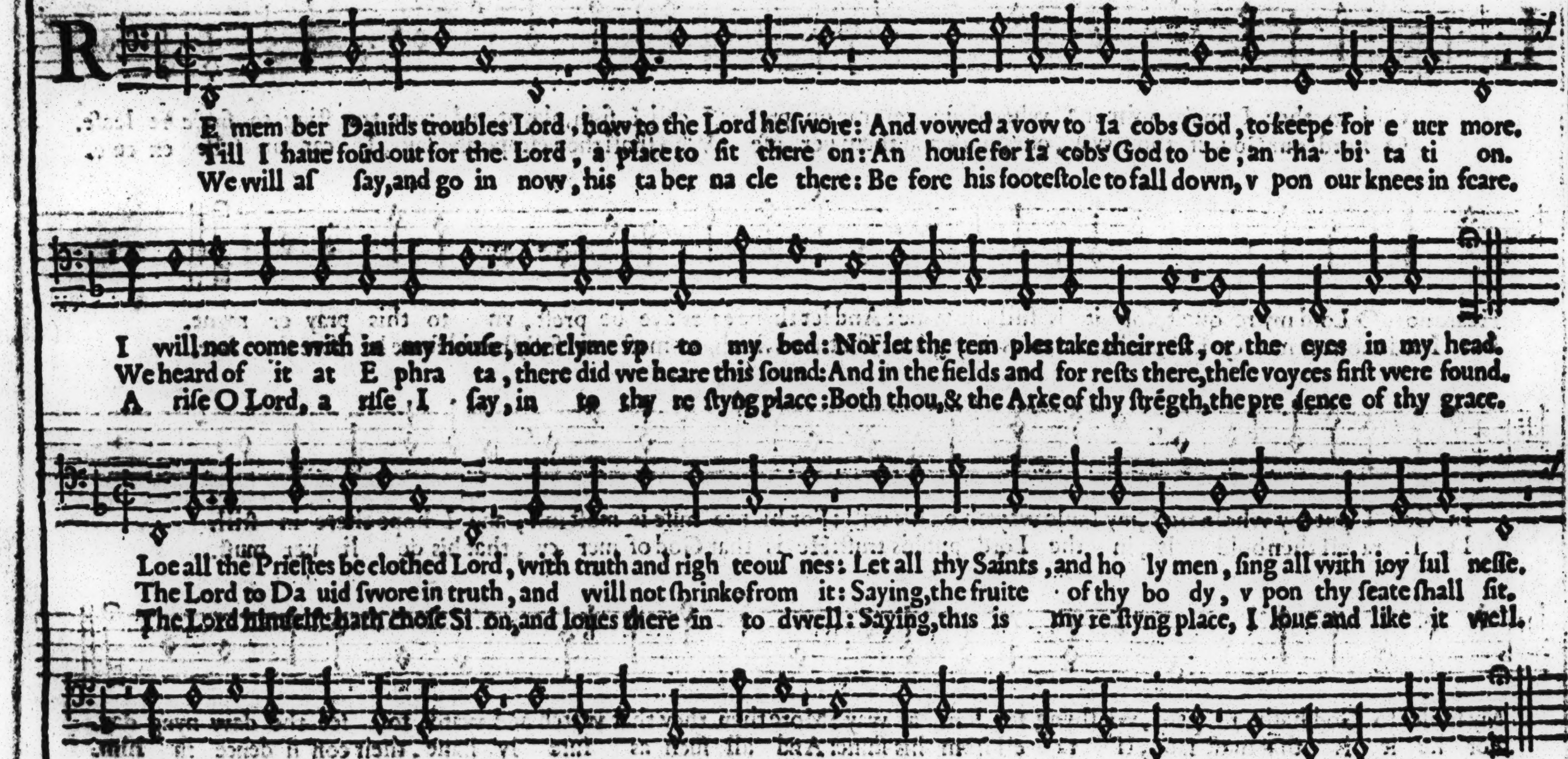

WHen that the Lord a gayne his Si on had forth brought, from bon dage great,
The Hea then folke we for ced then this to con feſſe, how that the Lord,
Full true it is, that they which ſow in teares in deede, a tyme will come.
And al ſo ſer ui tude ex treme, his worke was ſuch as did ſur mount mans hart and thought.
For them al ſo great thyngs had done, but much more we, and therfore can con feſſe no leſſe.
When they ſhall reape in myrth and ioye. They went and wept in bearyng of their pre cious ſeede.
So that we were much lyke to them that vſe to dreame, our mouthes were with,
Wherfore to ioy we haue good cauſe, as we be gon. O Lord goe forth thou,
For that their foes, full of ten tymes did them an noye, But their re turne with,
Laugh ter fil led then, and eke our toungs did ſhew vs ioy full men,
Canſt our bon dage end, as to de ſertes, the flow yng ri uers ſend.
Ioy they ſhall ſure ſee; Their ſheaues home bring, and not im pay red be.

Lord


L
Ord to thee I make my mone, when daun gers me op preſſe: I call, I, ſigh, playnt, and grone, tru ſting to finde re leaſe.
O Lord, our God if thou way, our ſinnes, and them per uſe : Who ſhall then eſcape and ſay, I can my ſelfe ex cuſe.
Heare now O Lord my re queſt, for it is full due tyme: And let thyne eares aye be preſt, vn to this pray er myne.
But Lord thou art mer cy full, and turnſt to vs thy grace: That we with harts moſt care full, ſhould feare be fore thy face.
In God I put my whole truſt, my ſoule waytth on his will: For his pro miſe is moſt iuſt, and I hope there in ſtill.
Let Iſ ra ell then bold ly, in the Lord put his truſt: He is that God of mer cy, that his de li uer muſt.
My ſoule to God hath re gard, wi ſhyng for him al way: More then they that watch and ward, to ſee the daw nyng day.
For he it is that muſt ſaue, Iſ ra ell from his ſinne: And all ſuch as ſure ly haue, their con fi dence in him.

The Cxxxij. Pſalme.



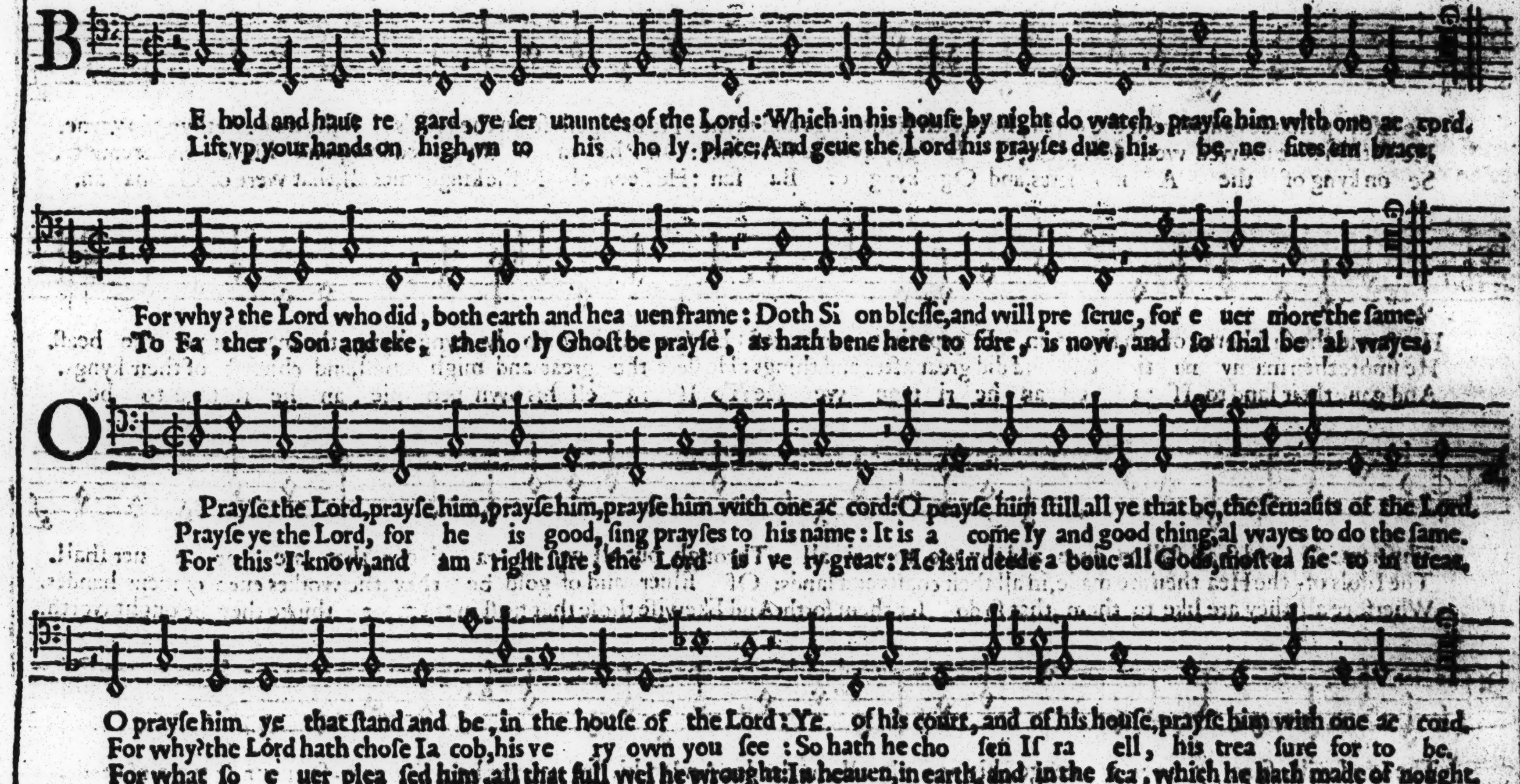
REmember Dauids troubles Lord, how to the Lord he ſwore: And vowed a vow to Iacobs God, to keepe for euer more.
Till I haue foũd out for the Lord, a place to ſit thereon: An houſe for Iacobs God to be, an habitation.
We will aſſay, and go in now, his tabernacle there: Before his footeſtole to fall down, vpon our knees in feare.

I will not come within my houſe, nor clyme vp to my bed: Nor let the temples take their reſt, or the eyes in my head.
We heard of it at Ephrata, there did we heare this ſound: And in the fields and forreſts there, theſe voyces firſt were found.
Ariſe O Lord, ariſe I ſay, into thy reſtyng place: Both thou, & the Arke of thy ſtrẽgth, the preſence of thy grace.

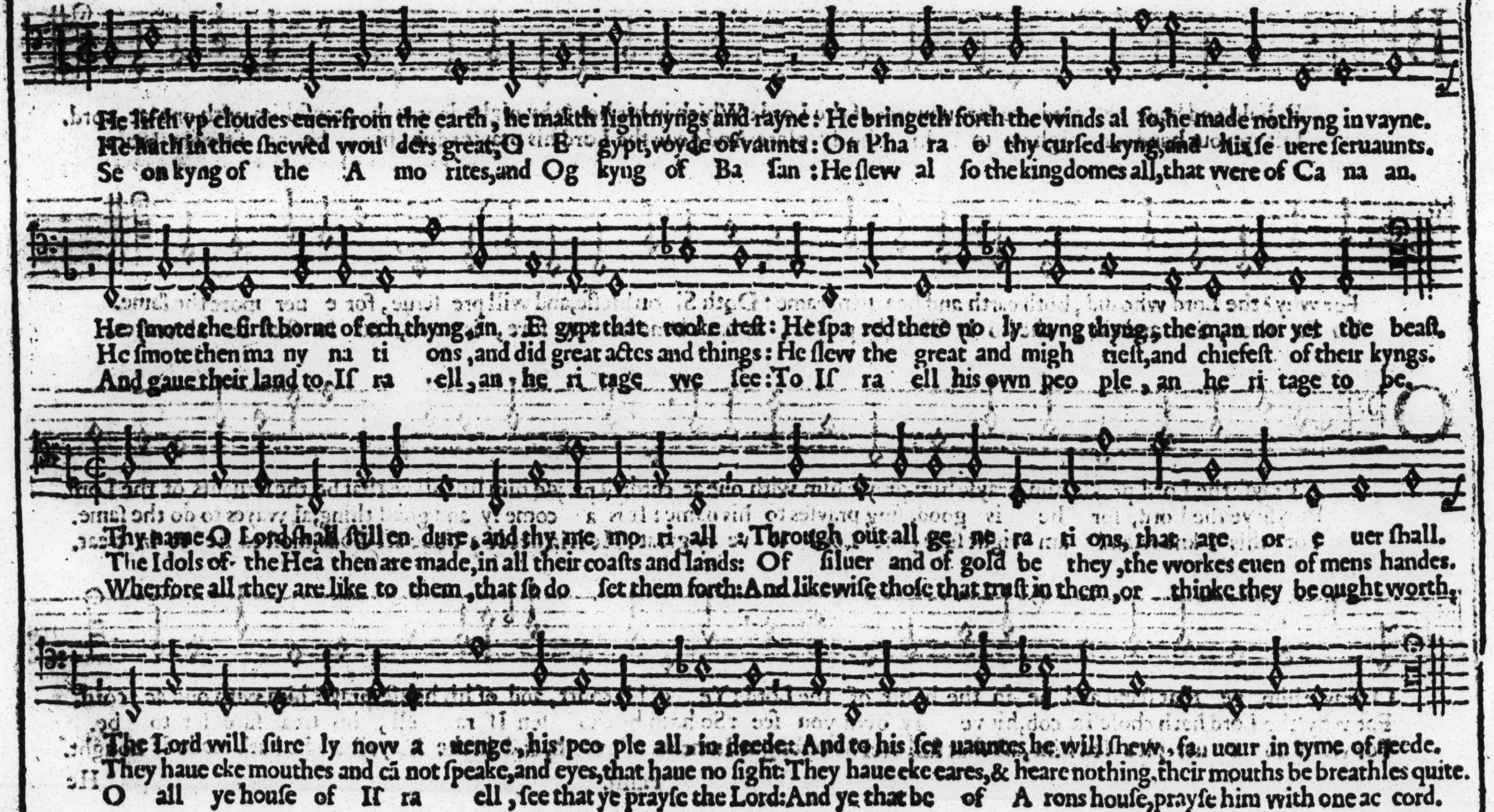
Loe all the Prieſtes be clothed Lord, with truth and righteouſnes: Let all thy Saints, and holy men, ſing all with ioyfulneſſe.
The Lord to Dauid ſwore in truth, and will not ſhrinke from it: Saying, the fruite of thy body, vpon thy ſeate ſhall ſit.
The Lord himſelfe hath choſe Sion, and loues therein to dwell: Saying, this is my reſtyng place, I loue and like it well.

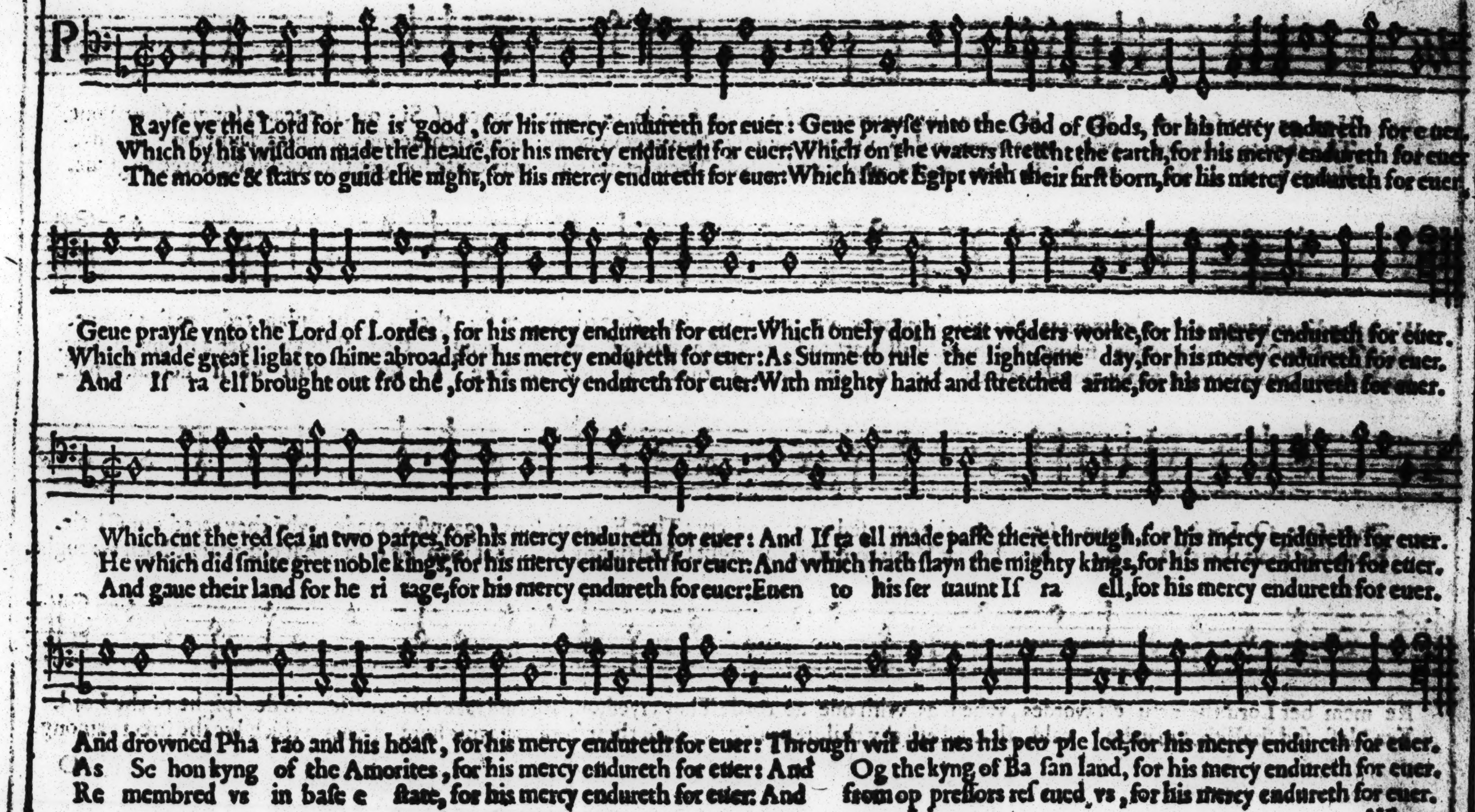
And for thy ſeruaunt Dauids ſake, refuſe not Lord I ſay: The face of thyne annoynted one, nor turne thy face away.
And if thy ſonnes my couenaũt keepe, that I ſhall learne ech one: Then ſhall thy ſonnes for euer ſit, vpon thy Princely throne.
And I will bleſſe, with great encreaſe, her victuals, euery where: And I will ſatiſfie with bread, the needy that be there.

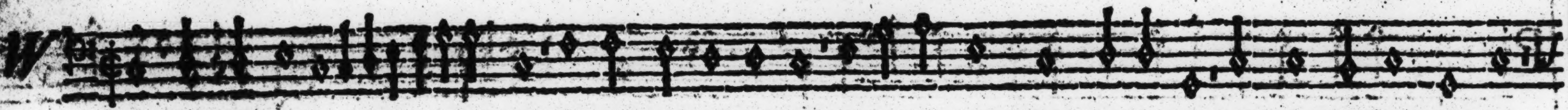
Behold


BEhold and haue re gard, ye ſer uauntes of the Lord: Which in his houſe by night do watch, prayſe him with one ac cord.
Lift vp your hands on high, vn to his ho ly place; And geue the Lord his prayſes due, his be ne fites em brace;
For why? the Lord who did, both earth and hea uen frame: Doth Si on bleſſe, and will pre ſerue, for e uer more the ſame.
To Fa ther, Son and eke, the ho ly Ghoſt be prayſe, as hath bene here to fore, is now, and ſo ſhal be al wayes.
O Prayſe the Lord, prayſe him, prayſe him, prayſe him with one ac cord: O prayſe him ſtill all ye that be, the ſeruants of the Lord.
Prayſe ye the Lord, for he is good, ſing prayſes to his name: It is a come ly and good thing, al wayes to do the ſame.
For this I know, and am right ſure, the Lord is ve ry great: He is in deede a boue all Gods, moſt ea ſie to in treat.
O prayſe him ye that ſtand and be, in the houſe of the Lord: Ye of his court, and of his houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.
For why? the Lord hath choſe Ia cob, his ve ry own you ſee: So hath he cho ſen Iſ ra ell, his trea ſure for to be.
For what ſo e uer plea ſed him, all that full wel he wrought: In heauen, in earth, and in the ſea, which he hath made of nought.

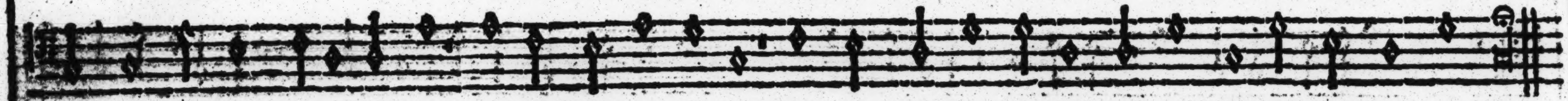
The Cxxxv. Pſalme.


He lifteth vp cloudes euen from the earth, he makth lightnyngs and rayne: He bringeth forth the winds al ſo, he made nothyng in vayne.
He hath in thee ſhewed won ders great, O E gypt, voyde of vaunts: On Pha ra o thy curſed kyng, and his ſe uere ſeruaunts.
Se on kyng of the A mo rites, and Og kyng of Ba ſan: He ſlew al ſo the kingdomes all, that were of Ca na an.
He ſmote the firſt borne of ech thyng, in E gypt that tooke reſt: He ſpa red there no ly uyng thyng, the man nor yet the beaſt.
He ſmote then ma ny na ti ons, and did great actes and things: He ſlew the great and migh tieſt, and chiefeſt of their kyngs.
And gaue their land to Iſ ra ell, an he ri tage we ſee: To Iſ ra ell his own peo ple, an he ri tage to be.
Thy name O Lord ſhall ſtill en dure, and thy me mo ri all: Through out all ge ne ra ti ons, that are, or e uer ſhall.
The Idols of the Hea then are made, in all their coaſts and lands: Of ſiluer and of gold be they, the workes euen of mens handes.
Wherfore all they are like to them, that ſo do ſet them forth: And likewiſe thoſe that truſt in them, or thinke they be ought worth.
The Lord will ſure ly now a uenge, his peo ple all, in deede: And to his ſer uauntes he will ſhew, fa uour in tyme of neede.
They haue eke mouthes and cã not ſpeake, and eyes, that haue no ſight: They haue eke eares, & heare nothing, their mouths be breathles quite.
O all ye houſe of Iſ ra ell, ſee that ye prayſe the Lord: And ye that be of A rons houſe, prayſe him with one ac cord.

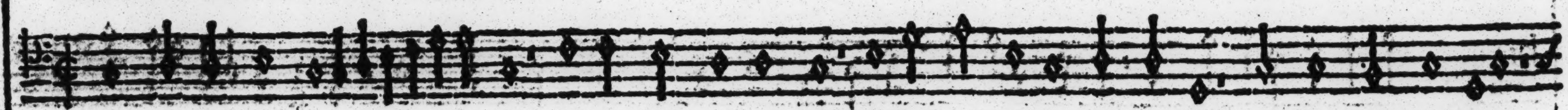

Rayſe ye the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for euer: Geue prayſe vnto the God of Gods, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which by his wiſdom made the heauē, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which on the waters ſtretcht the earth, for his mercy endureth for euer
The moone & ſtars to guid the night, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which ſmot Egipt with their firſt born, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Geue prayſe vnto the Lord of Lordes, for his mercy endureth for euer: Which onely doth great wōders worke, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which made great light to ſhine abroad, for his mercy endureth for euer: As Sunne to rule the lightſome day, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And Iſ ra ell brought out frō thē, for his mercy endureth for euer: With mighty hand and ſtretched arme, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Which cut the red ſea in two partes, for his mercy endureth for euer: And Iſ ra ell made paſſe there through, for his mercy endureth for euer.
He which did ſmite gret noble kings, for his mercy endureth for euer: And which hath ſlayn the mighty kings, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And gaue their land for he ri tage, for his mercy endureth for euer: Euen to his ſer uaunt Iſ ra ell, for his mercy endureth for euer.
And drowned Pha rao and his hoaſt, for his mercy endureth for euer: Through wil der nes his peo ple led, for his mercy endureth for euer.
As Se hon kyng of the Amorites, for his mercy endureth for euer: And Og the kyng of Ba ſan land, for his mercy endureth for euer.
Re membred vs in baſe e ſtate, for his mercy endureth for euer: And from op preſſors reſ cued vs, for his mercy endureth for euer.



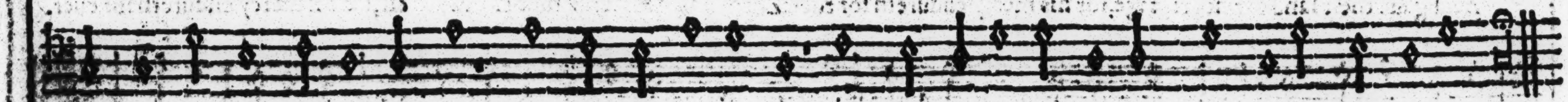
WHen as we ſate in Ba bi lon, the riuers round a bout: And in re mem braunce of Si on, the teares for grief burſt out.
Thē they to whō we priſ ners were, ſayd to vs taun ting ly: Now let vs heare your Hebrue ſōgs, and plea ſaunt me lo dy.
But yet, if I Je ru ſa lem, out of my hart, let ſlyde: Then let my fin gers quite for get, the warblyng harpe to guide.



We hang'd our harps, and inſtrumentes, the wil low trees vp on: For in that place men for their vſe, had plan ted ma ny one.
Alas (ſayd we) who can once frame, his ſorrowfull hart to ſing: The prayſes of our lo uyng God, thus vn der a ſtraunge kyng.
And let my toungue within my mouth, be tyed for e uer faſt: If that I ioy be fore I ſee, thy full de li ueraunce paſt.

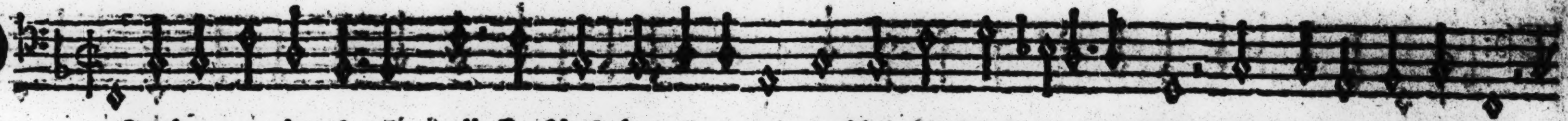


Ther fore O Lord re mem ber now, the cur ſed noyce and cry: That E doms ſons a gaynſt vs made, whē they raced our Ci tie.
Euen ſo ſhalt thou (O Ba bi lon, at lēgth to duſt be brought: And happy ſhall that man be cald, that our reuēge hath wrought.

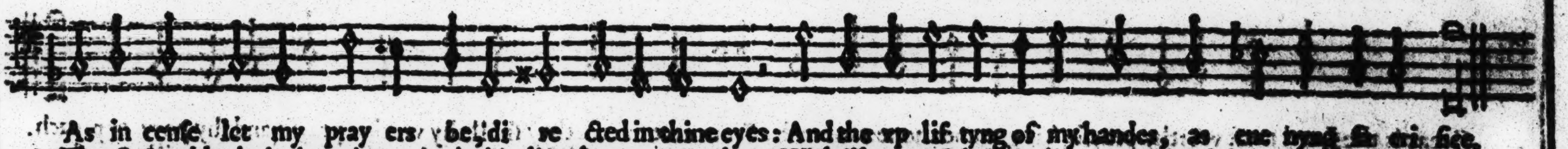


Re mem ber Lord their cru ell wordes, when as with one ac cord: They cryed, on, ſack, and race their walles, in de ſpight of the Lord.
Yea, bleſ ſed ſhall that man be cald, that taketh thy children yoūg: To daſh their bones agaynſt hard ſtones, which lye the ſtreets among.

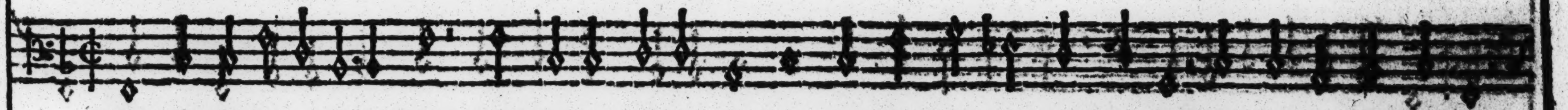
O



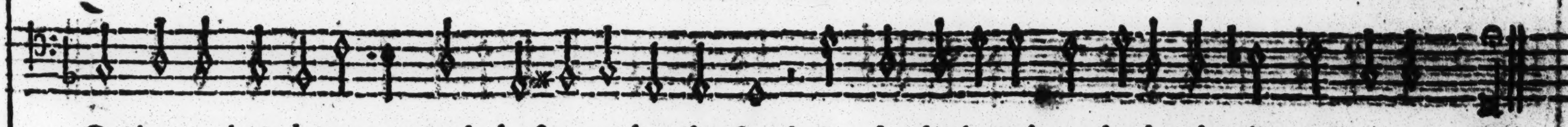
O Lord vpon thee do I call, Lord haſt thee vnto me: And harken Lord vnto my voyce, when I doe cry to thee.
My Lord for guidyng of my mouth, ſet thou a watch before: And alſo of my mouyng lips, O Lord, keep thou the doore.
But let the righteous ſmite me Lord, for that is good for me: Let him reproue me, and the ſame, a precious oyle ſhal be.



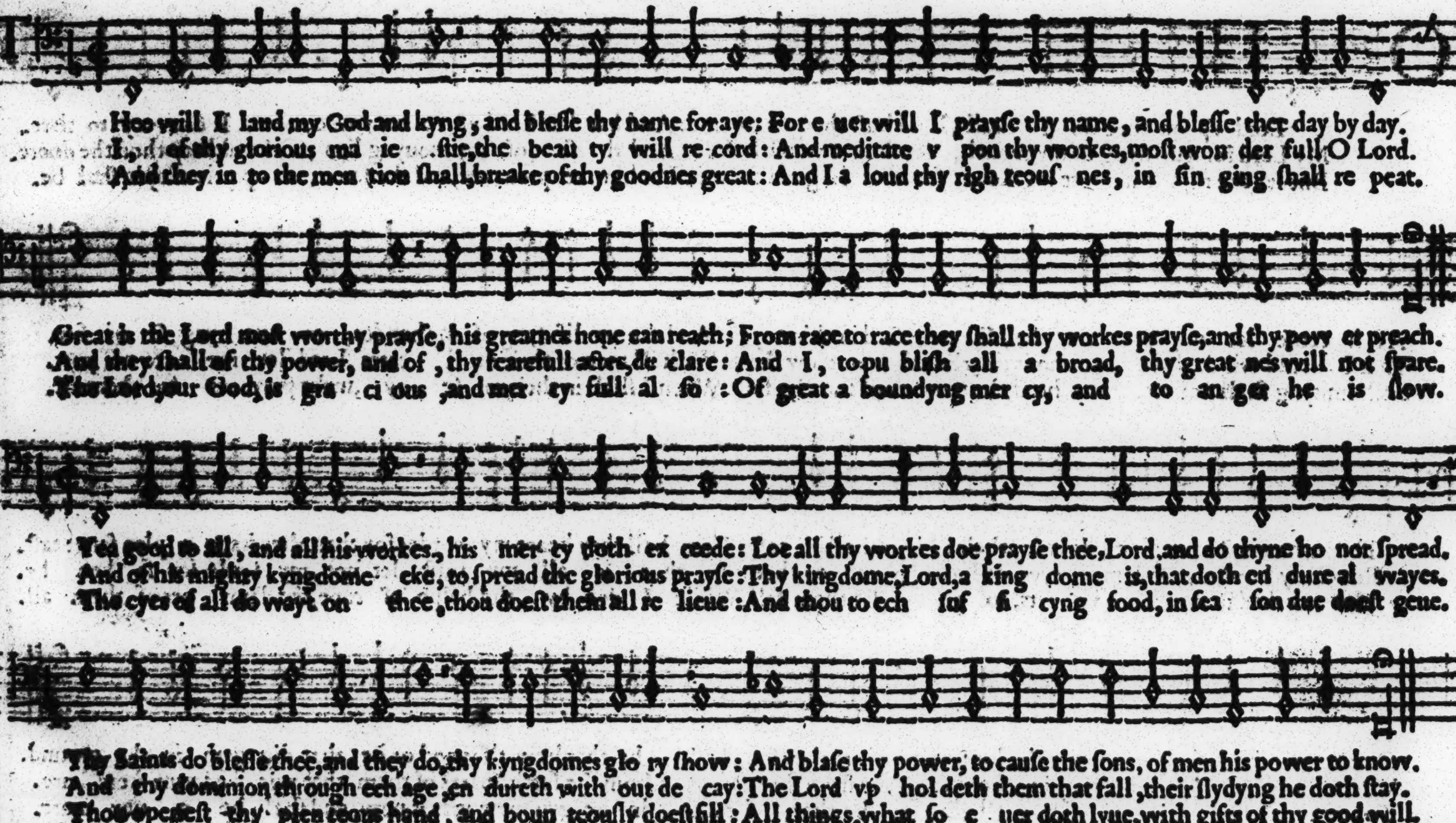
As incenſe let my prayers be, directed in thine eyes: And the vplifting of my handes, as euenyng ſacrifice.
That I ſhould wicked workes commit, incline thou not my hart: With ill men, of their delicates, Lord let me take no part.
Such ſmityng ſhall not breake my head, the tyme ſhall ſhortly fall: When I ſhall in their miſery, make prayers for them all.



Then when into ſtony places downe, their Iudges ſhall be caſt: Then ſhall they heare my wordes for them, they haue a pleaſant taſt.
But O my Lord, my God, myne eyes, do looke vpvnto thee: In thee is all my truſt let not, my ſoule forſaken be.
The wicked into their owne nets, together let them fall: While I doe by thy helpe eſcape, the daunger of them all.



Our bones about the graues mouth, loe ſcattered are they found: As he that heweth wood or he, that diggeth in the ground.
Which they haue layd to catch me in, Lord keepe me from the ſnare: And from the ſuttle ſnares of them, that wicked workers are.
To Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt, all glory be therfore: As in begynnyng was is now, and ſhal be euermore.



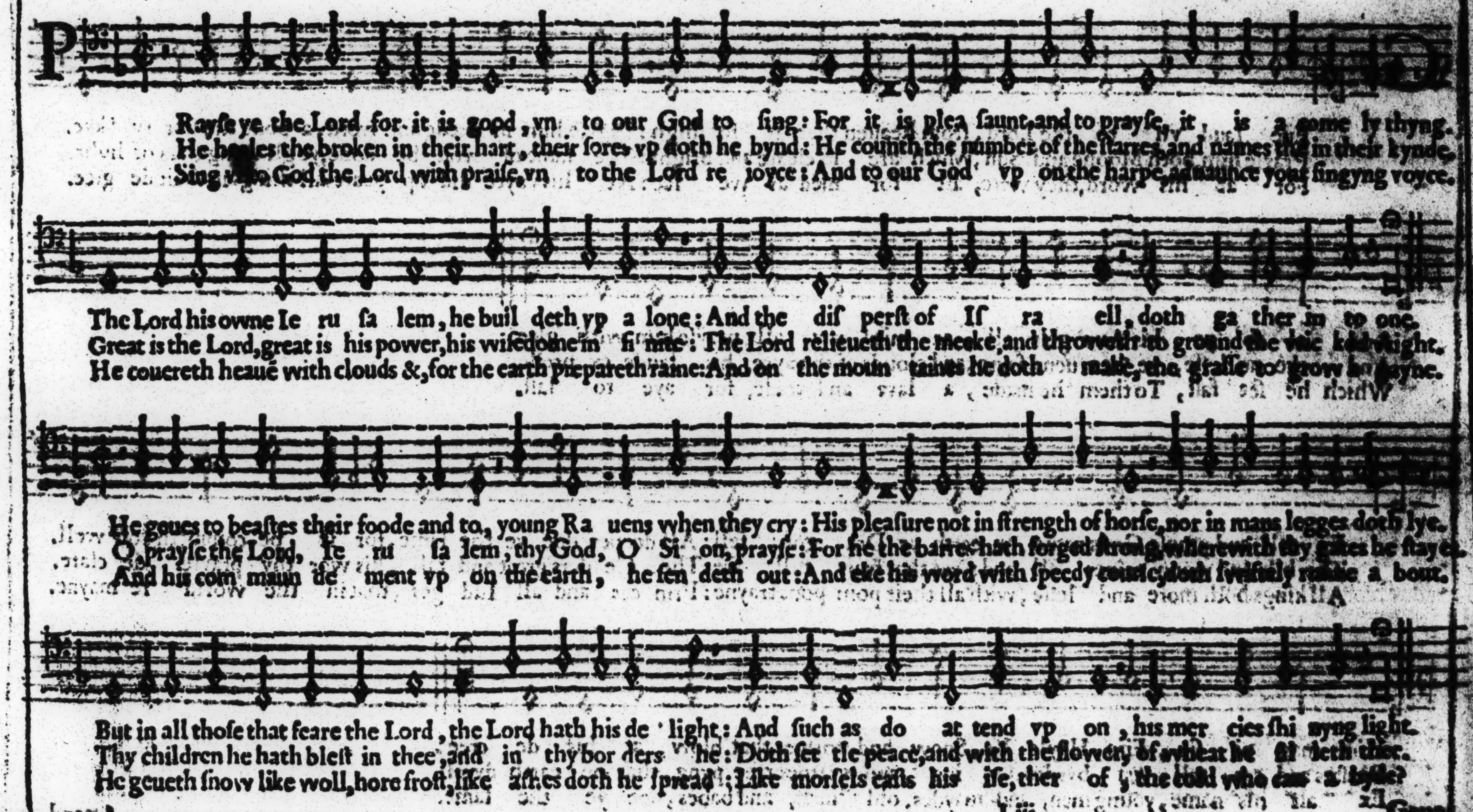
Thee will I laud my God and kyng, and bleſſe thy name for aye: For euer will I prayſe thy name, and bleſſe thee day by day.
I, of thy glorious maieſtie, the beauty will record: And meditate vpon thy workes, moſt wonderfull O Lord.
And they into the mention ſhall, breake of thy goodnes great: And I aloud thy righteouſnes, in ſinging ſhall repeat.

Great is the Lord moſt worthy prayſe, his greatnes none can reach; From race to race they ſhall thy workes prayſe, and thy power preach.
And they ſhall of thy power, and of, thy fearefull actes, declare: And I, to publiſh all abroad, thy greatnes will not ſpare.
The Lord our God, is gracious, and mercy full alſo: Of great aboundyng mercy, and to anger he is ſlow.

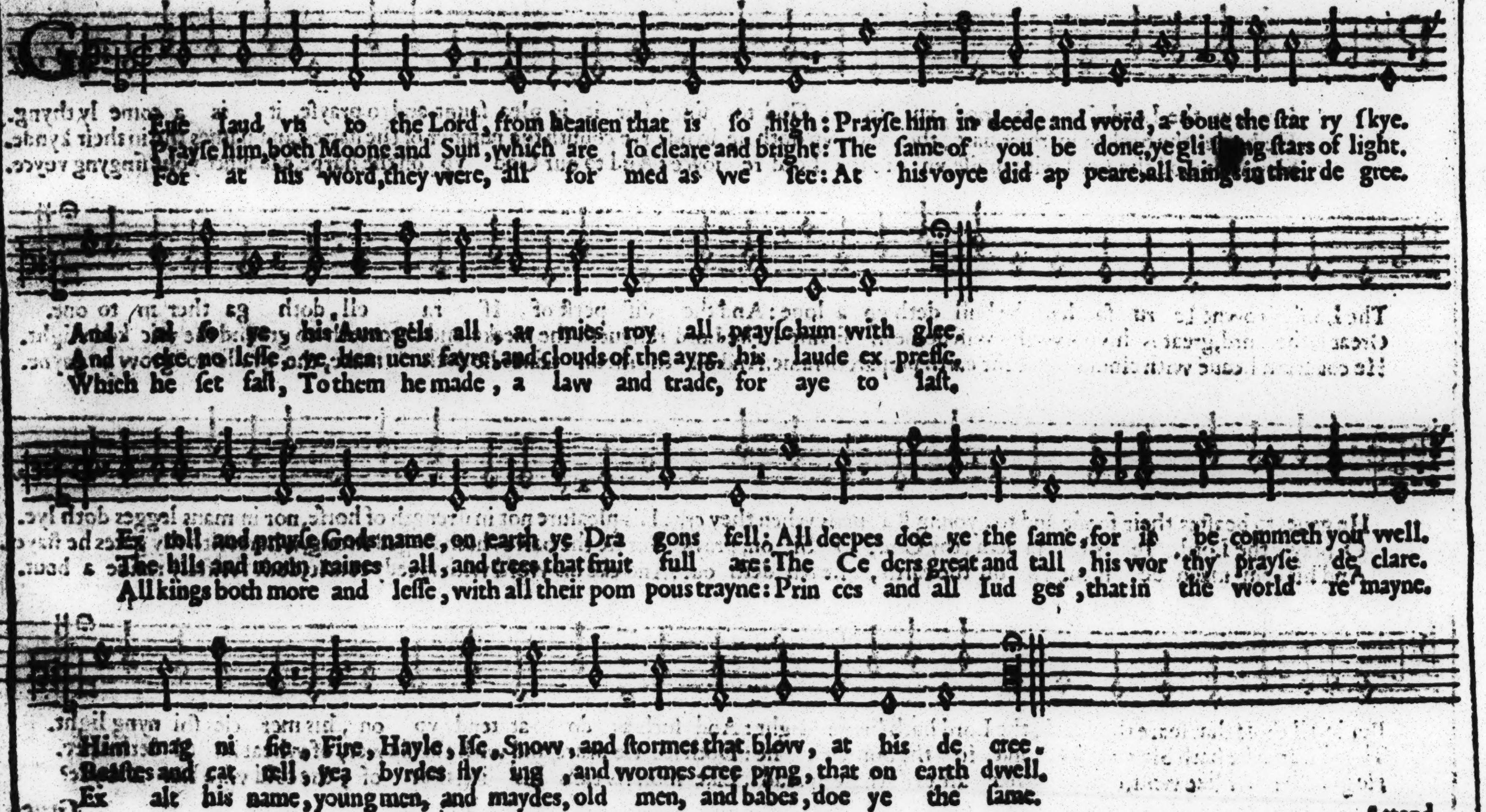
Yea good to all, and all his workes, his mercy doth excede: Loe all thy workes doe prayſe thee, Lord, and do thyne honor ſpread.
And of his mighty kyngdome eke, to ſpread the glorious prayſe: Thy kingdome, Lord, a kingdome is, that doth endure alwayes.
The eyes of all do wayt on thee, thou doeſt them all relieue: And thou to ech ſuffiſyng food, in ſeaſon due doeſt geue.

Thy Saints do bleſſe thee, and they do, thy kyngdomes glory ſhow: And blaſe thy power, to cauſe the ſons, of men his power to know.
And thy dominion through ech age, endureth without decay: The Lord vpholdeth them that fall, their ſlydyng he doth ſtay.
Thou openeſt thy plenteous hand, and bounteouſly doeſt fill: All things, what ſo euer doth lyue, with gifts of thy good will.

Prayſe

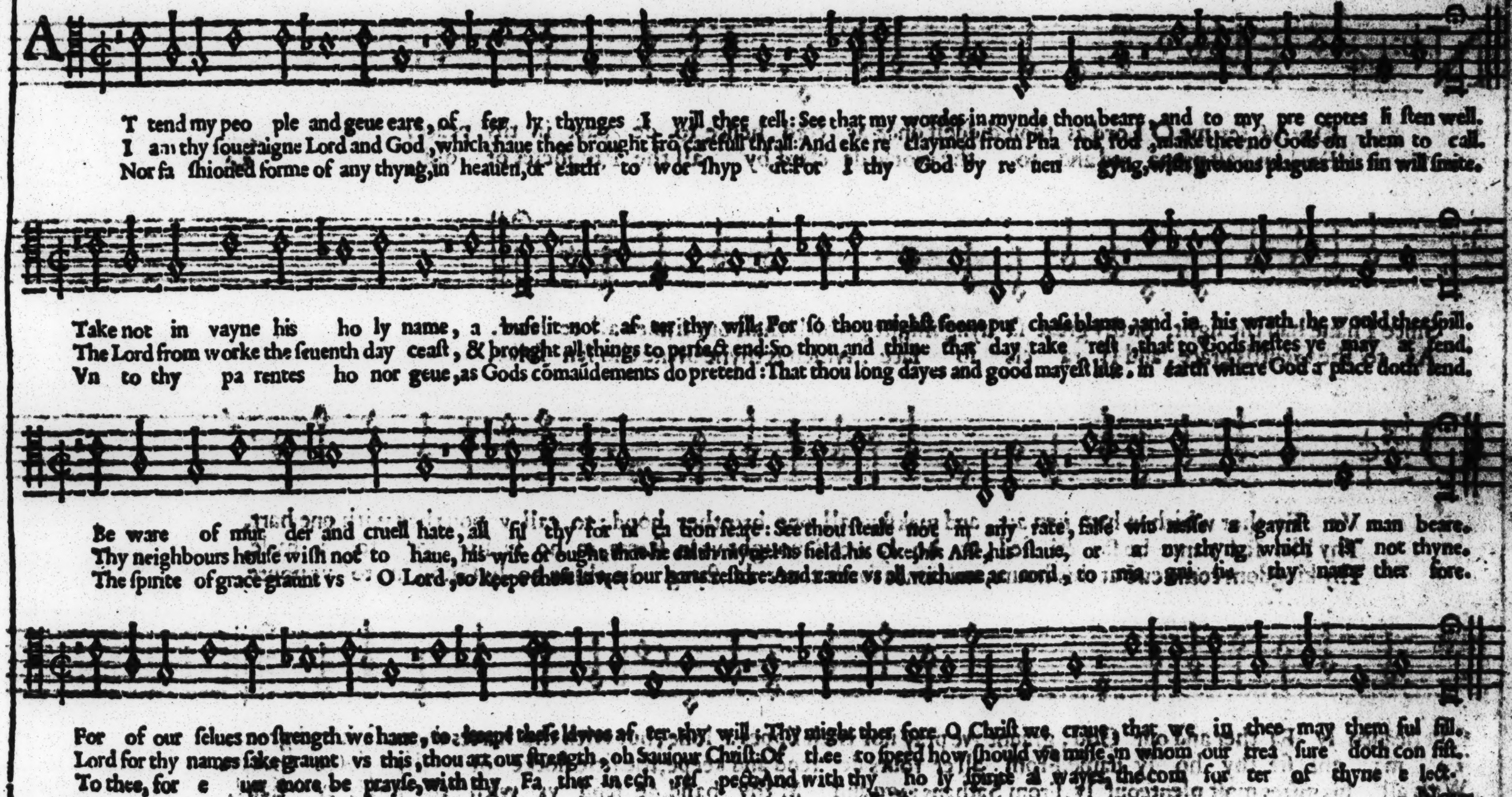

Rayſe ye the Lord for it is good, vnto our God to ſing: For it is pleaſaunt, and to prayſe, it is a comely thyng.
He heales the broken in their hart, their ſores vp doth he bynd: He counth the number of the ſtarres, and names the in their kynde.
Sing vnto God the Lord with praiſe, vnto the Lord reioyce: And to our God vpon the harpe, aduaunce your ſingyng voyce.
The Lord his owne Ieruſalem, he buildeth vp alone: And the diſperſt of Iſraell, doth gather in to one.
Great is the Lord, great is his power, his wiſedome infinite: The Lord relieueth the meeke, and throweth to ground the wicked wight.
He couereth heauē with clouds &, for the earth prepareth raine: And on the mountaines he doth make, the graſſe to grow in playne.
He geues to beaſtes their foode and to, young Rauens when they cry: His pleaſure not in ſtrength of horſe, nor in mans legges doth lye.
O prayſe the Lord, Ieruſalem, thy God, O Sion, prayſe: For he the barres hath forged ſtrong, wherewith thy gates he ſtayes.
And his commaundement vpon the earth, he ſendeth out: And eke his word with ſpeedy courſe, doth ſwiftly runne about.
But in all thoſe that feare the Lord, the Lord hath his delight: And ſuch as do attend vpon, his mercies ſhinyng light.
Thy children he hath bleſt in thee, and in thy borders he: Doth ſet the peace, and with the flowre of wheat he filleth thee.
He geueth ſnow like woll, hore froſt, like aſhes doth he ſpread: Like morſels caſts his iſe, ther of ỹ the cold who can abyde?

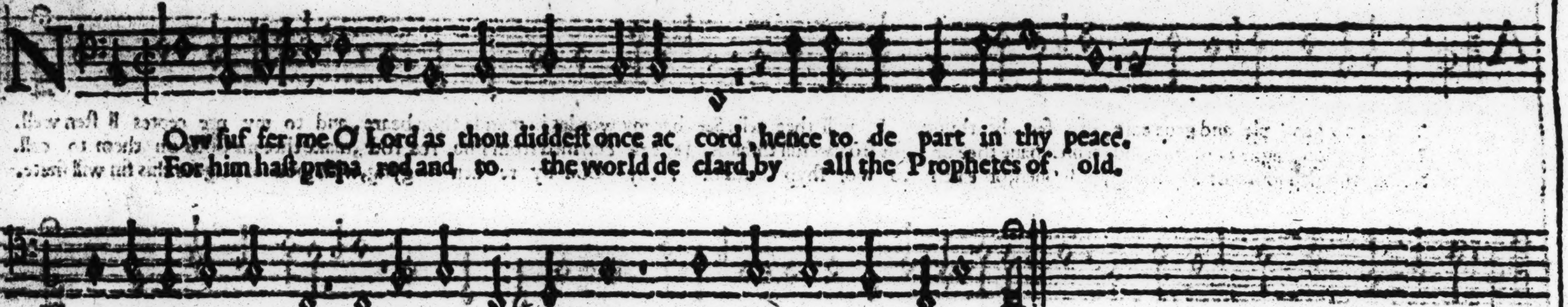
The Cxlviij. Pſalme.


Giue laud vn to the Lord, from heauen that is ſo high: Prayſe him in deede and word, a boue the ſtar ry ſkye.
Prayſe him, both Moone and Sun, which are ſo cleare and bright: The ſame of you be done, ye gli ſtring ſtars of light.
For at his word, they were, all for med as we ſee: At his voyce did ap peare, all thinges in their de gree.
And al ſo ye, his Aun gels all, ar mies roy all, prayſe him with glee.
And workes no leſſe, ye hea uens fayre, and clouds of the ayre, his laude ex preſſe.
Which he ſet faſt, To them he made, a law and trade, for aye to laſt.
Ex toll and prayſe Gods name, on earth ye Dra gons fell: All deepes doe ye the ſame, for it be commeth you well.
The hils and moun taines all, and trees that fruit full are: The Ce ders great and tall, his wor thy prayſe de clare.
All kings both more and leſſe, with all their pom pous trayne: Prin ces and all Iud ges, that in the world re mayne.
Him mag ni fie, Fire, Hayle, Iſe, Snow, and ſtormes that blow, at his de cree.
Beaſtes and cat tell, yea byrdes fly ing, and wormes cree pyng, that on earth dwell.
Ex alt his name, young men, and maydes, old men, and babes, doe ye the ſame.

Attend

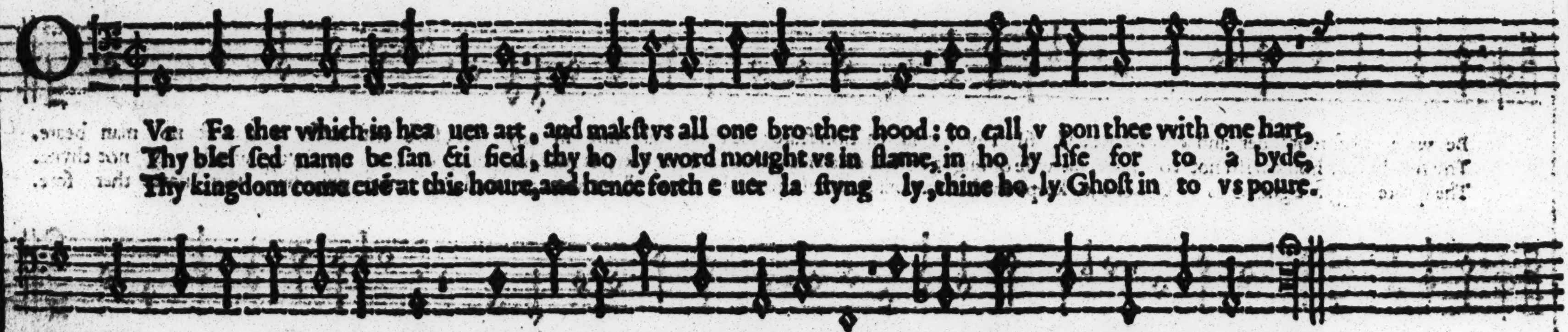
¶ The end of the Pſalmes.


A
Attend my people and geue eare, of ferly thynges I will thee tell: See that my wordes in mynde thou beare, and to my preceptes listen well.
I am thy soueraigne Lord and God, which haue thee brought frō carefull thrall: And eke reclaymed from Pharoes rod, make thee no Gods on them to call.
Nor fashioned forme of any thyng, in heauen, or earth to worshyp it: For I thy God by reuengyng, with greuous plagues this sin will smite.
Take not in vayne his holy name, abuse it not after thy will: For so thou mightst soone purchase blame, and in his wrath he would thee spill.
The Lord from worke the seuenth day ceast, & brought all things to perfect end: So thou and thine that day take rest, that to Gods hestes ye may attend.
Vnto thy parentes honor geue, as Gods cōmaūdements do pretend: That thou long dayes and good mayest liue, in earth where God a place doth lend.
Beware of murder and cruell hate, all filthy fornication feare: See thou steale not in any rate, false witnesse agaynst no man beare.
Thy neighbours house wish not to haue, his wife or ought that he call mine: his field, his Oxe, his Asse, his slaue, or any thyng which is not thyne.
The spirite of grace graunt vs O Lord, to keepe these lawes our hartes restore: And cause vs all with one accord, to magnifie thy name therfore.
For of our selues no strength we haue, to keepe these lawes after thy will: Thy might therfore O Christ we craue, that we in thee may them fulfill.
Lord for thy names sake graunt vs this, thou art our strength, oh Sauiour Christ: Of thee to speed how should we misse, in whom our treasure doth consist.
To thee, for euermore be prayse, with thy Father in ech respect: And with thy holy spirite alwayes, the comforter of thyne elect.



NOw ſuf fer me O Lord as thou diddeſt once ac cord, hence to de part in thy peace.
For him haſt prepa red and to the world de clard, by all the Prophetes of old.

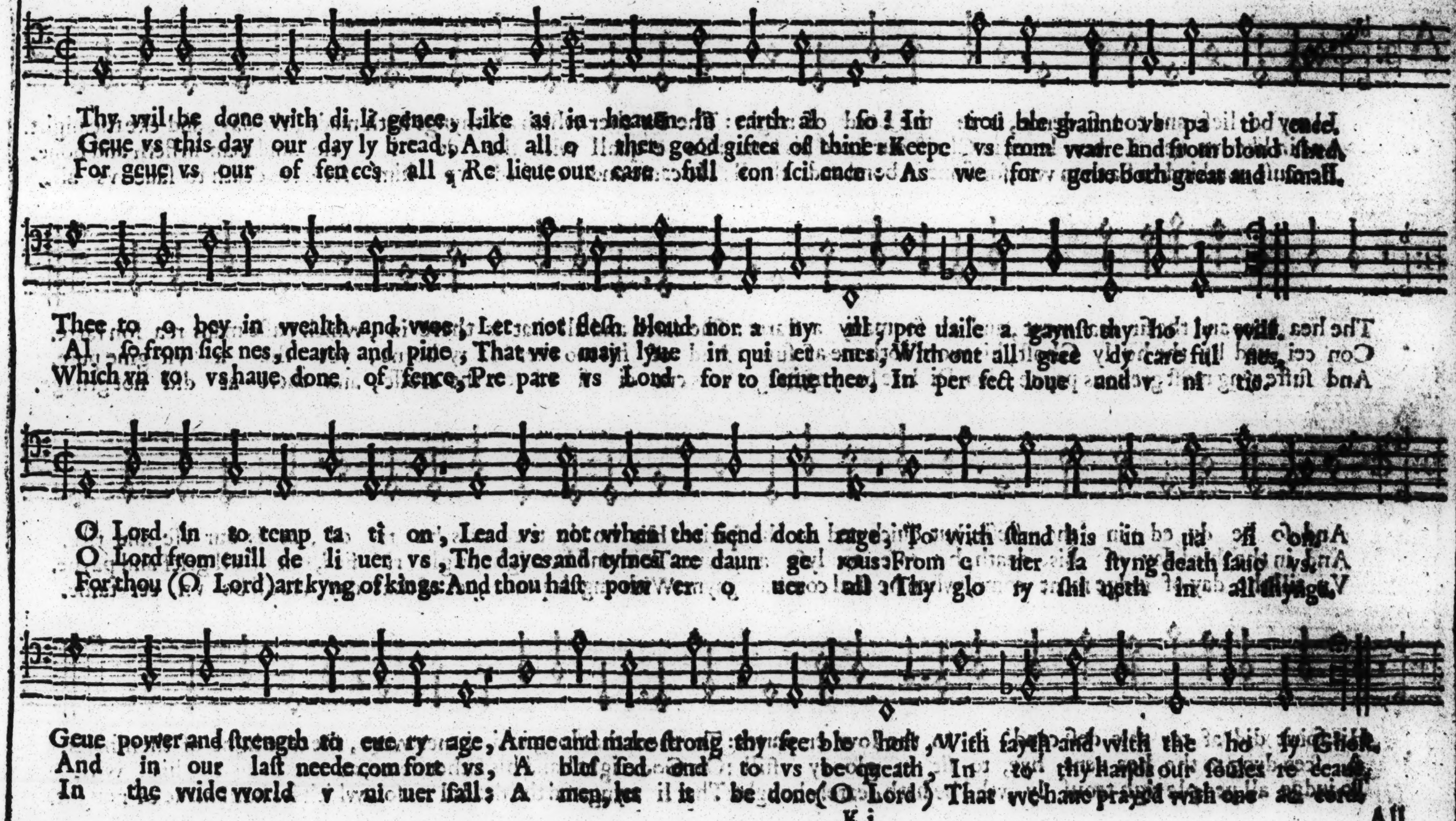
Since I haue had the ſight, of thy great ſa uyng might, which ſhall our ſinnes all re leace.
As to the Gentils grace, and Iſ ra els ſo lace, which is thyne owne cho ſen folke.



OVr Fa ther which in hea uen art, and makſt vs all one bro ther hood: to call v pon thee with one hart,
Thy bleſ ſed name be ſan cti fied, thy ho ly word mought vs in ſlame, in ho ly liſe for to a byde,
Thy kingdom come euē at this houre, and hence forth e uer la ſtyng ly, thine ho ly Ghoſt in to vs poure.

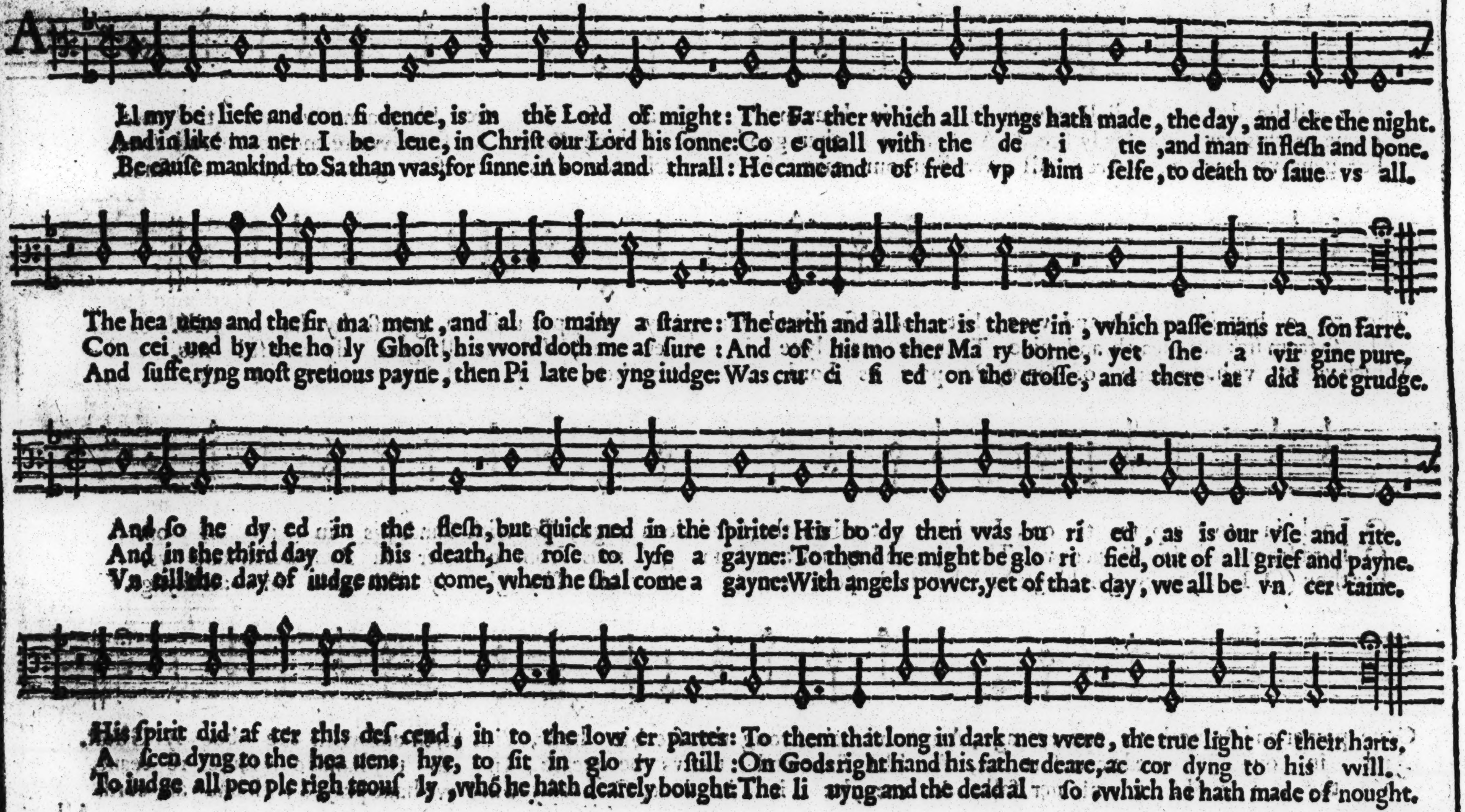
Our heauen ly Fa ther and our God, graunt we pray not with lippes a lone, but with the hartes deepe ſigh and grone.
To ma gni ſie thy ho ly name. From all er rours de ſend and keepe, the litle flocke of thy poore ſheepe.
With all his giftes moſt plenteouſ ly, From Sathans rage and ſil thy band, de ſend vs with thy migh ty hand.

Thy

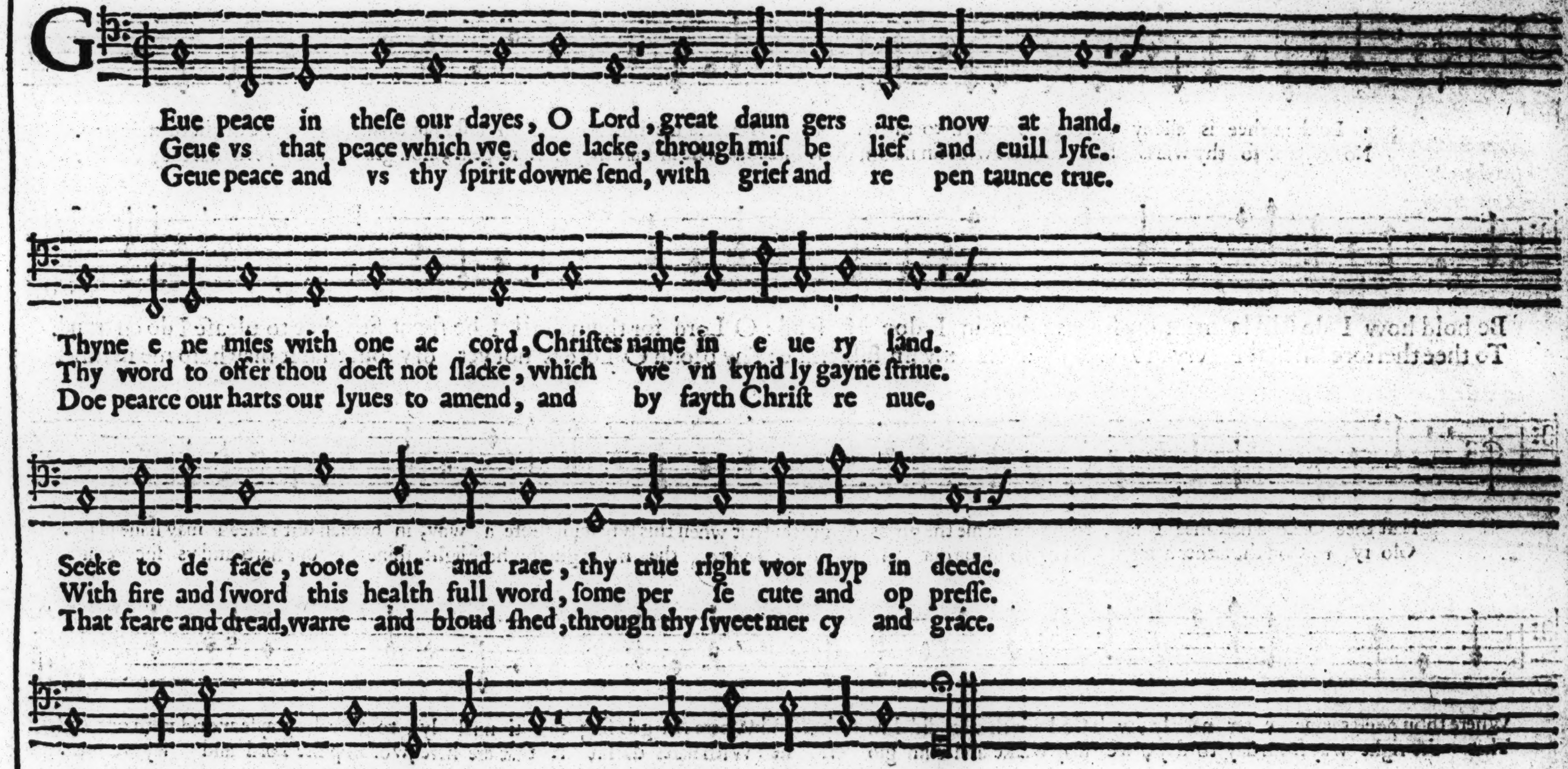

Thy wil be done with diligence, Like as in heauen in earth also: In trouble graunt vs patience,
Geue vs this day our dayly bread, And all other good giftes of thine: Keepe vs from warre and from blood shed,
For geue vs our offences all, Relieue our carefull conscience: As we forgeue both great and small,
Thee to obey in wealth and woe; Let not fleſh bloud nor any ill preuaile against thy holy will.
Al so from sicknes, dearth and pine, That we may lyue in quietnes, Without all greedy carefulnes,
Which vnto vs haue done offence, Prepare vs Lord for to serue thee, In perfect loue and vnitie.
O Lord into temptation, Lead vs not when the fiend doth rage, To withstand his [illegible]
O Lord from euill deliuer vs, The dayes and tymes are daungerous: From euerlasting death saue vs,
For thou (O Lord) art kyng of kings: And thou haſt power ouer all: Thy glory shineth in all things,
Geue power and strength to euery age, Arme and make strong thy feeble hoſt, With fayth and with the holy Ghoſt.
And in our laſt neede comfort vs, A bleſſed end to vs bequeath, Into thy handes our ſoules receaue.
In the wide world vniuerſall: Amen, let it be done (O Lord) That we haue prayed with one accord.

The xij. Articles of Chriſtian fayth.

Baſſus.


A
Ll my be liefe and con fi dence, is in the Lord of might: The Fa ther which all thyngs hath made, the day, and eke the night.
And in like ma ner I be leue, in Chriſt our Lord his ſonne: Co e quall with the de i tie, and man in fleſh and bone.
Be cauſe mankind to Sa than was, for ſinne in bond and thrall: He came and of fred vp him ſelfe, to death to ſaue vs all.
The hea uens and the fir ma ment, and al ſo many a ſtarre: The earth and all that is there in, which paſſe mans rea ſon farre.
Con cei ued by the ho ly Ghoſt, his word doth me aſ ſure: And of his mo ther Ma ry borne, yet ſhe a vir gine pure,
And ſuffe ryng moſt greuious payne, then Pi late be yng iudge: Was cru ci fi ed on the croſſe, and there at did not grudge.
And ſo he dy ed in the fleſh, but quick ned in the ſpirite: His bo dy then was bu ri ed, as is our vſe and rite.
And in the third day of his death, he roſe to lyfe a gayne: To thend he might be glo ri fied, out of all grief and payne.
Vn till the day of iudge ment come, when he ſhal come a gayne: With angels power, yet of that day, we all be vn cer taine.
His ſpirit did af ter this deſ cend, in to the low er partes: To them that long in dark nes were, the true light of their harts.
A ſcen dyng to the hea uens hye, to ſit in glo ry ſtill: On Gods right hand his father deare, ac cor dyng to his will.
To iudge all peo ple righ teouſ ly, whō he hath dearely bought: The li uyng and the dead al ſo, which he hath made of nought.

Geue

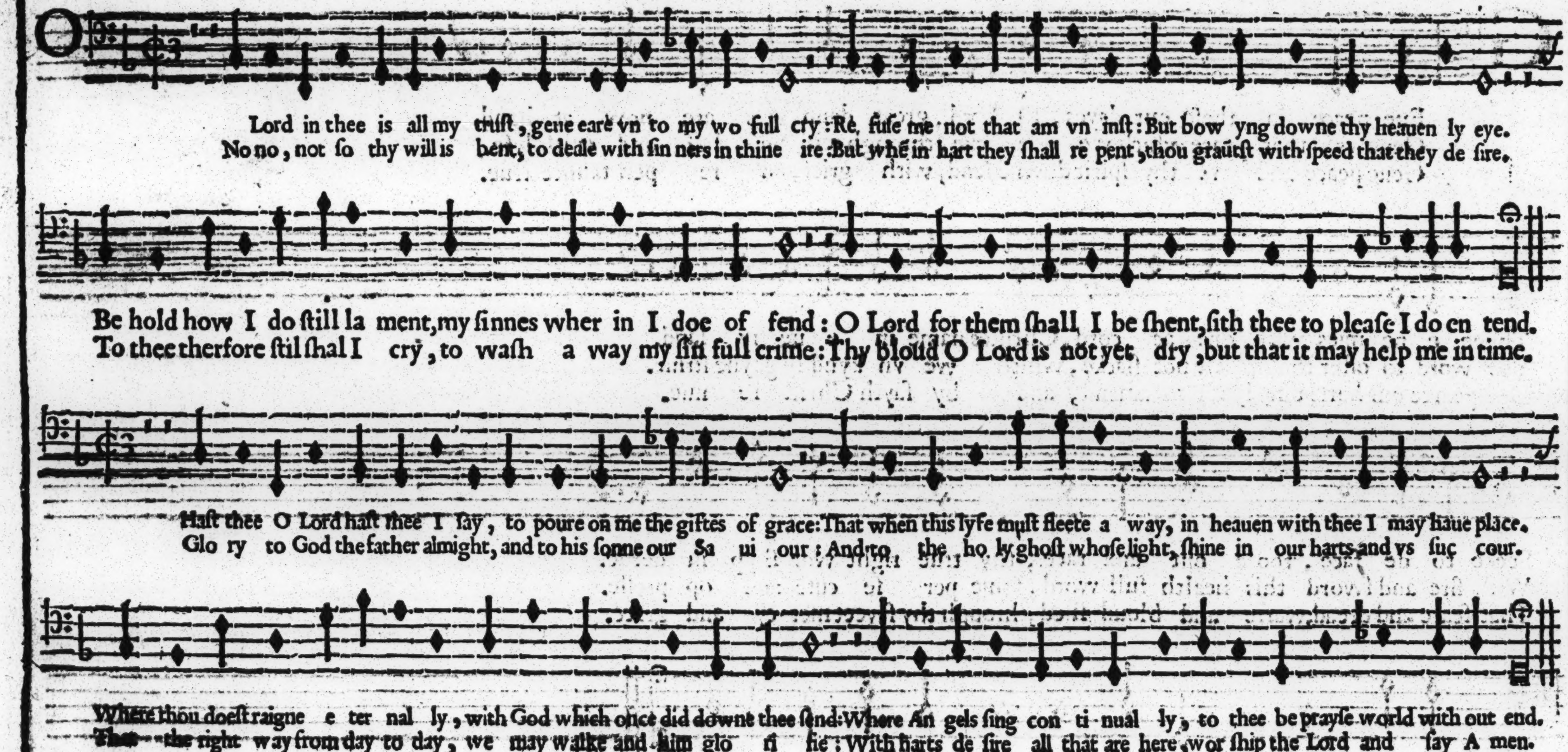


Geue peace in these our dayes, O Lord, great daungers are now at hand.
Geue vs that peace which we doe lacke, through misbelief and euill lyfe.
Geue peace and vs thy ſpirit downe ſend, with grief and repentaunce true.

Thyne enemies with one accord, Chriſtes name in euery land.
Thy word to offer thou doeſt not ſlacke, which we vnkyndly gayne ſtriue.
Doe pearce our harts our lyues to amend, and by fayth Chriſt renue.

Seeke to deface, roote out and race, thy true right worſhyp in deede.
With fire and ſword this healthfull word, ſome perſecute and oppreſſe.
That feare and dread, warre and bloudſhed, through thy ſweet mercy and grace.

Be thou the ſtay, Lord we thee pray, thou helpeſt alone in all neede.
Some with the mouth, confeſſe the truth, without ſincere godlynes.
May from vs ſlide, thy truth may byde, and ſhyne in euery place.


Lord in thee is all my truſt, gene eare vn to my wo full cry: Re, fuſe me not that am vn inſt: But bow yng downe thy heauen ly eye.
No no, not ſo thy will is bent, to deale with ſin ners in thine ire: But whē in hart they ſhall re pent, thou grāuſt with ſpeed that they de ſire.
Be hold how I do ſtill la ment, my ſinnes wher in I doe of fend: O Lord for them ſhall I be ſhent, ſith thee to pleaſe I do en tend.
To thee therfore ſtil ſhal I cry, to waſh a way my ſin full crime: Thy bloud O Lord is not yet dry, but that it may help me in time.
Haſt thee O Lord haſt thee I ſay, to poure on me the giftes of grace: That when this lyfe muſt fleete a way, in heauen with thee I may haue place.
Glo ry to God the father almight, and to his ſonne our Sa ui our: And to the ho ly ghoſt whoſe light, ſhine in our harts and vs ſuc cour.
Where thou doeſt raigne e ter nal ly, with God which once did downe thee ſend: Where An gels ſing con ti nual ly, to thee be prayſe world with out end.
That the right way from day to day, we may walke and him glo ri fie: With harts de ſire all that are here, wor ſhip the Lord and ſay A men.

The

O
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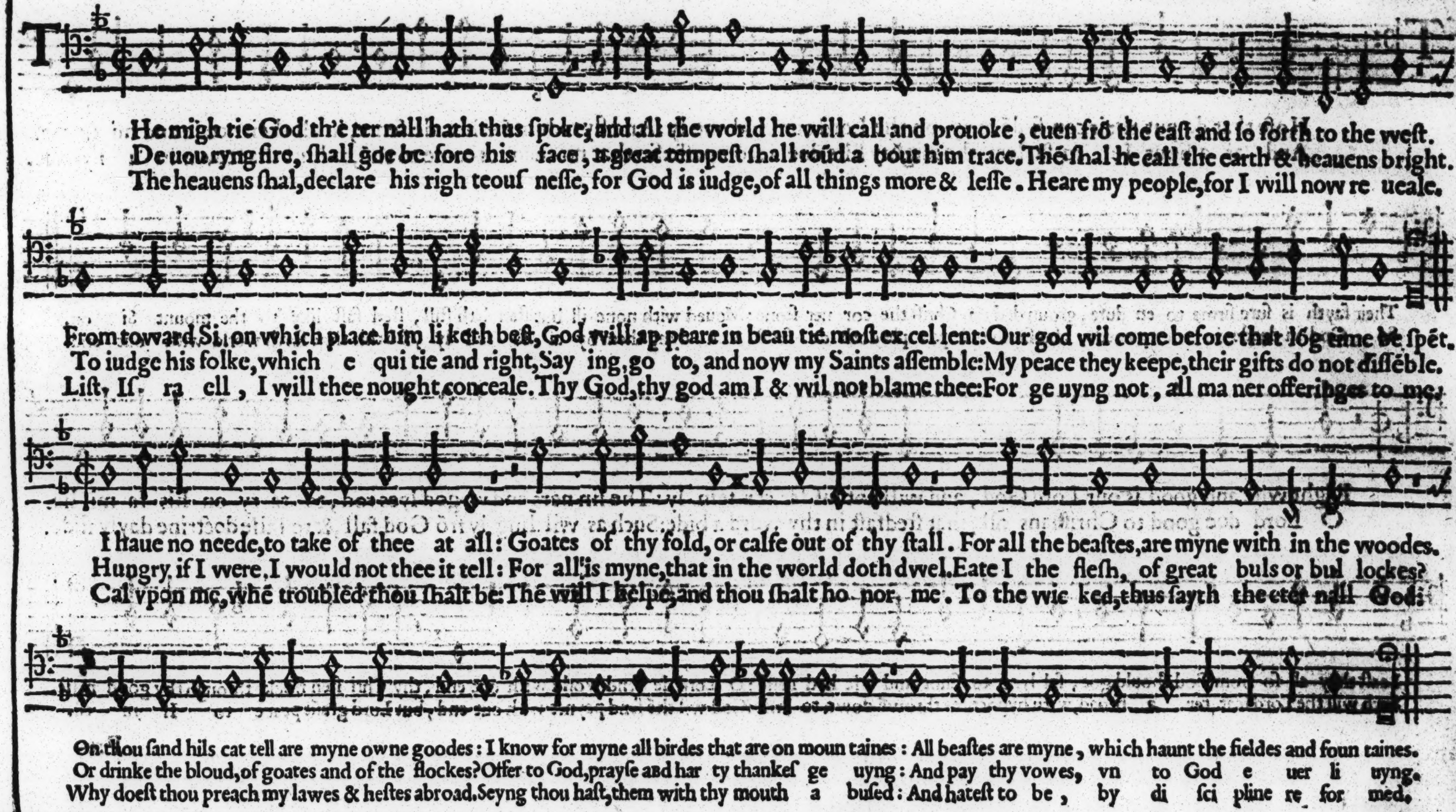
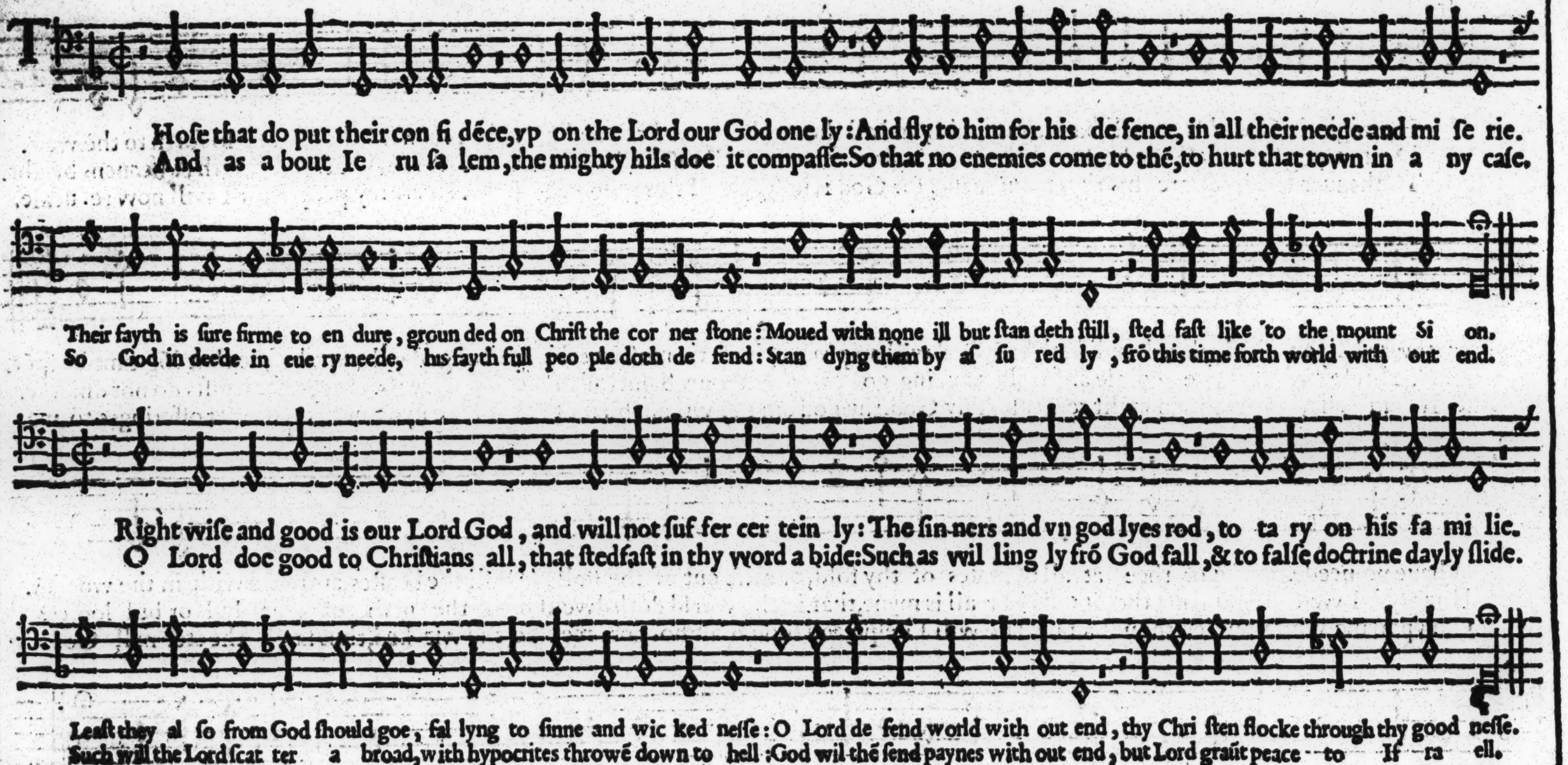
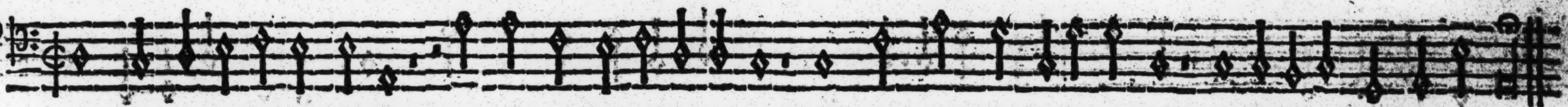
The L. Pſalme.


He migh tie God thē ter nall hath thus ſpoke, and all the world he will call and prouoke, euen frō the eaſt and ſo forth to the weſt.
De uou ryng fire, ſhall goe be fore his face, a great tempeſt ſhall roūd a bout him trace. Thē ſhal he call the earth & heauens bright.
The heauens ſhal, declare his righ teouſ neſſe, for God is iudge, of all things more & leſſe. Heare my people, for I will now re ueale.
From toward Si, on which place him li keth beſt, God will ap peare in beau tie moſt ex cel lent: Our god wil come before that lōg time be ſpēt.
To iudge his folke, which e qui tie and right, Say ing, go to, and now my Saints aſſemble: My peace they keepe, their gifts do not diſſēble.
Liſt, Iſ ra ell, I will thee nought conceale. Thy God, thy god am I & wil not blame thee: For ge uyng not, all ma ner offeringes to me.
I haue no neede, to take of thee at all: Goates of thy fold, or calfe out of thy ſtall. For all the beaſtes, are myne with in the woodes.
Hungry, if I were, I would not thee it tell: For all is myne, that in the world doth dwel. Eate I the fleſh, of great buls or bul lockes?
Cal vpon me, whē troubled thou ſhalt be: Thē will I helpe, and thou ſhalt ho nor me. To the wic ked, thus ſayth the eter nall God:
On thou ſand hils cat tell are myne owne goodes: I know for myne all birdes that are on moun taines: All beaſtes are myne, which haunt the fieldes and foun taines.
Or drinke the bloud, of goates and of the flockes? Offer to God, prayſe and har ty thankeſ ge uyng: And pay thy vowes, vn to God e uer li uyng.
Why doeſt thou preach my lawes & heſtes abroad. Seyng thou haſt, them with thy mouth a buſed: And hateſt to be, by di ſci pline re for med.

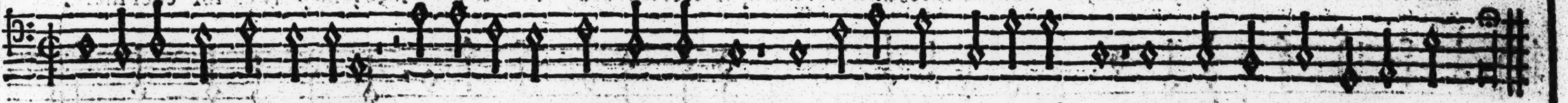
G.D. Qui confidunt in Domino. Pſalme. Cxxv. Baſſus.


THoſe that do put their con fi déce, vp on the Lord our God one ly: And fly to him for his de fence, in all their neede and mi ſe rie.
And as a bout Ie ru ſa lem, the mighty hils doe it compaſſe: So that no enemies come to thé, to hurt that town in a ny caſe.
Their fayth is ſure firme to en dure, groun ded on Chriſt the cor ner ſtone: Moued with none ill but ſtan deth ſtill, ſted faſt like to the mount Si on.
So God in deede in eue ry neede, his fayth full peo ple doth de fend: Stan dyng them by aſ ſu red ly, frõ this time forth world with out end.
Right wiſe and good is our Lord God, and will not ſuf fer cer tein ly: The ſin ners and vn god lyes rod, to ta ry on his fa mi lie.
O Lord doe good to Chriſtians all, that ſtedfaſt in thy word a bide: Such as wil ling ly frõ God fall, & to falſe doctrine dayly ſlide.
Leaſt they al ſo from God ſhould goe, fal lyng to ſinne and wic ked neſſe: O Lord de fend world with out end, thy Chri ſten flocke through thy good neſſe.
Such will the Lord ſcat ter a broad, with hypocrites throwẽ down to hell: God wil thẽ ſend paynes with out end, but Lord graũt peace to Iſ ra ell.

Preſerue vs Lord, and the xvi. Pſalme.

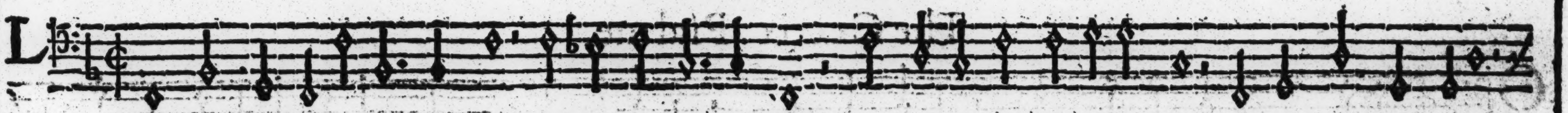


PRe ſerue vs Lord by thy deare word, from Turke and Pope de fend vs Lord: Which both would thruſt out of his throne, our Lord Ie ſus Chriſt thy deare ſon.
Lord Ie ſus Chriſt ſhew forth thy might, that thou art Lord of Lordes by right: Thy poore af fli cted flock de fend, that they may prayſe thee with out.

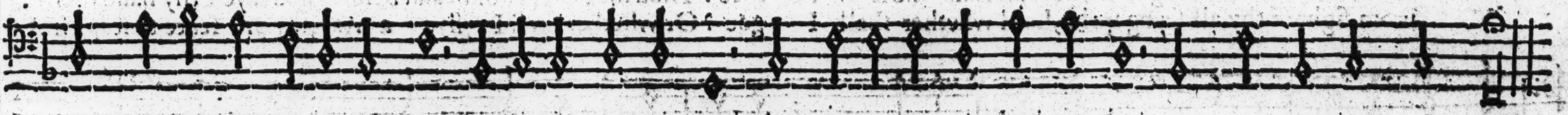


God ho ly ghoſt our com for ter, be our pa tron helpe and ſuc cour: Geue vs one minde & perfect peace, all giftes of grace in vs in creaſe.
Thou liuing God in perſons three, thy name be prayſed in vni tie: In all our neede ſo vs de fend, that we may prayſe the without end.

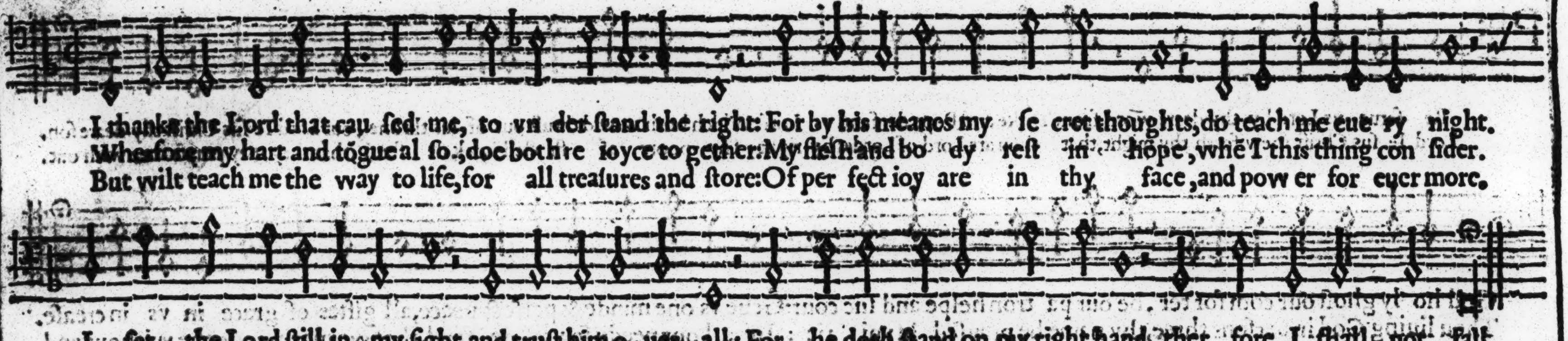
The xvi. Pſalme.



LOrd keepe me for I truſt in thee, and doe con feſſe in deede: Thou art my God and of my goods, O Lord thou haſt no neede.
They ſhal heap ſorowes on their heads, which run as they were mad: To of fer to the I doll Gods, a las it is to bad.
For why? the Lord the por tion is, of myne in he ri taunce: And thou art he that doeſt maintaine, my rent, my lot, my chaunce.



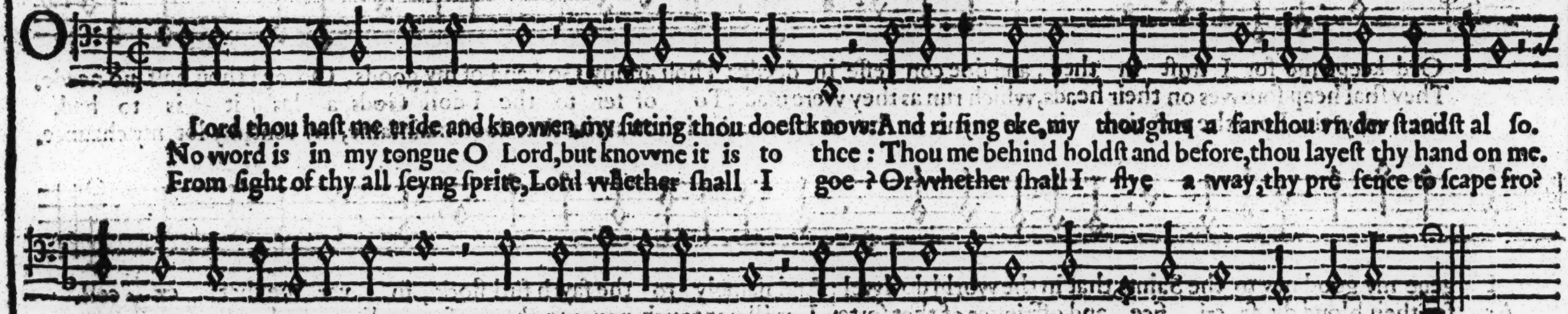
I geue my good nes to the Saints, that in the world do dwel: And namely to the fayth full flock, in ver tue that ex cell.
As for their bloud dy ſa cri fice, and offringes of that ſorte: I will not touch, nor yet ther of, my lippes ſhal make re port.
The place where in my lot did fall, in beau tie did ex cell: Myne he ri tage aſ ſignde to me, doth pleaſe me won drous well.



I thanke the Lord that cauſed me, to underſtand the right: For by his meanes my ſecret thoughts, do teach me euery night.
Wherfore my hart and tõgue alſo, doe both reioyce together: My fleſh and body reſt in hope, whẽ I this thing conſider.
But wilt teach me the way to life, for all treaſures and ſtore: Of perfect ioy are in thy face, and power for euer more.

I ſet the Lord ſtill in my ſight, and truſt him ouer all: For he doth ſtand on my right hand, therfore I ſhall not fall.
Thou wilt not leaue my ſoule in graue, for Lord thou loueſt me: Nor yet wilt geue thine holy one, corruption for to ſee.
Now bleſſed be the father firſt, and bleſſed be the ſon: And bleſſed be the holy ghoſt, by whom all things were done.

The Cxxxix. Pſalme.



Lord thou haſt me tride and knowen, my ſitting thou doeſt know: And riſing eke, my thoughts a far thou underſtandſt alſo.
No word is in my tongue O Lord, but knowne it is to thee: Thou me behind holdſt and before, thou layeſt thy hand on me.
From ſight of thy all ſeyng ſprite, Lord whether ſhall I goe? Or whether ſhall I flye away, thy preſence to ſcape fro?

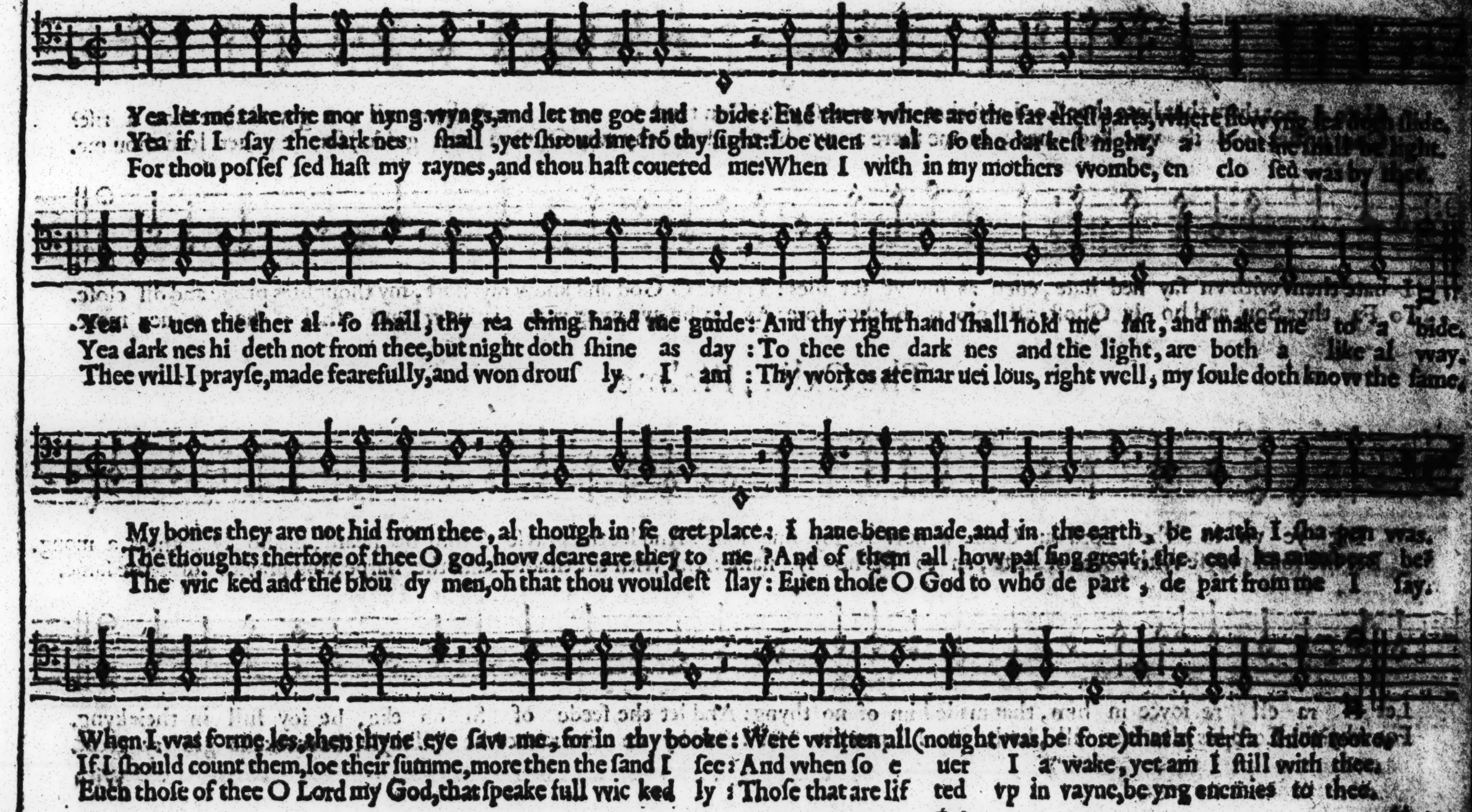
My pathes yea and my lying downe, thou compaſſeſt alwayes: And by familiar cuſtome art, acquainted with my wayes.
To wonderfull aboue my reach, Lord is thy cunnyng ſkill: It is ſo hye that I the ſame can not attayne vntill.
To heauen if I mount aloft, loe thou art preſent there: In hell if I lye down below, euẽ there thou doeſt appeare.

Yea

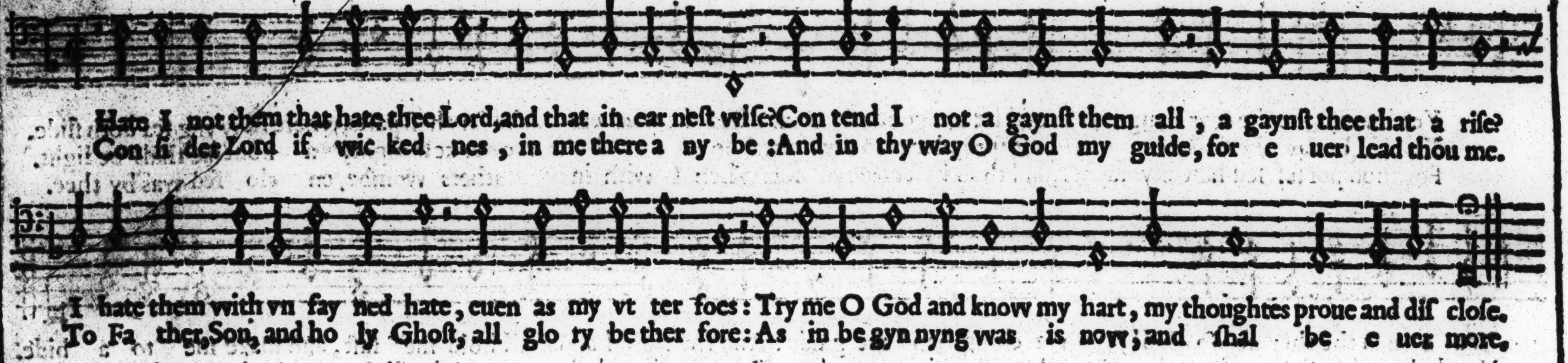
G. Damane.

The Cxxxix. Pſalme.

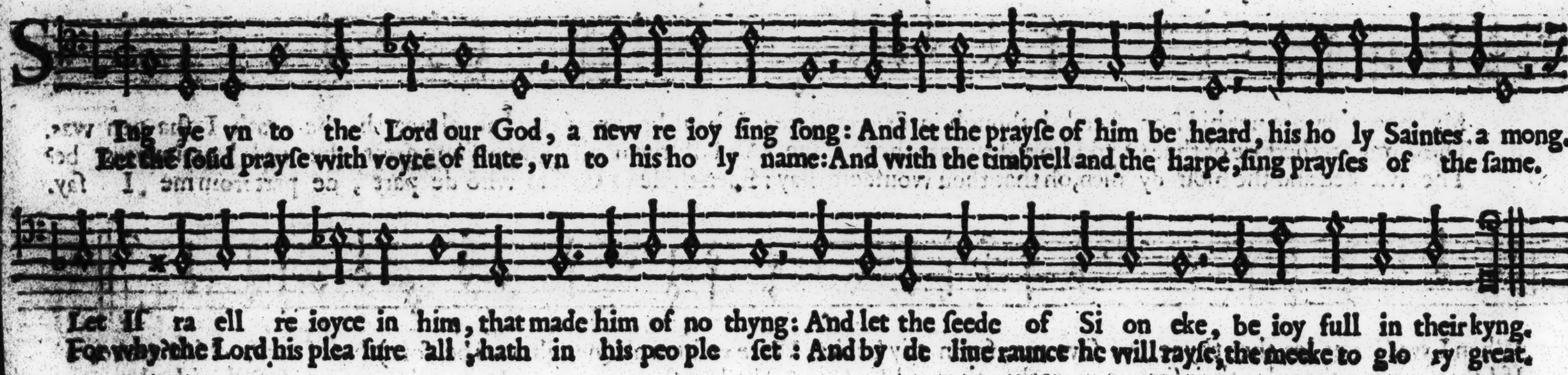
Baſſus.


Yea let me take the mor nyng wyngs, and let me goe and bide: Euē there where are the fartheſt parts, where flowyng ſeas doth ſlide.
Yea if I ſay the dark nes ſhall, yet ſhroud me frō thy ſight: Loe euen al ſo the darkeſt night, a bout me ſhall be light.
For thou poſſeſ ſed haſt my raynes, and thou haſt couered me: When I with in my mothers wombe, en clo ſed was by thee.
Yea e uen thether al ſo ſhall, thy rea ching hand me guide: And thy right hand ſhall hold me faſt, and make me to a bide.
Yea dark nes hi deth not from thee, but night doth ſhine as day: To thee the dark nes and the light, are both a like al way.
Thee will I prayſe, made fearefully, and won drouſ ly I am: Thy workes are mar uei lous, right well, my ſoule doth know the ſame,
My bones they are not hid from thee, al though in ſe cret place: I haue bene made, and in the earth, be neath I ſha pen was.
The thoughts therfore of thee O god, how deare are they to me? And of them all how paſ ſing great: the end les numbers be.
The wic ked and the blou dy men, oh that thou wouldeſt ſlay: Euen thoſe O God to whō de part, de part from me I ſay.
When I was forme les, then thyne eye ſaw me, for in thy booke: Were written all (nought was be fore) that af ter fa ſhion tooke.
If I ſhould count them, loe their ſumme, more then the ſand I ſee: And when ſo e uer I a wake, yet am I ſtill with thee.
Euen thoſe of thee O Lord my God, that ſpeake full wic ked ly: Thoſe that are lif ted vp in vayne, be yng enemies to thee.

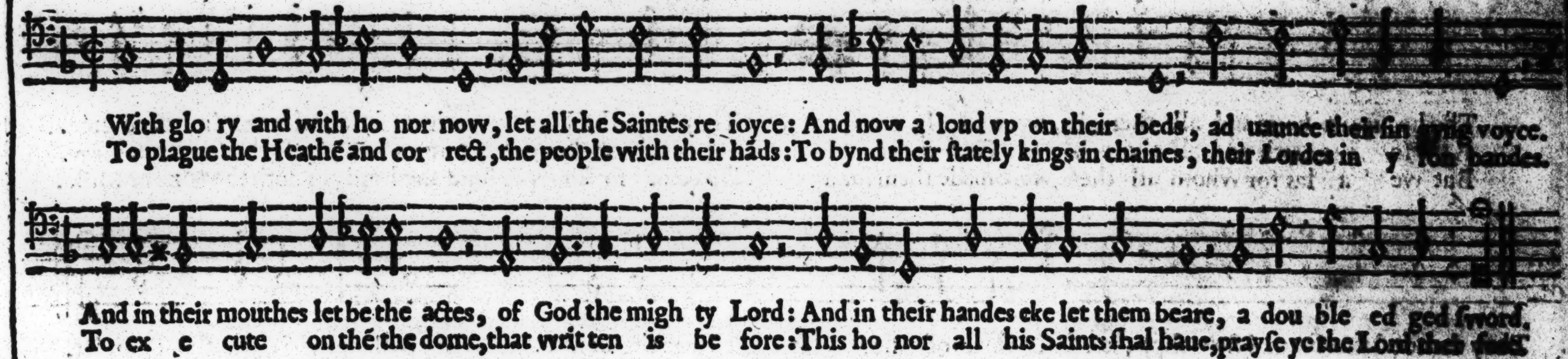
The Cxxxix. and Cxlix. Pſalme.


Hate I not them that hate thee Lord, and that in ear neſt wiſe? Con tend I not a gaynſt them all, a gaynſt thee that a riſe?
Con ſi der Lord if wic ked nes, in me there a ny be: And in thy way O God my guide, for e uer lead thou me.
I hate them with vn fay ned hate, euen as my vt ter foes: Try me O God and know my hart, my thoughtes proue and diſ cloſe.
To Fa ther, Son, and ho ly Ghoſt, all glo ry be ther fore: As in be gyn nyng was is now, and ſhal be e uer more.

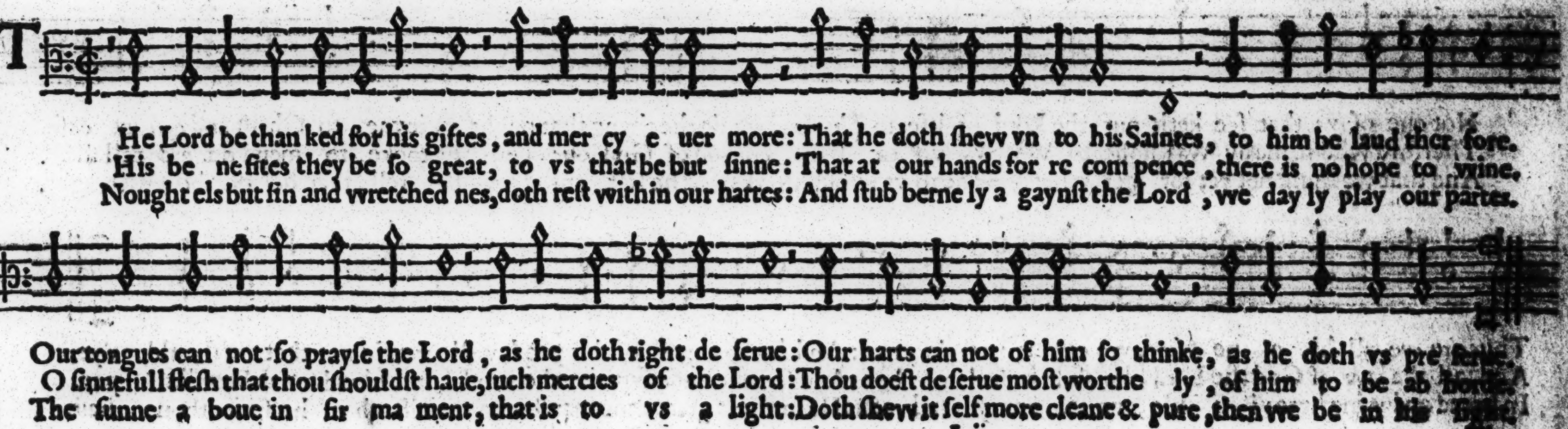
The Cxlix. Pſalme.


Sing ye vn to the Lord our God, a new re ioy ſing ſong: And let the prayſe of him be heard, his ho ly Saintes a mong.
Let the ſound prayſe with voyce of flute, vn to his ho ly name: And with the timbrell and the harpe, ſing prayſes of the ſame.
Let Iſ ra ell re ioyce in him, that made him of no thyng: And let the ſeede of Si on eke, be ioy full in their kyng.
For why the Lord his plea ſure all, hath in his peo ple ſet: And by de line raunce he will rayſe, the meeke to glo ry great.

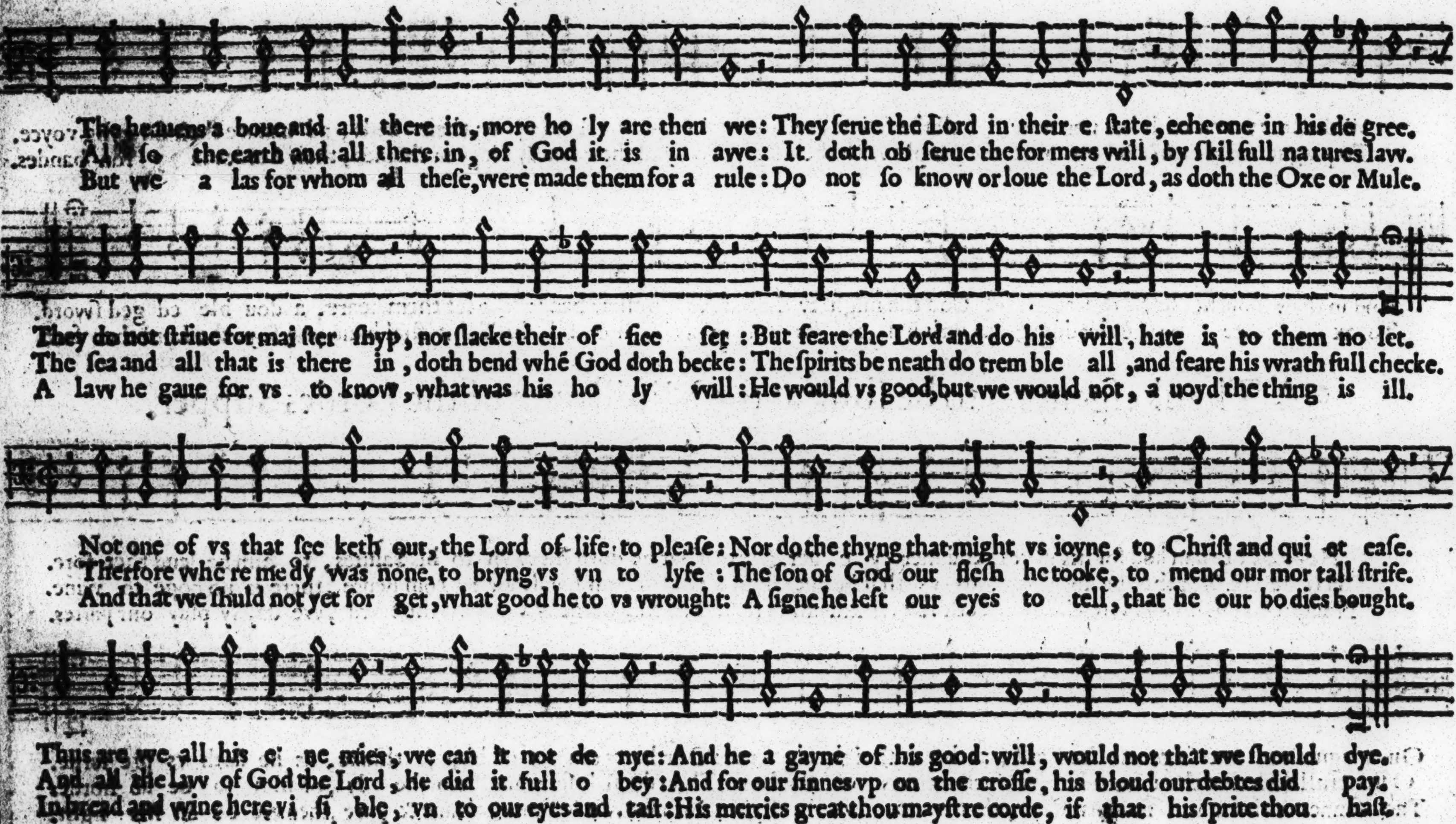
A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.


With glory and with honor now, let all the Saintes reioyce: And now aloud vpon their beds, aduaunce their ſinging voyce.
To plague the Heathē and correct, the people with their hāds: To bynd their ſtately kings in chaines, their Lordes in yron bandes.
And in their mouthes let be the actes, of God the mighty Lord: And in their handes eke let them beare, a doubleedged ſword.
To execute on thē the dome, that written is before: This honor all his Saints ſhal haue, prayſe ye the Lord therfore.

¶A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.


THe Lord be thanked for his giftes, and mercy euermore: That he doth ſhew vnto his Saintes, to him be laud therfore.
His benefites they be ſo great, to vs that be but ſinne: That at our hands for recompence, there is no hope to wine.
Nought els but ſin and wretchednes, doth reſt within our hartes: And ſtubbernely agaynſt the Lord, we dayly play our partes.
Our tongues can not ſo prayſe the Lord, as he doth right deſerue: Our harts can not of him ſo thinke, as he doth vs preſerue.
O ſinnefull fleſh that thou ſhouldſt haue, ſuch mercies of the Lord: Thou doeſt deſerue moſt worthely, of him to be abhorde.
The ſunne aboue in firmament, that is to vs a light: Doth ſhew it ſelf more cleane & pure, then we be in his ſight.

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.



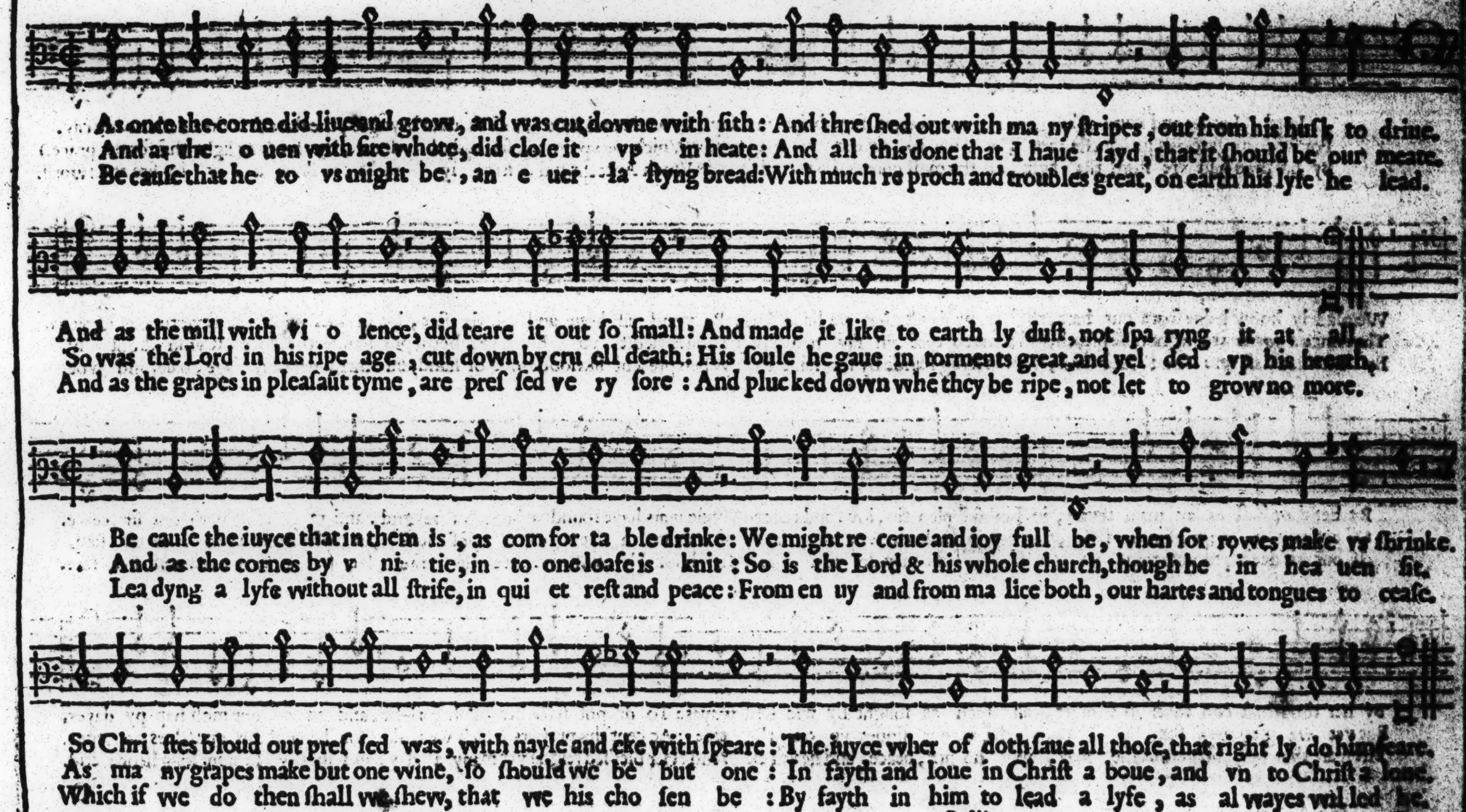
The heauens a boue and all there in, more ho ly are then we: They ſerue the Lord in their e ſtate, eche one in his de gree.
Al ſo the earth and all there in, of God it is in awe: It doth ob ſerue the for mers will, by ſkil full na tures law.
But we a las for whom all theſe, were made them for a rule: Do not ſo know or loue the Lord, as doth the Oxe or Mule.

They do not ſtriue for mai ſter ſhyp, nor ſlacke their of fice ſet: But feare the Lord and do his will, hate is to them no let.
The ſea and all that is there in, doth bend whē God doth becke: The ſpirits be neath do trem ble all, and feare his wrath full checke.
A law he gaue for vs to know, what was his ho ly will: He would vs good, but we would not, a uoyd the thing is ill.

Not one of vs that ſee keth out, the Lord of life to pleaſe: Nor do the thyng that might vs ioyne, to Chriſt and qui et eaſe.
Therfore whē re me dy was none, to bryng vs vn to lyfe: The ſon of God our fleſh he tooke, to mend our mor tall ſtrife.
And that we ſhuld not yet for get, what good he to vs wrought: A ſigne he left our eyes to tell, that he our bo dies bought.

Thus are we all his e ne mies, we can it not de nye: And he a gayne of his good will, would not that we ſhould dye.
And all the law of God the Lord, he did it full o bey: And for our ſinnes vp on the croſſe, his bloud our debtes did pay.
In bread and wine here vi ſi ble, vn to our eyes and taſt: His mercies great thou mayſt re corde, if that his ſprite thou haſt.

A Thankeſgeuyng to be ſong at the Miniſtryng of the Lordes Supper.



As once the corne did liue and grow, and was cut downe with ſith: And threſhed out with many ſtripes, out from his huſk to driue.
And as the ouen with fire whote, did cloſe it vp in heate: And all this done that I haue ſayd, that it ſhould be our meate.
Becauſe that he to vs might be, an euerlaſtyng bread: With much reproch and troubles great, on earth his lyfe he lead.

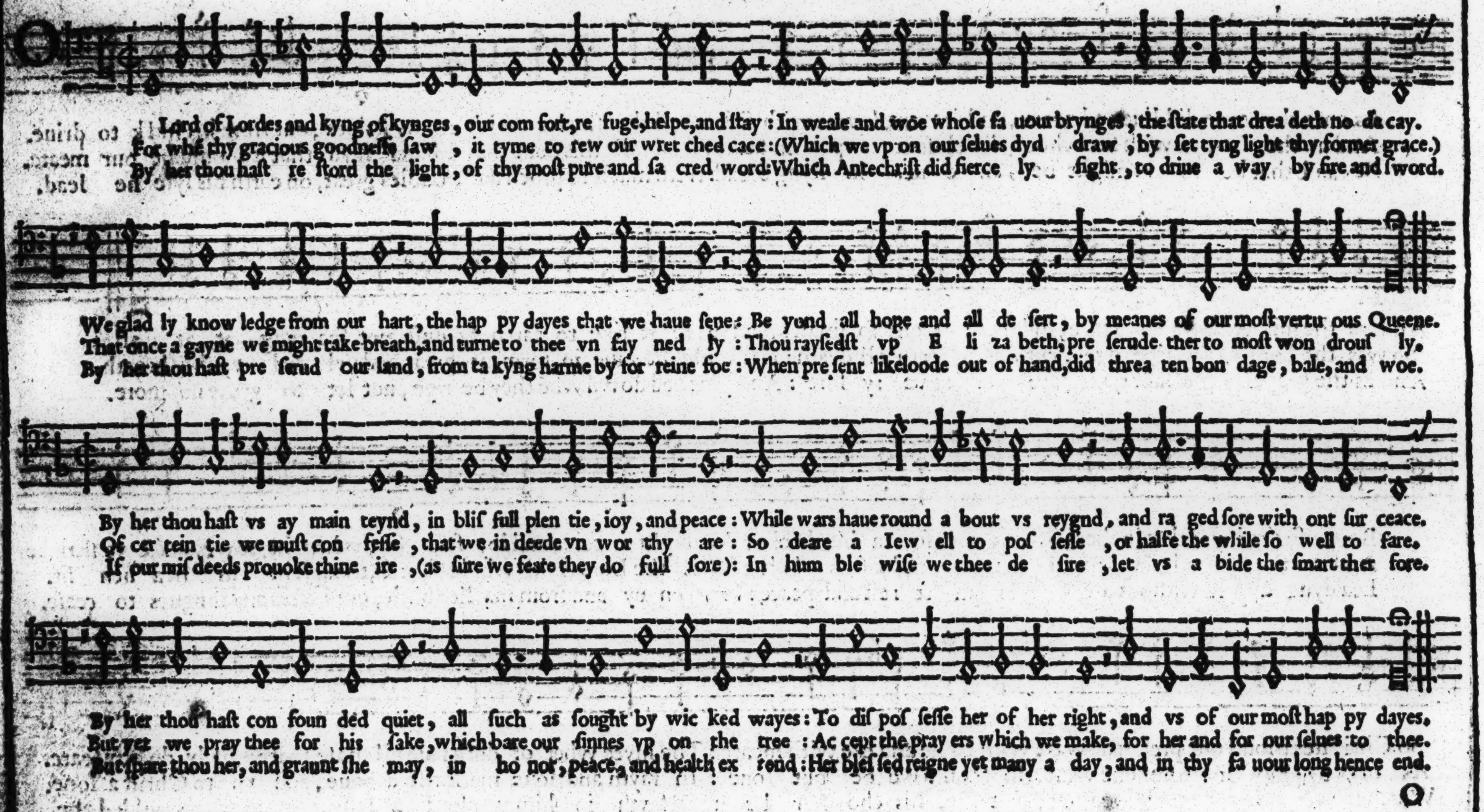
And as the mill with violence, did teare it out ſo ſmall: And made it like to earthly duſt, not ſparyng it at all.
So was the Lord in his ripe age, cut down by cruell death: His ſoule he gaue in torments great, and yelded vp his breath.
And as the grapes in pleaſaũt tyme, are preſſed very ſore: And plucked down whẽ they be ripe, not let to grow no more.

Becauſe the iuyce that in them is, as comfortable drinke: We might receiue and ioyfull be, when ſorrowes make vs ſhrinke.
And as the cornes by vnitie, into one loafe is knit: So is the Lord & his whole church, though he in heauen ſit.
Leadyng a lyfe without all ſtrife, in quiet reſt and peace: From enuy and from malice both, our hartes and tongues to ceaſe.

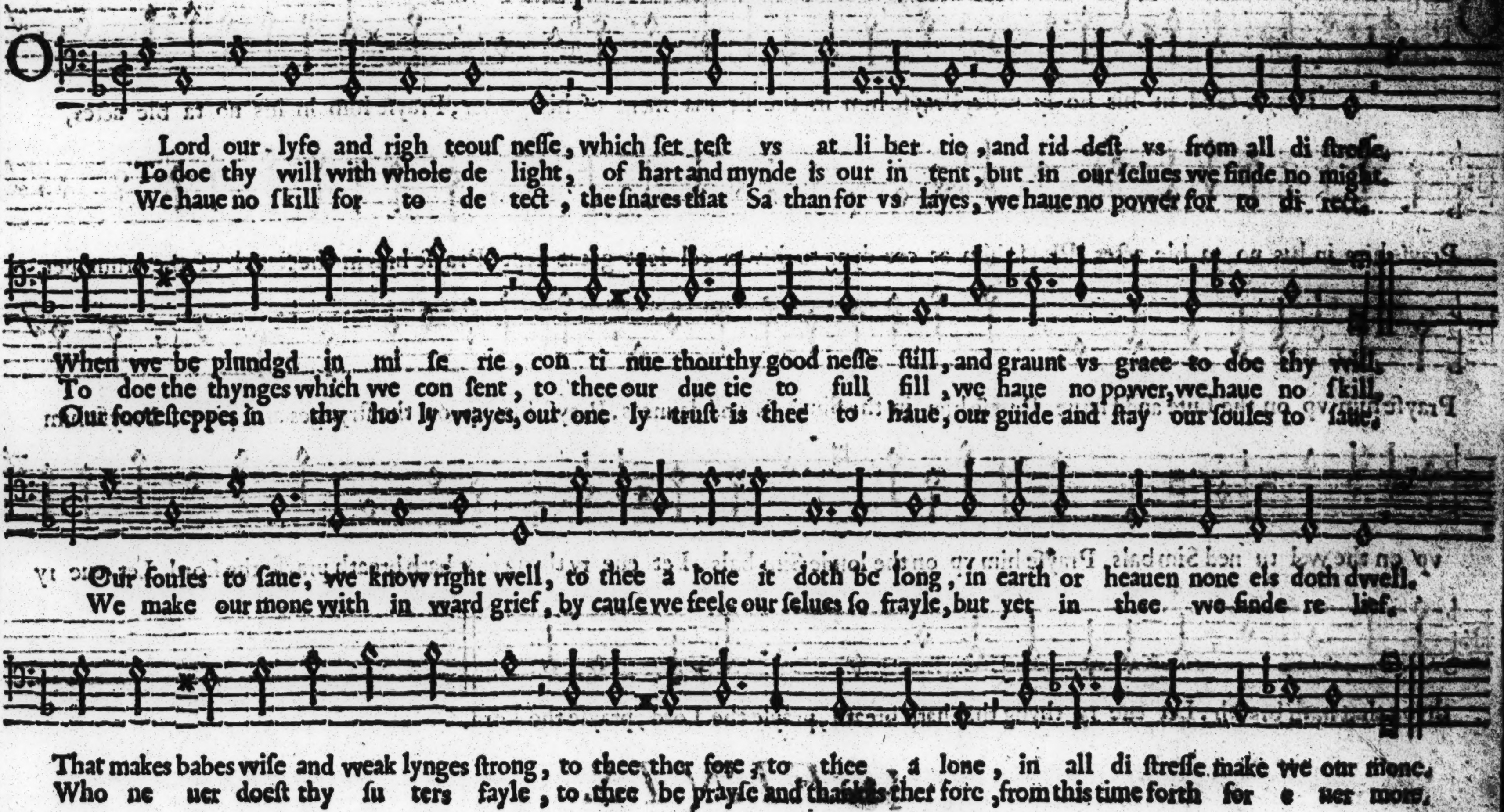
So Chriſtes bloud out preſſed was, with nayle and eke with ſpeare: The iuyce wherof doth ſaue all thoſe, that rightly do him feare.
As many grapes make but one wine, ſo ſhould we be but one: In fayth and loue in Chriſt aboue, and vnto Chriſt alone.
Which if we do then ſhall we ſhew, that we his choſen be: By fayth in him to lead a lyfe, as alwayes willed he.

G.D.

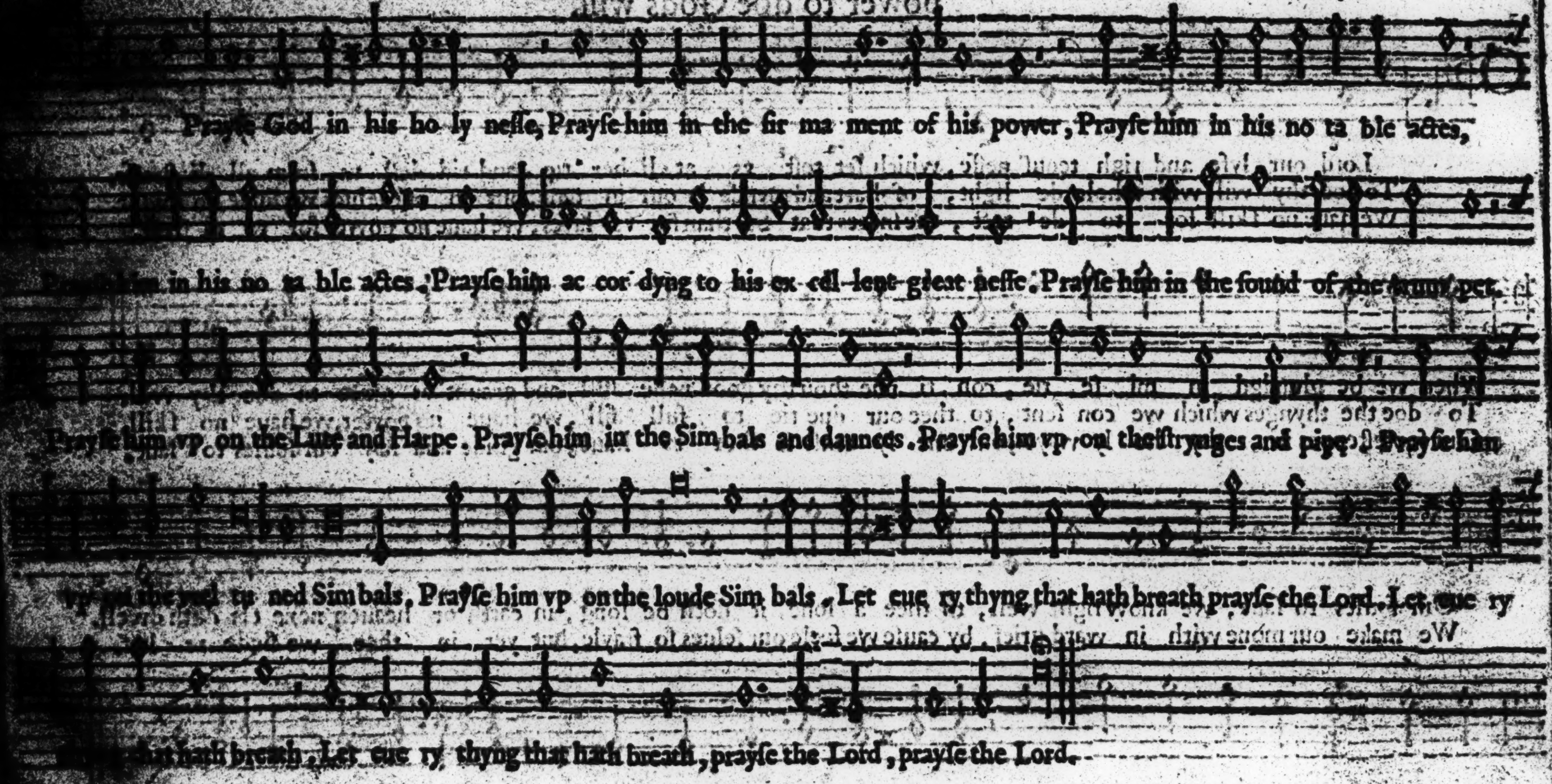
A Prayer and thankeſgeuyng to God for the Queenes Maieſtie.


Lord of Lordes and kyng of kynges, our com fort, re fuge, helpe, and ſtay: In weale and woe whoſe fa uour brynges, the ſtate that drea deth no de cay.
For whē thy gracious goodneſſe ſaw, it tyme to rew our wret ched cace: (Which we vp on our ſelues dyd draw, by ſet tyng light thy former grace.)
By her thou haſt re ſtord the light, of thy moſt pure and ſa cred word: Which Antechriſt did fierce ly fight, to driue a way by fire and ſword.
We glad ly know ledge from our hart, the hap py dayes that we haue ſene: Be yond all hope and all de ſert, by meanes of our moſt vertu ous Queene.
That once a gayne we might take breath, and turne to thee vn fay ned ly: Thou rayſedſt vp E li za beth, pre ſerude ther to moſt won drouſ ly.
By her thou haſt pre ſerud our land, from ta kyng harme by for reine foe: When pre ſent likeloode out of hand, did threa ten bon dage, bale, and woe.
By her thou haſt vs ay main teynd, in bliſ full plen tie, ioy, and peace: While wars haue round a bout vs reygnd, and ra ged ſore with ont ſur ceace.
Of cer tein tie we muſt con feſſe, that we in deede vn wor thy are: So deare a Iew ell to poſ ſeſſe, or halfe the while ſo well to fare.
If our miſ deeds prouoke thine ire, (as ſure we feare they do full ſore): In hum ble wiſe we thee de ſire, let vs a bide the ſmart ther fore.
By her thou haſt con foun ded quiet, all ſuch as ſought by wic ked wayes: To diſ poſ ſeſſe her of her right, and vs of our moſt hap py dayes.
But yet we pray thee for his ſake, which bare our ſinnes vp on the tree: Ac cept the pray ers which we make, for her and for our ſelues to thee.
But ſpare thou her, and graunt ſhe may, in ho nor, peace, and health ex tend: Her bleſ ſed reigne yet many a day, and in thy fa uour long hence end.

A Prayer for mercy wiſedome and power to doe Gods will.


Lord our lyfe and righ teouſ neſſe, which ſet teſt vs at li ber tie, and rid deſt vs from all di ſtreſſe.
To doe thy will with whole de light, of hart and mynde is our in tent, but in our ſelues we finde no might.
We haue no ſkill for to de tect, the ſnares that Sa than for vs layes, we haue no power for to di rect.
When we be plundgd in mi ſe rie, con ti nue thou thy good neſſe ſtill, and graunt vs grace to doe thy will.
To doe the thynges which we con ſent, to thee our due tie to full fill, we haue no power, we haue no ſkill.
Our footeſteppes in thy ho ly wayes, our one ly truſt is thee to haue, our guide and ſtay our ſoules to ſaue.
Our ſoules to ſaue, we know right well, to thee a lone it doth be long, in earth or heauen none els doth dwell.
We make our mone with in ward grief, by cauſe we feele our ſelues ſo frayle, but yet in thee we finde re lief.
That makes babes wiſe and weak lynges ſtrong, to thee ther fore, to thee a lone, in all di ſtreſſe make we our mone.
Who ne uer doeſt thy ſu ters fayle, to thee be prayſe and thankes ther fore, from this time forth for e uer more.

The CL. Pſalme. **Baſſus.**


Prayſe God in his ho ly neſſe, Prayſe him in the fir ma ment of his power, Prayſe him in his no ta ble actes,
Prayſe him in his no ta ble actes, Prayſe him ac cor dyng to his ex cel lent great neſſe, Prayſe him in the ſound of the trum pet.
Prayſe him vp on the Lute and Harpe. Prayſe him in the Sim bals and daunces. Prayſe him vp on the ſtrynges and pipe. Prayſe him
vp on the wel tu ned Sim bals, Prayſe him vp on the loude Sim bals. Let eue ry thyng that hath breath prayſe the Lord. Let eue ry
thyng that hath breath, Let eue ry thyng that hath breath, prayſe the Lord, prayſe the Lord.

FINIS.